Collier's

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April 1, 1950

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The Americans Nobody Wants

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Studebaker Champion 2-door sedan

Sleek new Studebaker styling saves gasoline for you!

GAS economy is written all over the trim, clean dream lines of this low, long, alluring, excitingly new 1950 Studebaker.

Its very look tells you it's a car with the right build for thrift. You don't see a trace of bulging excess bulk that would squander power needlessly.

You see instead a beautifully flight-streamed car—with the sleek, going-somewhere distinction of a jet plane—Studebaker's "next look"!

What's more, a new perfection of balance in this Studebaker's rugged structure gives you a ride that's like a skyway glide for smoothness.

Stop in now at your nearest Studebaker dealer's showroom and try out that ride—the 1950 "miracle ride" of motoring.

Watch how quickly and completely this Studebaker convinces you that it's the tops-in-value 1950 car—tops in everything you've wanted!

New 1950 Studebaker

Out ahead in style... in thrift... in value!

White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings optional at extra cost

Plenty of "stretch-out" room gives you relaxed comfort in all the 1950 Studebakers—even the low-price Studebaker Champion two-door sedan that you see pictured here is richly appointed and upholstered.

Gasoline really delivers mileage in a Studebaker. No burdensome excess bulk hitch-hikes a ride at your expense. Studebaker's automatic overdrive is available too at extra cost—assures extra economy.

Brakes automatically adjust themselves! This exclusive Studebaker advancement gives you the swift, sure stopping power of a brand-new car right down to the last layer of lining! New safety and new savings!

This Studebaker father-and-son team is one of many. They're famous for pains-taking craftsmanship that puts a plus of enduring value into every Studebaker car.

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LEFT TO RIGHT: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Friedlander's bacillus, Streptococcus viridans, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus

When his germs hit you—look out for a COLD or SORE THROAT

Gargle Listerine Antiseptic—*Quick!*

EVERY day, everywhere, people with colds transmit germs to other people by sneeze, cough, handshake, or other personal contacts.

No matter what else you do, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often. It may help head off a cold and sore throat entirely, or lessen their severity.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called the "secondary invaders". . . breathed on you by others or already present in your mouth.

It goes to work instantly to guard against these germs staging a mass invasion of the tissue . . . attacks them before they attack you!

Real Germ-Killing Action

Clinical tests actually showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces of as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after the gargle with Listerine Antiseptic . . . and as much as 80% one hour after.

Remember, also, that tests made over a 12-year period showed fewer and generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats due to colds, for those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day than for non-garglers.

So, at the first sign of a sneeze, sniffle or chill get started with Listerine Antiseptic at once—and keep it up. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Let's be frank . . . Is your breath on the agreeable side?
Don't run risks. Use Listerine Antiseptic before every date. It sweetens the breath instantly.

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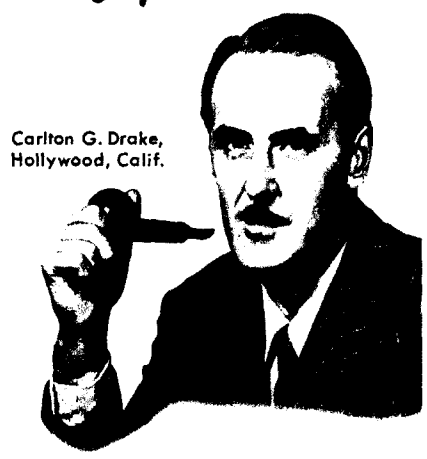

Carlton G. Drake, Hollywood, Calif.

As a result, Mr. Drake says,"I am not as tired at the end of the day's work."And men in all walks of life tell us of similar experiences...that they found a way to improve their appearance, gain new comfort, help reduce fatigue by wearing a BRACER Supporter Belt.

No other garment offers all the features of BRACER: full *2-way stretch* belt gently but firmly pulls your stomach in, helps you stand straighter, feel less tired, look trimmer! Exclusive *tubular* elastic leg bands won't crease, curl or roll! Special fly-front pouch is *self-adjusting!*

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Bracer* SUPPORTER BELT

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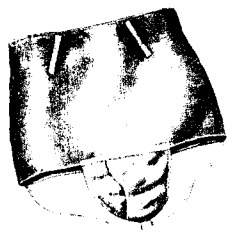

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April 1, 1950

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The Cover

When Artist Norman Tate undertook to paint this unsettling preview of spring 1950, he ran into the problem of props. All he had was the hollow tree (which collapsed shortly after in an ice storm). There were, of course, no apple blossoms or robins around. A study of photographs gave little botanical inspiration; and a visit to a taxidermist's shop revealed that it's illegal to stuff songbirds. So, Tate fell back on an imaginative interpretation that is also a prediction. Contemplating the snow, our own expression is as baleful as the robin's. We only hope that Tate is no good at this game of weather forecasting at long range.

Week's Mail

Really Out of This World

EDITOR: I picked up your Feb. 11th issue at the depot newsstand in Erie and found myself hooked for the next five numbers. You have scored the journalistic scoop-of-the-years in the Thomas story on Tibet (Out of This World: A Journey to Lhasa).

It is a fascinating narrative of adventure in a lonely spot of the world which is coming into the limelight. As for the colored photographs, they are the finest I have seen in any magazine and most skillfully reproduced. BERTRAM S. STEPHENSON, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

. . . Thank you for the splendid series of articles by Lowell Thomas. I heard from friends in Cuba and Canada telling me "not to miss them!" But I'd already read them, of course.

MRS. H. W. MALLITZ, Flushing, N. Y.

. . . My husband and I were sipping beer with Lowell Thomas, Jr., in a garden in Isfahan, Iran, when he told us that permission had been given for their expedition to enter Tibet. Having made a couple of trips across Central Asia ourselves, we were just a wee bit envious. Everyone, sooner or later, hopes to get into that remote place; and since I believe in planning ahead, I'd begun to think up chapter titles for a book about *our* trip to Tibet, à la Walter Mitty.

However, in the spirit of pure camaraderie among explorers, I offered my most fetching title to young Lowell. As I recall, his only reply was a loud, agonized moan.

So, I guess I'll have to go to Tibet myself, after all. I just can't waste: Lhasa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.

JEAN B. SHOR, New York, N. Y.

. . . Lowell Thomas' first article was very interesting and the color photos were excellent, but surely that isn't a picture of Lowell's son on the cover (Feb. 11th). Looks more like Lowell, Sr.

LOU QUETHERA, Fort Collins, Colo.

Reader Quethera's correct suspicions could have been verified by reading The Cover, on page 4 of his copy of the February 11th Collier's.

Sensing the Trend

EDITOR: Praise the Lord! At last, one outstanding member of Congress who bears the Fair Deal label has finally sensed the catastrophic trend in the welfare (farewell) legislation which has been scaring a lot of us to death for several years.

Senator Paul H. Douglas' article, Big Grab at Washington (Feb. 11th), is a masterpiece. JOHN A. GELLATLY, Wenatchee, Wash.

Greek-Letter Gripe

EDITOR: Have recently read the fiction article Brothers' Keeper by Edwin Lanham

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Billy knew better than to take candy from a stranger...

I had to explain to him that Jim Ware* was a very good friend. And Jim said, "Billy, your dad told me he took you to the barber shop this afternoon . . . And you got a lollipop for being a good boy in the chair—that right?"

"Uh huh . . . only . . . " And here tears began to rise in mourning for the lamented candy.

"Only on the way home your daddy had an automobile accident and the lollipop got smashed. Well, Billy, you're lucky. Your father carries State Farm insurance to protect things damaged in automobile accidents—things like fenders and bumpers—and even your lollipop. So this is for you." And Jim handed him the most enormous lollipop I had ever seen.

And I'm darned if it wasn't one of the nicest things I ever heard of. It was just one example of the thoughtful way Jim handled every detail of my claim. He had my car out of the shop good as new less than a week later! Made me happier than ever that I'd placed my insurance with a good friend like Jim—and a sound company like State Farm.

Agents give personal attention

That's one of the extra benefits you enjoy as a policyholder in the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company. Should you have an accident, generally your claim will be *personally* handled by the man who wrote your automobile insurance. And he, naturally, is *keenly* interested in keeping you a well-pleased customer.

Away from home—same service!

Since automobiles were made to travel, State Farm service is geared to travel with the car. Wherever trouble occurs, in the United States or Canada, claim service is available.

Savings benefit policyholders

Efficient, friendly service plus *low cost insurance* is what you get as a State Farm Mutual policyholder. Why? Because State Farm desires to insure only careful drivers—who have fewer losses—keep costs down. State Farm is a mutual company—savings benefit policyholders.

The State Farm agent in your community is a worthwhile person to know. He will be glad to discuss any or all of your insurance problems. And before buying a new car, be sure to ask him about the Bank Plan.

Policyholders: When you buy a new automobile your State Farm Mutual Insurance can easily be transferred to the new car.

**Jim Ware is a fictitious name, but his kind, thoughtful service is typical of State Farm agents.*

Do you know? *How small regular savings can build a comfortable retirement income if you start now? Ask your State Farm agent about the guaranteed savings and security program available in the State Farm Life Insurance Company.*

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More and more smokers agree EXTRA-MILD FATIMA is the best of all long cigarettes

NEW YORKERS AGREE

"I like a mild cigarette...and Fatima is really mild."
Mrs. S. S. Cardozo, New York.

FATIMA is *the long* cigarette which contains the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos superbly blended to make FATIMA Extra-mild.

NEW YORK—FATIMA SALES HAVE MORE THAN DOUBLED

CHICAGOANS AGREE

"Fatima is a grand smoke. I know, because I've smoked them for years."
Mr. Graham T. Grimes, Chicago.

The name FATIMA has always stood for the best in cigarette quality.

CHICAGO—FATIMA SALES HAVE MORE THAN DOUBLED

LOS ANGELENOS AGREE

"I like Fatima best. It's so mild and has a wonderful flavor." *Miss Cecilia Marr, Los Angeles.*

FATIMA has a much different, much better flavor and aroma than any other long cigarette.

LOS ANGELES—FATIMA SALES HAVE MORE THAN DOUBLED

ENJOY EXTRA-MILD FATIMA YOURSELF

(Jan. 7th) which is the third or fourth article you have printed depicting the fraternity system as vicious and undesirable. I just can't take it any longer, as I believe you are being definitely unfair.

Why is it that you never attempt to show the desirable aspects of fraternity life? There is nothing in the world organized or operated by human beings that is all bad or all good. You lead me to suspect that damn' near every member of Collier's staff was at one time blackballed by a fraternity or sorority. ALAN P. PLOESSER,
Baguio, Philippine Islands

Here They Are

EDITOR: Will you please publish a picture of Stanley and Janice Berenstain? We think their cartoons are wonderful and we'd like to hear about them. They must be folks just like us. PAUL AND GRETCHEN COURNOYER,
Spencer, Mass.

The Berenstains in their Philadelphia studio, at work on the dancing-class cover for Collier's March 4th issue

R. R. Glamor Boy

EDITOR: I was especially interested in John Conner's article, Everyone Waves at the Engineer (Feb. 4th). No fooling, the engineer is the railroad's number one glamor boy. This mild resentment doesn't stop with the dispatcher.

About 20 years ago, during my seven years with the Union Pacific, a conductor very sarcastically told me this story: "I was introduced to a very handsome lady the other day as 'the man who takes the local through this town every day.' She opened her big blue eyes wide and blossomed out with a beautiful beaming smile and exclaimed: 'Oh, are you the engineer?' "
JOHN R. KNIGHT, Vancouver, Wash.

Cool Welcome

EDITOR: Dr. Ralph Jocelyn Gampell (The Doctor Brushed Off 'Utopia,' Feb. 11th) should have taken up the writing of fiction instead of the practice of medicine. Anyone with an imagination so extensive as to compare an immigration to America in 1950 with a colonization in 1620 is a loss to modern letters. But I think Britain can stand the loss of so questionable a patriot—and to me it spells no gain for America.
MRS. H. A. MAHERY, Chattanooga, Tenn.

. . . Look! How much of the A.M.A. propaganda are you going to shove down our throats?

So far as Dr. Gampell is concerned he might just as well have stayed where he is because the national health plan is going to be established in spite of all the screams and slush-fund drives of our physicians.

Dr. Gampell came over to get in on the "great gouge" currently going on in the U.S. Too bad, Doc. You're getting on another sinking ship.
ROBERT E. MCGUIRE, Cold Spring, N. Y.

. . . The best answer to Dr. Gampell's article against England's socialized medicine is that the enormous initial cost has not finished off an already bankrupt nation as expected. After more than a year of socialized medicine, who can say the English people are any worse off?

As for Dr. Gampell's deserting his own home country when he admitted such a critical shortage of doctors, if he was at all interested in "serving humanity" he could have chosen Greece or China or India or a dozen other countries instead of the one he figured as the milk-and-honey and plenty-of-gravy country.
ELLEN FRAZIER, Bremerton, Wash.

How Sweet Can It Get?

EDITOR: One thing the man left out when he wrote It's a Sweetheart of a Town (Feb. 18th): Loveland has more downright *pretty* girls than any town I ever saw.

I have lived here six years. Before that I lived in Los Angeles close to Hollywood. There's nothing out there to equal these Loveland "sweethearts." We are mighty proud of them.
PAT HARRIS, Loveland, Colo.

. . . I was born and reared within 10 miles of Loveland, Colorado, and graduated from high school there, and all I can say about It's a Sweetheart of a Town is that it's the most nauseatingly sweet bunch of *stuff* I've ever read in my life.
HELEN S. DEKORP, Merrick, N. Y.

Psychiatry in Court

EDITOR: In your editorial, Cabbages and Heads (Feb. 11th), I think you have brought up a subject that should concern the entire nation.

Hardly a major crime is committed of late that psychiatry is not brought in as the major point of defense. This at times is most confusing, for in many cases psychiatrists of both defense and prosecution will flatly deny each other's deductions. In major crimes should we depend on a science as faulty as that? For the better administration of justice, I agree with you: "It's time something was done about it."
CHARLES R. SHORT, Lemoyne, Pa.

It should be pointed out, however, that the editorial's "something should be done about it" referred to the need for licensing psychologists and psychoanalysts. Psychiatrists, who must have M.D. degrees, and thus, of course, are licensed, were not mentioned in the editorial.

Belvedere for Barnhouse

EDITOR: Report on the Barnhouse Effect (Feb. 11th) seems to me to be exactly what 20th Century-Fox is looking for just now—a story suitable for their top box-office star, Clifton Webb. His Lynn Belvedere is an established screen personality which fits Professor Arthur Barnhouse and his superhuman intellect completely.

I want to see that Barnhouse film and many millions will feel the same way about it. Webb's and Collier's millions of fans add up to a whopping big audience, S.R.O. daily. E. H. SUTER, Indianapolis, Ind.

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the clean-cut good looks of Arrow White Shirts!

Man above is wearing the Arrow DART, *America's favorite white shirt. $3.65.*

Put on America's most popular shirt — Arrow *Dart!* You just *can't* look better . . . you just *can't help being noticed favorably!*

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Fit that curves and tapers to follow your body lines! It's Arrow Mitoga. Real comfort!

Wear to delight you! Thank Arrow's quality *combed* broadcloth!

Tip to ladies. Arrow Shirts hold their fit because they're *Sanforized*-labeled. They wash beautifully and iron in a jiffy—thanks to their fine fabrics and careful tailoring! Arrow buttons are good-looking . . . durable . . . *anchored on!*

Neckties featured are Arrow's new "Ceramics" inspired by colorful antique pottery designs. $2.

Four other smart Arrow Collar styles

PAR

The new widespread, soft collar. Broadcloth, French or regular cuffs.

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DALE

Non-wilt, medium-point collar—in *de luxe* broadcloth. Regular or French cuffs.

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The NEW MALL

Dart's twin, in finer quality broadcloth. Non-wilt collar.

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GORDON DOVER

Ever popular button-down oxford. First choice of college men.

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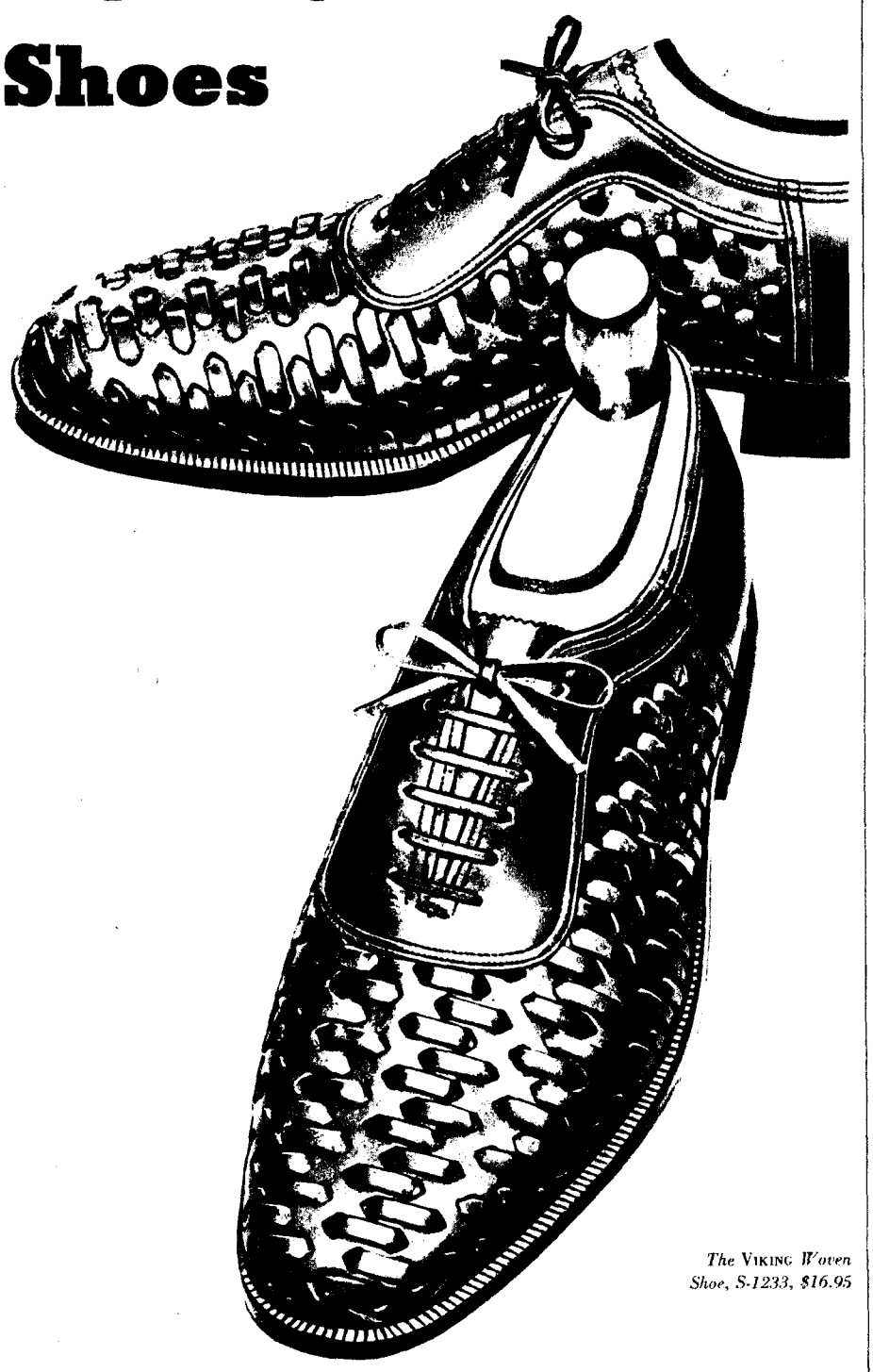
Unlike some commodities, in which the price-differential between top quality and the lower grades is very wide, there is little difference in cost between truly fine shoes—the Florsheim kind—and other makes not comparable in value. That's why Florsheim Shoes are claiming thousands of new wearers every day.

Florsheim Shoes



The VIKING *Woven Shoe, S-1233, $16.95*

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Even after 60 years, Gilbert and Sullivan are big box office

Gilbert and Sullivan wrote 11 successful operas which, together, became the most popular and profitable group of dramatic works in history. Since their *premières,* between 1875 and 1889, these operas have been performed every night in one or more cities somewhere in the world by the D'Oyly Carte Company of London or by theatrical organizations that it has licensed. Besides owning the operas, D'Oyly Carte introduced them and has since devoted itself to their presentation. Although all are now over sixty years old, have been seen by countless audiences and have netted millions of dollars, these operas are expected to retain their appeal and earning power for several more decades. A fact of interest, therefore, is that their British copyrights are the only ones still in force and that, while those covering the librettos run until 1961, those covering the music expire in November, 1950. In other words, these famous compositions will become public property within a few months.

* * * * * * * * *

A strange mistake transformed the English novel Lorna Doone from a failure to a best seller and one of the most widely read stories of all time. The book was almost completely ignored by the public for two years after it was first published in 1869. Then Queen Victoria announced that her daughter, Louise, was to marry the Marquis of Lorne, and the British people promptly began to read any literature that might contain facts about him. Owing to the resemblance in the spelling of Lorna and Lorne, thousands bought a copy of Lorna Doone, thinking that the novel was a history of the bridegroom's family.

* * * * * * * * *

In the past 75 years, Americans have reported a score of cases in which they claimed they had observed strange objects moving through the heavens. Among these mass hallucinations, the latest and greatest concerned the flying saucers which were "seen" in 43 states during a 15-day period in 1947. Another occurred in 1908 when many mysterious lights floated about over New England. However, the classic case happened in 1881 when the people of Delaware and Virginia reported that they had witnessed angels, dressed in luminous white robes, marching in long processions through the night sky.

* * * * * * * * *

Not long ago, a study was made of the injuries received by 856 occupants of 302 automobiles that had been in collisions during a 30-day period in one American city. Made to determine the relative danger of riding in the different seats, it showed that injuries were suffered by 32 per cent of the drivers, 49 per cent of the persons in the back seat and 82 per cent of those occupying the front seat alongside the driver.

* * * * * * * * *

Among China's five sacred mountains, the most revered is Taishan which is 300 miles south of Peiping and is visited each February and March by more than 600,000 pilgrims. Its important temples and shrines are reached by climbing "The Pilgrim Way," a road of stairs that contains 6,700 steps, is 15 miles long and extends to the summit, at an altitude of 5,100 feet. This stairway is lined with hundreds of beggars, many of whom increase their takings with a dummy or two which they set up near by, dressed in a ragged suit and white wig, and furnished with a begging basket.

* * * * * * * * *

One of America's youngest and boldest desperadoes was Raymond Hamilton, a Dallas boy, who began his fantastic three-year career in January, 1932, when he was only nineteen. Among other jobs, he and an accomplice held up 24 places, including seven banks, two oil refineries, a packing plant and even a post office. Although apprehended a number of times, the kid was so tough that he fought his way out of two road traps, one having been set by a 20-man posse which he disarmed, kidnaping the leader as a hostage. In addition, Hamilton was involved in several murders, but it took five trials to get him convicted and sentenced to the chair for one of them, and between crimes, captures and trials, he escaped from four jails, the last being the death house in the state penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas. After a 10-month search, the little bandit was caught and executed there on May 10, 1935.

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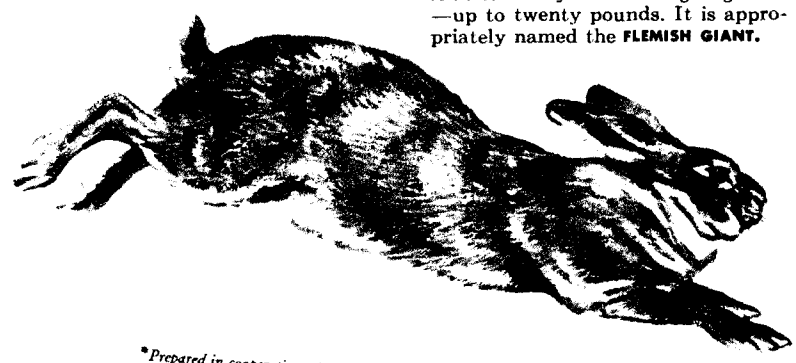
A combination of chisel-like front teeth (incisors), short tails and long ears distinguishes members of the rabbit family from other animals. The pretty **NEW ZEALAND** rabbit shown here is a typical member of the bunny family. Despite its name, this rabbit does not come from "down under," but is a native American breed of domestic rabbit.

The difference that marks the **CHINCHILLA** breed is fur much like that of a South American chinchilla.



This big rabbit differs from other rabbits chiefly in attaining huge size —up to twenty pounds. It is appropriately named the **FLEMISH GIANT.**

You can tell an **ANGORA** breed rabbit by its thick, soft, silky fleece.

*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE mark the difference in bunnies . . .

The wild **COTTON-TAIL** rabbit is distinguished by its small size, short ears and legs and, of course, the fluffy white underside of its tail.

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL" marks the important difference in gasoline

ENJOY THE DIFFERENCE!

Just fill your tank with gasoline from an "Ethyl" pump and feel the difference for yourself. Because "Ethyl" gasoline averages *five full octane numbers higher* than regular gasoline, it will bring out the full power and performance of your car. And because it has, on the average, a higher volatility, it will give you faster starting and warm-up.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting the best gasoline your service station offers—gasoline that is improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

"Ethyl" products are made by **ETHYL CORPORATION,** *Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y*

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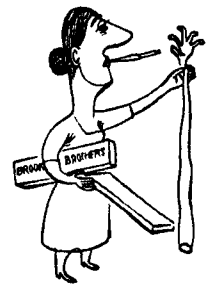
Are you reducing tooth decay with Amm-i-dent* ammoniated Tooth Paste?

***YOU SHOULD,** because . . . (1) sworn dental records show Amm-i-dent helped prevent cavities with 4 out of 5 users; (2) the Amm-i-dent formula can show published proof that it actually *reduced tooth decay;* (3) more dentists recommend Amm-i-dent than any other dentifrice.

**Trade Mark*

Amm-i-dent is available in Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder form

MY WIFE SAVES PAPER BOXES



By MORT GREEN

THIS is National Paper Box Week at my house. For the benefit of the uninformed, my wife saves paper boxes. Nothing in them, but they are all sizes, shapes, colors, and they come from various sources. Every six months a problem arises. Either the boxes go, or we need a larger apartment. So, for one week we unload boxes.

I have tried to cure my wife of this reckless fixation, by means of some pretty canny ruses on my part, but all in vain. I even told my wife the old joke about the man who, when asked if he liked pancakes, replied, "Like 'em? I love 'em. Got a whole attic full of pancakes."

My wife was properly sympathetic. "Poor man," she said. "Saves pancakes. Imagine that. He should see a psychiatrist," and went gaily on her way saving paper boxes. When I pointed out the similarity in the two cases, she failed to see the likeness.

VIRGIL PARTCH

Either the boxes go, or we need a larger apartment; so we unload

"Boxes," she stated flatly, "are very useful things. It doesn't hurt to save them for a rainy day." The poor, deluded woman has probably never seen what happens to paper boxes in the rain. They get very mushy.

These paper boxes which my ever-loving saves so assiduously are accumulated through our own purchases at the local stores, through gifts which people sometimes give us, and by other devious means which I will take the liberty of discussing later.

After much research I find that the boxes fall into various categories which make them valuable to my wife. One of these classifications is the name that happens to be printed on the outside of the box. A box or carton which bears the name of one of the more expensive-type stores is a premium box. These have a high priority and are among the last to get thrown out.

The reason, my wife has explained to me on numerous occasions, is that it looks good for us to give someone a gift packaged in a snooty box.

"It's so rich-looking," she says.

This is fine so far as I'm concerned, except that every once in a while my wife's Aunt Rose gets a pair of ankle-length ladies' gloves in a very rich-looking Brooks Brothers men's tie box. One of the great recommendations for this whole business, I admit, is conjuring up the look on the faces of the Brothers Brooks when Aunt Rose heaves into view looking to exchange ladies' gloves. For *cash,* yet.

The possibilities which accrue from such arrangements are, to put it mildly, tremendous, since we also have boxes from such varied and spectacular places as: the May Company in Los Angeles (3,000 miles away from where we live), the Casa Mañana Store in Mexico City (5,000 miles away) and F. W. Smith & Company in Shanghai (out of this world).

Thus, when Cousin Frances finally has an engagement shower, my wife's savings for a rainy day come in, as she puts it, "very handy." Cousin Frances receives from us at her Bridgeport, Connecticut, home, a bath scale, beautifully wrapped and packaged in a fine-looking paper box bearing the delightful inscription, "Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Texas."

You may be wondering how we get to all these places to get these fabulous boxes. We don't. And nobody sends us gifts from there either. I have been doing a little quiet investigating on this score myself. It turns out that the lady in 2B down the hall is a paper-box fan too.

Big trades go on. Two local boxes get you one out-of-town box, i.e., for a New Yorker one Bonwit Teller and one Saks Fifth Avenue equal one Gump's (San Francisco). I fully expect someday to find myself traded to Boston for two Filene's boxes and Ted Williams. (This is what they call a left-field joke.)

Another attribute which, to my wife, increases the value of an empty paper box is its shape. Square ones are excellent; but then, so are rectangular ones and round ones. I thought that this just about covered the field, until the other day when I ran across a *triangular* box. I haven't the faintest idea what you put into a triangular box, nor how it came to us, but there it is, three-sided and all.

We also have some *really* weird affairs, such as: a box 60 inches long, one inch wide and one inch deep; a large, rectangular one with the inscription "Quick Freezer"; and a rather ordinary square one with the legend "Danger—Explosives."

Well, this is a sort of rough idea of what I have to go through with the little woman. But I'm inured to it now. As I say, I just let the darned paper boxes accumulate for about six months and finally, out they go. Someday I'll probably go with them. THE END

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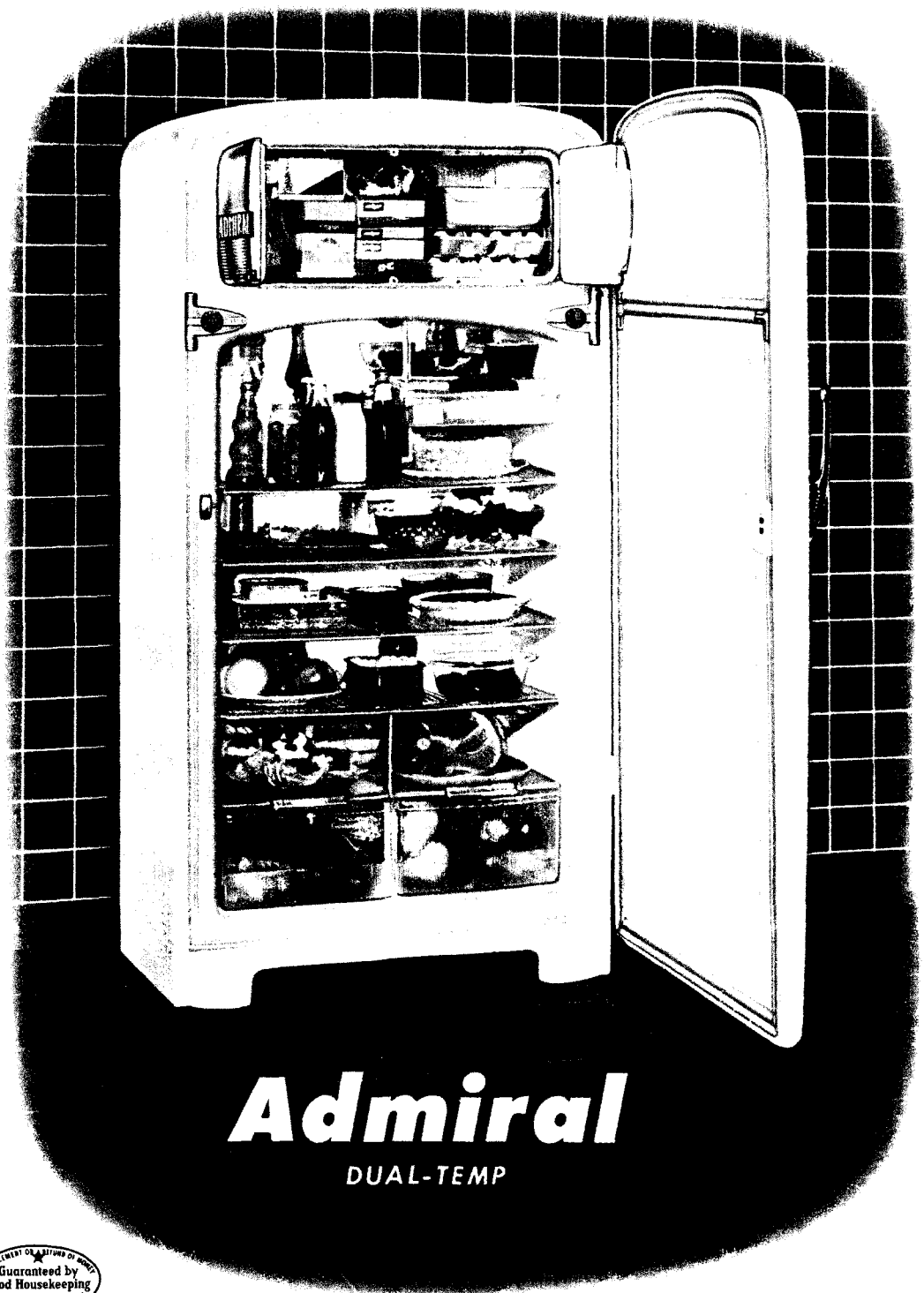
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

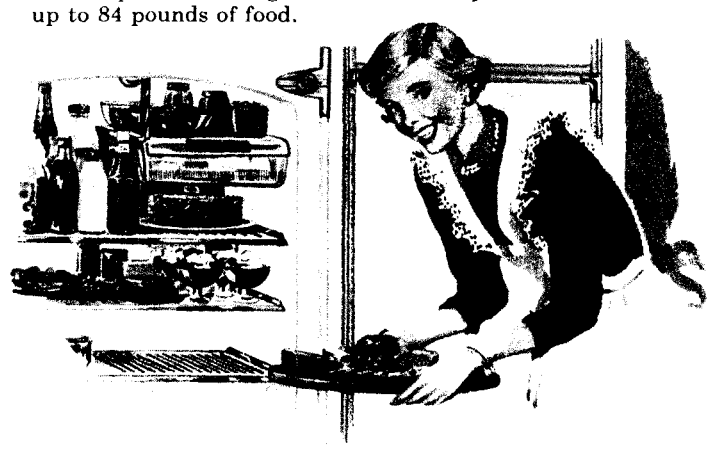
There are others that are New, but none so truly Modern!

Make sure your next refrigerator passes all 4 tests

1. **The housekeeping test:** Will your next one burden you with the nuisance of weekly defrosting? Not if it's an Admiral Dual-Temp. Admiral's exclusive moistrol automatically evaporates excess moisture. No need to cover foods, either; foods don't dry out, flavors don't mingle in the big Moist-Cold Compartment.

2. **The frozen food test:** Will your next one be able to *quick-freeze* fruit, meat, left-overs at 20° below zero? Yes, if it's an Admiral Dual-Temp, because this ultra-modern refrigerator has a separate freezing locker that can quick-freeze and store up to 84 pounds of food.





3. **The fresh food test:** Will fresh foods dry out and lose flavor in your next refrigerator? Not if you choose the Admiral Dual-Temp where fruits, meats and vegetables thrive in the cool, dewy atmosphere of the Moist-Cold Compartment. There's even an ultra-violet Sterilamp to kill "ice box" odors and retard mold growth.

4. **The storage space test:** Want lots of storage space without crowding the kitchen? Then you want a new, 1950 Dual-Temp. Your choice of 13½ or 10½ cubic feet of storage space, in streamlined, compact cabinets. Full-width freezer and full-length cold—sealed in tight by the new, exclusive Therma-Door which can't warp or buckle.

It's Food Heaven!

No defrosting—no dish covers needed—no bouncing flavors! Much more room than last year's models, at no increase in price!

That's a truly *modern* refrigerator—and that's the one *you* want. See the beautiful new Admiral Dual-Temp Refrigerators at your dealer's now!

Admiral Refrigerators as low as $189.95.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

TELEVISION • RADIOS • PHONOGRAPHS • RANGES

TELEVISION! See and hear "Lights Out" Mondays, 9 P.M., EST over NBC Network. Also "Stop the Music" Thursdays, 8 P.M., EST over ABC Network.

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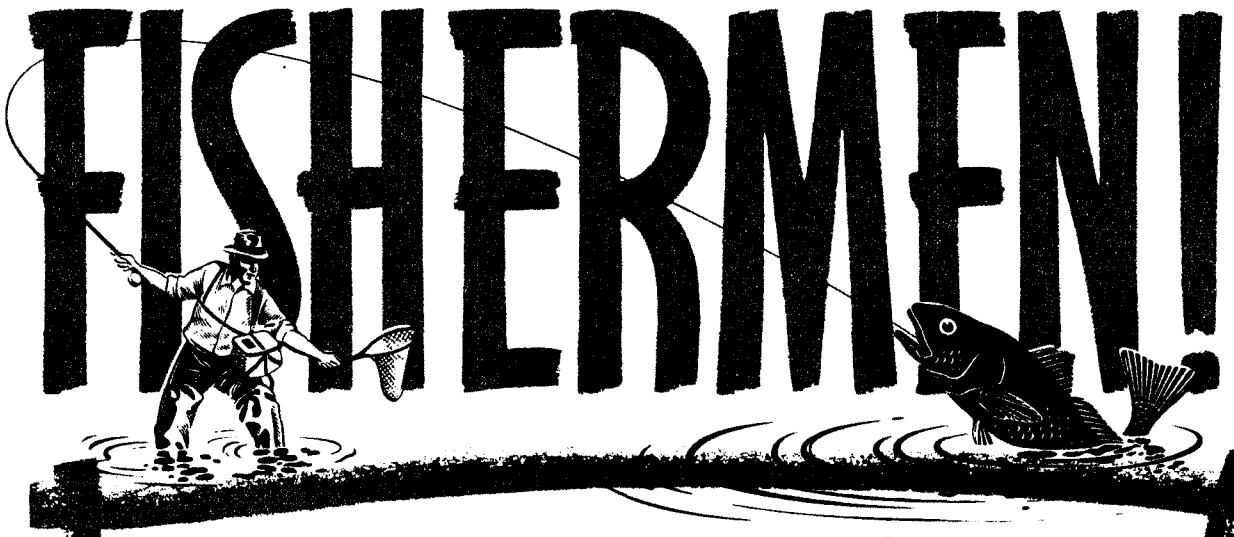
FISHERMEN!



150 FIRST PRIZES!

EACH PRIZE: Choice of one of the following complete fishing outfits

A. Bait Casting Outfit
Pflueger Acehi rod, 5 ft., tubular steel
Pflueger Supreme reel
Pflueger Nonpareil 18-lb. test line

B. Fly Casting Outfit (trout)
Montague Red Wing rod, 8½ ft., 3-section, split bamboo
Pflueger Medalist reel
Pflueger Challenge double-tapered line

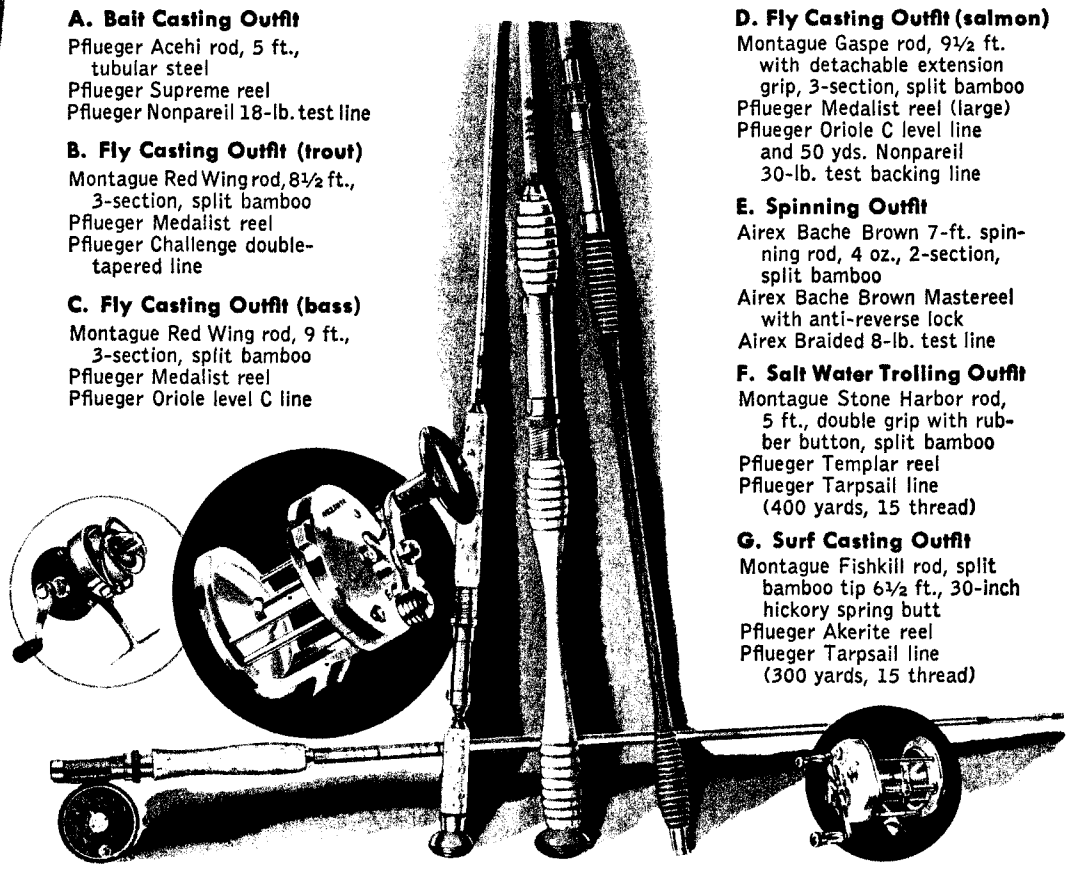
C. Fly Casting Outfit (bass)
Montague Red Wing rod, 9 ft., 3-section, split bamboo
Pflueger Medalist reel
Pflueger Oriole level C line

D. Fly Casting Outfit (salmon)
Montague Gaspe rod, 9½ ft. with detachable extension grip, 3-section, split bamboo
Pflueger Medalist reel (large)
Pflueger Oriole C level line and 50 yds. Nonpareil 30-lb. test backing line

E. Spinning Outfit
Airex Bache Brown 7-ft. spinning rod, 4 oz., 2-section, split bamboo
Airex Bache Brown Mastereel with anti-reverse lock
Airex Braided 8-lb. test line

F. Salt Water Trolling Outfit
Montague Stone Harbor rod, 5 ft., double grip with rubber button, split bamboo
Pflueger Templar reel
Pflueger Tarpsail line (400 yards, 15 thread)

G. Surf Casting Outfit
Montague Fishkill rod, split bamboo tip 6½ ft., 30-inch hickory spring butt
Pflueger Akerite reel
Pflueger Tarpsail line (300 yards, 15 thread)



PLUS! 1550 Additional prizes

100 Second Prizes — One of the following rods, each: Pflueger Acehi bait casting rod, Montague fly rod, Montague surf casting rod, Montague boat rod, Airex Bache Brown spinning rod.

100 Third Prizes — One of the following reels, each: Pflueger bait casting reel, Pflueger fly reel, Pflueger surf casting reel, Pflueger salt water trolling reel, Airex Bache Brown spinning reel.

400 Fourth Prizes — One of the following bait assortments, each: Pflueger fresh water bait casting assortment, L. L. Bean assortments of trout flies, bass bugs and flies, salmon flies or spinning baits, Pflueger surf casting bait assortment.

950 Fifth Prizes — One of the following lines, each: Pflueger bait casting, fly casting, surf casting or salt water trolling line, Airex spinning line.

Be a winner in Barbasol's "Fishermen's Prize Festival"

1700 GREAT PRIZES!

It doesn't matter whether you fish with expensive tackle or a bent pin—your chances of winning are equally good. *And you can enter as many times as you want!* Merely write in 25 words or less what fish you like best to catch, and why. (Don't worry about literary style—it's your *ideas* that count!) With each entry, send along the panel bearing the words "Trade Mark" from the side of an empty Barbasol shave cream carton and specify which of the outfits listed on this page you would like to win. The best 150 entries will get whichever outfit they name. The 1550 next best entries will get marvelous equipment for the type of fishing their prize choice indicates. These prizes will be awarded according to the merit of the entry, as shown in the prize list. But don't delay! All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, May 31, 1950. So read the simple rules *now*—and get your entries in the mail, today!

Official Rules

1. Using one side only of any plain sheet of paper, complete the statement: "I like to catch (name of your favorite fish) because . . ." in 25 words or less. Then specify which type of fishing outfit listed on this page you would like to win. Print your name and address plainly, as well as the *name and address of your BARBASOL dealer.*

2. Enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by the panel bearing the words "Trade Mark" from the side of an empty Barbasol shave cream carton. Mail your entry to:

FISHERMEN'S PRIZE FESTIVAL
POST OFFICE BOX 143
NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, May 31, 1950 and received by June 15, 1950.

3. Ask your BARBASOL dealer to help you write your entry. Then, if you win one of the first 150 prizes, he too may win.

4. This contest is open to everyone in the continental United States except employees of The Barbasol Company, their advertising agency and their families. *All entries must be written in English,* must be the original work of the contestants and submitted in their own names. Statements submitted must not have previously won a prize in any other contest.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, interest and sincerity. Preliminary judging by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation; final winners to be selected by the panel of three fishing editors named on this page. The decision of the judges is final. Prizes will be awarded as listed on this page. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries become the property of The Barbasol Company, and none will be returned. Only one prize will be awarded to any one family.

6. Winners will be notified by mail. For a complete list of winners, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your entry.

No brush
No lather
No rub-in

For best results: shave with . . .

Judges of Barbasol's "Fishermen's Prize Festival"

Al McClane, Fishing Ed. "Field & Stream"

Jason Lucas, Angling Ed. "Sports Afield"

Ray Bergman, Fishing Ed. "Outdoor Life"

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THE AMERICANS *Nobody Wants*

LOLA
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

By LESTER VELIE

Victims of seasonal unemployment, 200,000 farm laborers and their families huddle in shantytowns along California's San Joaquin Valley, fighting hunger, filth and disease

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

THE man on the bulldozer couldn't tell whether the huddling, dirt-smeared squatters' kids were trembling with panic or from the earth tremors churned by his 20-ton juggernaut. He had kids of his own to think about and a job to do. Grimly, he powered his way into the cluster of shacks that were the kids' homes—his bulldozer gouging, ripping and toppling the lean-tos of city-dump tin, waste boards, cardboard.

The shantytown, home to 35 seasonal farm workers' families, had blighted the outskirts of California's capital city, Sacramento. Its ill-fed and ill-washed children carried the menace of disease into a neighboring school. And so, one day last May, the Sacramento Health Department ordered the shacks razed.

An American Federation of Labor official shuttled between the governor's office, the city manager, the city council, trying to stop the razing of the squatters' homes. As a last hope he turned to the Red Cross.

Asked to take a hand, a Red Cross official said unhappily, "We deal only with emergencies. Those migrant worker families are the victims of a permanent disaster."

This year the seasonal farm worker problem, which had settled into a "permanent disaster," took another plunge downward to become an explosive crisis.

As this is written, an estimated 200,000—no one knows just how many—farm workers and their families, who work seasonally in California's cotton fields, fruit orchards and

The daughter of a jobless seasonal farmer in California drinks from a pump in the yard of her shantytown

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Tulare Children are locked in cars in cold weather while their parents work in the fields. Eight youngsters, one an infant, were being tended by a 7-year-old boy

S
CA

Collier's teamed two staff members, Writer Lester Velie and Photographer John Florea, to report an American tragedy—the story of 200,000 farm workers and their families who work seasonally in California's cotton fields, fruit orchards and vegetable farms.

The picture of Americans going hungry is not a pretty one. Collier's presents it in the belief that it will strengthen the hands of men of good will in California who are now grappling with an old and vexing problem: how to take the seasonal farm worker out of the displaced persons class and make him a self-supporting citizen.

Here, in the first of two articles, is an eyewitness account of the plight of these people. In the concluding article next week, Writer Velie describes what the seasonal farm worker—whose problem is not confined to California alone—can do for himself and what others are doing to bring him into the rich stream of American life.

—THE EDITOR

Fresno Jobless farm workers have set up camp near the city dump. Shanties like these make up what has been called the longest continuous slums in America

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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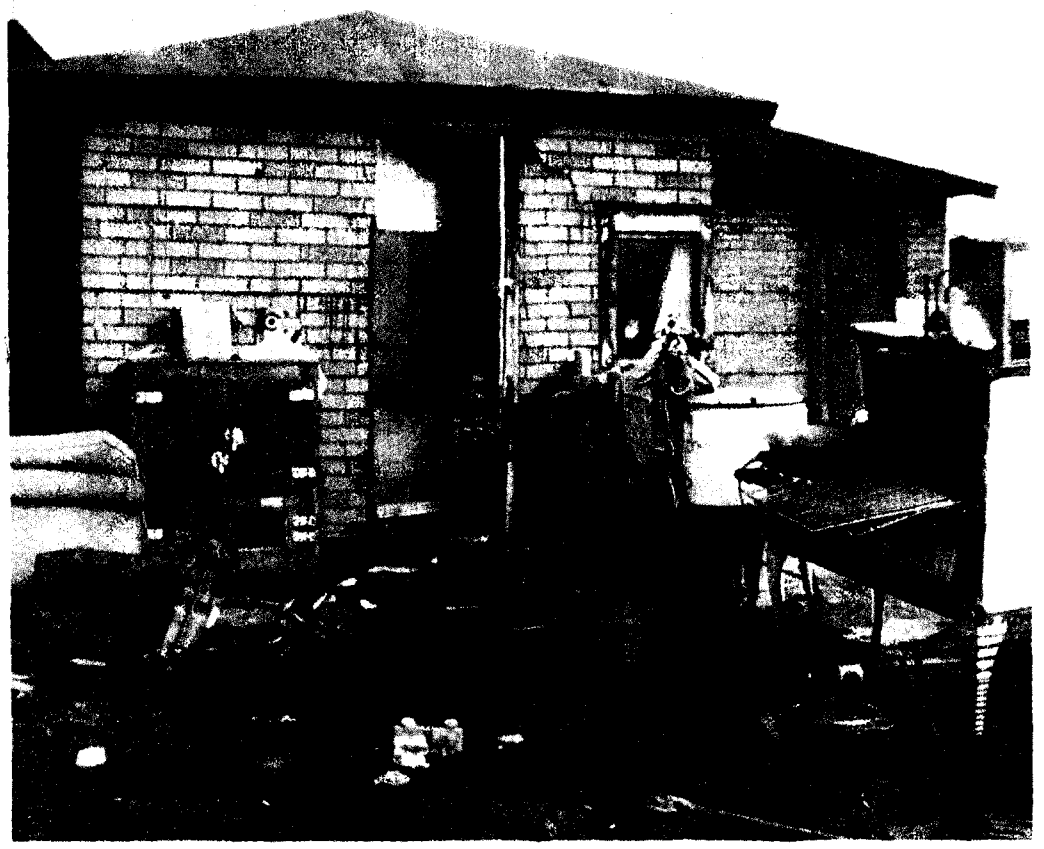
Corcoran **In a cotton pickers' camp on the outskirts of town, Cecil Scott, a jobless veteran, and his son work on their car. Scott got help from the Red Cross**

Bakersfield **In a six-mile-square slum area called Cottonwood, where more than 10,000 field workers live, there are no sewers or playgrounds or paved streets**



vegetable farms, have been swept up in a new disaster so vast that the eyewitness must grope back to the great depression to find anything like it. And it's there for all eyes to see: a belt of hunger, disease and wretchedness running the 200-mile length of the West's richest valley, the San Joaquin.

There, men scrabble for jobs, and there are no jobs; women and children ask for bread, and most social workers, their hands tied, turn them away; families of 10 or more huddle in 12-by-12-foot shacks and tents so foul that in two counties alone, during one month last fall, 28 farm workers' babies died, 10 of them of malnutrition.

The seasonal farm workers, loosely called migrants, although more than half of them have settled down as permanent workers, have always had to compete with hordes of newcomers for their precarious jobs. Last fall, state officials recruited 40,000 factory workers to swell the surplus in the fields. Mechanical cotton pickers which displace 30 human pickers at a clip shortened the season still more. And a new, early-blooming cotton helped cut the season further. By mid-December the cotton picking, which usually lasts into March, was over. Stranded and destitute, the farm workers faced the terror of four months' idleness instead of the customary two.

They faced hunger for which local officials either refused to prepare or prepared so little that one influential newspaper, the Fresno Bee, warned, "It may become a national scandal."

This writer drove with a Collier's photographer up Highway 99, "the road of the migrant," the spine of California that runs from the Mexican border to Oregon, traversing the San Joaquin Valley cotton country on the way.

Dramas of Misery Along the Highway

Wherever we looked—along the great highroad itself, beside the ditchbanks and sloughs a few hundred yards off the road, in the mud-sodden camps of pitched tents and in sprawling shantytowns of knocked-down trailers, lean-tos and occasional neat, adobe cottages—we stepped into thumbnail dramas of incredible misery.

Pick your spot at random.

At Corcoran, in cotton-rich Kings County, in a tiny store that had been hauled across town and now served as a two-room home, the twenty-eight-year-old mother quieted her infant.

" 'County ain't big enough to feed all of you migrants,' the welfare lady told me," the mother said. "Migrants!" she said indignantly. "We been in this valley eight years.

"She gave me this." The mother produced a four-and-one-half-pound can of a powder, largely unused, described by the label as a "food extender."

"Label says to use it with stews and hamburgers," the mother said. "Stews and hamburgers," she repeated wistfully. "We had to just boil it alone, but nobody would eat it.

"If we could only get some milk and bacon into these kids, maybe Katy here would heal quicker," she said. She pointed to a five-year-old child whose arms were covered with the purplish, open sores of impetigo, the skin disease that thrives on squalor and malnutrition.

Beside Highway 99, just south of lovely Tulare, there was a clump of battered jalopies.

"Let's have a look," said the photographer.

We stepped from the heated car into the raw January cold. A biting wind was whipping a mass of gray clouds across a bleak sky, and our teeth chattered in the ten-degree-above freezing weather (42° F.).

From the first parked car rose the wail of children, insistent above the whine of the giant trucks' tires on the hard pavement near by. Eight children, the youngest an infant of four months, stood, lay and crawled on the sedan's two seats, keening brokenheartedly for their mother.

So much misery in such a little space. Running noses and tears had streaked the dirt on the little faces. Tattered jumpers and makeshift clothes inadequately covered the tiny bodies, exposing squirming limbs to the bitter wind that blustered in through the open windows. Blue with cold, hungry (the four-month-old baby sucked on a bottle of brownish fluid) and untended save by a crying seven-year-old boy, the children had been locked in the car for over two hours. They would be there for another four hours, their mother later told us when she came from her odd job in a near-by field.

Some 30 miles out of Fresno at the government-built farm workers' camp, now privately run, family breadwinners tromped in out of the mud and into the camp office.

"This will keep you alive for a couple of days," the clerk behind the counter said.

The tall, thin Mexican-American looked at the package of powdered eggs, government surplus.

"This for a couple of days?" he murmured.

"Equal to a dozen eggs," said the clerk. "Should last you."

(Continued on page 48)

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Heart of Stone

By DAVID DUNCAN

Dear, dependable Collins; so safe, so sensible, so completely loyal —the kind of man who would never be unfaithful to his wife . . .

"SUSAN dear," Paula Whitaker had said on the telephone, "you and Collins are coming, aren't you? We just can't square-dance without you, and besides, I want to kiss Collins again. I know that's a frightful thing to say to his wife, but after all, that's *why* I like to kiss Collins. It's so absolutely safe. No danger of anything more. No hang-over, no regrets, nothing but a moment's respite from the pressure of time to make me feel young again. And by the way, Madeline and Charles are in town and they're coming over. Aren't you just dying to see what prosperity has done for Madeline?"

And now Susan sat in the car beside Collins, a red begonia in her dark hair, while they drove to the Whitakers'. She thought of Paula's words and glanced at her husband. Dependable Collins, she thought. So safe, so reserved, so considerate, so practical, so completely faithful. How well she knew what Paula meant. But what she could never understand was how a man who was all those unexciting things could, after ten years of marriage, still be the most exciting man in the world.

Of course, there were attentions like the begonia. It recalled a day before they were married when she and Collins had gone to the begonia gardens to buy a plant for her mother. And in the midst of the enormous blossoms, the hanging baskets with their cascading flowers, the reds, the salmons, the pinks, Susan had gone into raptures.

"Oh, Collins," she had whispered, "wouldn't it be wonderful to be buried in heaps and heaps of them?"

Collins had looked around thoughtfully. "Very pretty," he said, as though reaching this judgment with difficulty. "But I wouldn't care to be buried in them."

Collins never went overboard about anything, but neither did he forget. It was Collins who remembered to tell Mrs. Townsend before they left the house that both children were asleep and that she might expect some fretfulness from Linda because of her vaccination. It was Collins who wrote down the Whitakers' telephone number in case Mrs. Townsend should want to reach them. Collins always took care of everything.

"Did I tell you Madeline and Charles'll be there tonight?" Susan said.

"Yes."

"I think it's wonderful about Madeline. When you remember the horrible spot she was in just a year ago with her children to bring up and Joe going from bad to worse. It took courage to divorce him."

"Not courage," said Collins. "Just common sense. Joe was a decent enough guy, but he couldn't stand the responsibility. The best thing for him, too."

"But what you refuse to see," said Susan, "is that people can't always rule their lives by common sense. Madeline was frightfully despondent for a while. There she'd sit, night after night, in that little house of hers, ashamed to go out even though we were all her good friends. I really admire Paula for finally bringing her to her senses."

"Madeline would have done it for herself eventually," said Collins. "She had to go through a period of adjustment first. I wish people would recognize such things and stop all the stewing. A little time is all most emotional upsets take."

"So speaks one who never gets upset," said Susan. "Honestly, dear, you're so contained I often wonder how you managed to marry me."

"Because I love you," Collins told her quite matter-of-factly.

"Then please let me know if you ever decide to go berserk. Otherwise I might not notice the change." She laughed. The truth was, she believed him implicitly. In the deep intimacy of the night, when she lay encircled by his arms, she felt his reserve vanish and, even though she couldn't feel herself triumphant in a situation in which she eagerly and voluntarily surrendered, still, since the surrender was mutual, she knew he was capable of being moved. And in that, perhaps, lay his fascination. She always had the feeling that his self-control was going to give way, and she never knew whether to hope for such a thing to happen, or fear it might.

"And besides," she said, "in Madeline's case even common sense wouldn't have succeeded by itself. It was pure luck that Charles Elliot came to visit us last year just when he did. Why should Charles have come? He was never a close friend of yours."

"Well, close enough so that I could admire him," said Collins. "There wasn't anything so unusual about his looking us up."

"But it was still luck." Susan frowned thoughtfully. "I've never dared mention it before, but you know, I'm sure Madeline was falling in love with you about the time Charles appeared."

"Nonsense," Collins said.

"No, it's not nonsense. There are things a woman notices. I was a little worried for a while."

"Worried? Good heavens, Sue!"

"Well, the two of you did dance *(Continued on page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL BRULÉ

When Collins danced with Madeline, Susan felt worried. There was a oneness about them that seemed to shut out everyone else

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ACME

During the New York mayoralty campaign last fall Henry Wallace appeared at a rally in Madison Square Garden and enthusiastically endorsed the congressman's candidacy

A hard-working politician, Vito makes himself available to his constituents. Daily when Congress isn't in session, Saturdays when it is, he's at his New York headquarters

Whose

Congressman Vito Marcantonio

By TODD WRIGHT

VITO MARCANTONIO is a small, stoop-shouldered, sharp-witted, coldly efficient man who represents some 300,000 New Yorkers in Congress. Presumably, this is a sacred trust, yet he is frequently portrayed as a Kremlin stooge, the Pied Piper of Puerto Rican immigration into the United States, and the leader of a secret society of Italian Black Shirts. Needless to say, he is seldom described as a patriot.

Although born in the district he now represents —New York's Eighteenth—Marcantonio has for most of his 47 years remained essentially an enigma. He is master of the typically American game of ward-heeler politics, yet the foreign policy of Soviet Russia is a shining beacon on the ideological road he travels. By all odds the most discordant member of Congress, he is nonetheless personally liked by his colleagues. He carries no Communist party card, but has been associated with twoscore organizations cited by the United States government as "subversive and Communist" or as Communist fronts. Yet he is repeatedly returned to Washington by his entranced constituents.

Because he is the only member of the American Labor party in Congress and is politically attuned with virtually no one else in that body, there is a tendency to underestimate the curious gentleman from New York. Marcantonio himself, however, is shrewdly aware of the unique and powerful position he occupies. Several years ago, in the course of a spirited assault on a position held by Representative Milton West of Texas, Marcantonio pointed a slender, menacing finger at the ultraconservative Texan and rasped:

"I think I'll come down to your district and help defeat you."

West snorted. "Having you fighting me would be a big help," he said.

"Oh, I wouldn't fight you," Marcantonio retorted slyly. "I'd endorse you."

A skilled parliamentarian, Marcantonio time and again has forced delay on important measures he opposed by an unexpected maneuver which caught his colleagues flat-footed. After one such rapier thrust had held up a housing bill in which Marcantonio was fighting to get an anti-racial-discrimination amendment inserted, an angry member stopped Speaker Sam Rayburn in the hall and said:

"That was a snide trick Marcantonio used today."

"Maybe." The Speaker smiled. "But he's always pleasant about it."

The Speaker's attitude is shared by most of the other members of the House. Though diametrically opposed to Marcantonio's way of thinking, they respect his ability and admire his qualities as a "fighting little gamecock."

The district which spawned Marcantonio and now supports him is probably the most ill-assorted Congressional district in the United States. Covering the northeast section of Manhattan, it embraces sordid East Harlem tenements and stately Park Avenue apartment houses, the *farmacias* and *dulcerías* of "Little Puerto Rico" and the swank Gracie Square district. In it lives almost every nationality, including (predominantly) Italians, Germans, Mexicans, Negroes, Irish and Puerto Ricans.

The Eighteenth District has been classified by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics as the biggest distributing point of the illegal drug traffic in the East. In the past 10 years the district has seen some 10,000 arrests for felonies; some of the nation's most celebrated criminals call it home. Here in Yorkville strutted Fritz Kuhn, the Nazi Bundist, and on the streets of the Eighteenth occurred the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

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Voice in Our Congress?

activities on Capitol Hill and his identification with Communist causes bring joy to the boys in Moscow

notorious 1946 Election Day murder of Joseph R. Scottoriggio, a Republican district captain who opposed Marcantonio. Everywhere are the *aeroplano* booking agencies, through which Marcantonio has been accused of moving thousands of Puerto Ricans from the squalor of their homeland to that of Manhattan for the sole purpose of swelling his voting strength.

In the Eighteenth, Marc is all things to all men—dictator, counselor, and just plain boss. He rules with a firmer hand than any other elected official of New York City. Nevertheless, he is easy to see, pleasant to talk with and, like all prudent congressmen, ever ready to take up the cudgels for a constituent.

Every day when Congress is not in session and on Saturday afternoons when it is, Marcantonio holds court in his drab headquarters above a five-and-dime store on cluttered First Avenue. Supplicants are admitted one by one into his private office at the end of a shabby hall seating perhaps 100 persons. Mostly, their problems concern money, jobs or wayward relatives. Marcantonio is equally deft at mollifying an irate mother-in-law or straightening out the licensing difficulties of a Puerto Rican taxi driver. His handshake is limp and he doesn't rise when anyone enters, but he listens attentively and appears genuinely interested in helping.

At the same time he has a coldly elusive air. His smiles are so rare and fleeting that there is some question whether they are smiles at all. There is no twinkle in his dark, somber eyes. His shrewd brilliance is concealed behind a façade as colorless as the neat gray suits he favors, and he is admittedly a man without close personal friends.

During the life of the Hitler-Stalin pact, Congressman Marcantonio opposed every single measure for our national defense. In Pravdalike terms, he called the European war an imperialistic war of the "Wall Street-Downing Street axis."

On May 28, 1940, when the House approved funds for the construction of planes and naval vessels, Marcantonio cast the lone vote against the bill (401 to 1).

On June 12, 1940, when the House voted money for the huge aircraft program, Marcantonio again was the sole dissenter (402 to 1). On March 21, 1941, when the House approved an appropriation of $4,000,000,000 for bombers and coastal defense, Marcantonio safely paired his vote (final count: 327 to 0).

Then, three months later, following the German invasion of Russia, Marcantonio nimbly backflipped. He demanded an American expeditionary force to hurry to the aid of the Soviet Union. He blithely tried to explain how Germany, now that she was fighting Russia, was suddenly a greater menace to the United States than she had been when allied with Russia.

"I still believe," he proclaimed on the floor of the House, "that the war of 1939 and 1940 and up to 1941 was an imperialistic war. The invasion of the Soviet Union by Hitler transformed that war . . . into a war which is now essentially one of national defense."

A dumfounded colleague interrupted to ask: "When Russia was Hitler's ally, were we not in just as much danger as we are now?"

"No," Marcantonio replied. "Events have demonstrated that the treaty of nonaggression between Hitler and Russia was not a treaty of allies. The Soviet Union had, but would not give to Hitler, the materials he needed for his schemes, and Hitler has proved by his invasion that there existed no alliance and that the Soviet Union was a threat to his plan of world conquest."

Marcantonio's constituents saw nothing unusual in this curious double talk. The turn of international events caused not so much as a knock in his smooth-running machine, any more than murder did five years later.

On the night of November 4, 1946, according to subsequent grand jury indictments, a secret meeting was held in the home of Trigger Mike Coppola, a Marcantonio neighbor and ex-machine gunner for Vincent (Mad Dog) Coll during the gangster-happy twenties and early thirties. One of the principal items of business was arranging a beating for Joseph Scottoriggio, an election district captain for the Republican party. Scottoriggio was to be chastised for refusing to swing G.O.P. votes to Marcantonio's American Labor party. Among others present at the meeting were Mrs. Coppola and Tough Joey Rao, Coppola's lieutenant and a one-time member of the *(Continued on page 68)*

Marcantonio denies that he is a Communist, explains his link with the Commie front groups by calling himself an "anti-Fascist"

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When in Rome

The director's secretary went to Rome to take care of the director. But when the leading man took her in hand, she found it was all she could do to take care of herself

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

NONE of this would have happened if my boss, Mr. Paul Madras, didn't have ulcers. As far as I'm concerned it's strictly occupational. He's had them ever since he came to Mogul Pictures, and by the time he'd made two light comedies and a socially significant picture here, he was drinking milk eight times a day.

Maybe it sounds like blowing my own horn but I'm the perfect secretary for him. You see I know the ins and outs. Mostly the outs.

If you like horse operas—and I don't—you might remember me. Bess Martin. I did a lot of summer stock and starved playing Chekhov until I blew my savings and learned to ride a horse. I thought that one day some big producer would see my frank young face but all they went for was that damn' horse. After all I did for him, the ungrateful beast finally turned on me and threw me right in the middle of The Lonesome Trail. I broke my back and my spirit. I came to after the accident in a plaster cast and before I got out of it, I had decided to give up the theater forever.

I also would have given up eating except for Nan. She works in Make-up at Mogul, and when news went out over the grapevine that Paul Madras needed a secretary, she called his ex-wife, whom he still loves, and the ex-wife called Paul and Paul called me. I know it doesn't happen like that in Detroit but this is Hollywood. I'd been laid up for six months and my interview was practically the first time I'd seen the light of day. I felt like something out of Cask of Amontillado, all bricked up and forlorn, but Paul said something about my bewitching eyes and hired me. The small talk didn't mean a thing because he's Hungarian and they're all like that.

If you overlook the fact that he drinks lunch from one to three at Romanoff's and uses violet toilet water, you discover that underneath he's a nice guy with a funny, sensitive kind of know-how about him. Compared with the other powers that be in this grist mill, he's a saint. So, naturally, the minute he got out of line, somebody wanted to get to him.

It turned out to be Adolph Millikin. He's the Great White Father of our little organization. He wears mauve silk shirts with two initials over where his heart is supposed to be and keeps white roses on his custom-made desk. He's no cliché, believe me, because out here we've got a new breed of cat—the kind of top man who keeps his fingernails clean and his voice down. The only thing is: he takes some watching where the infighting is concerned.

Paul had been around Hollywood and Millikin long enough to know that but he's got a wide sentimental streak in him that breaks out every time he sees a delicate-featured blonde. With all the hundreds of them in this town he *would* have to pick the one Millikin squired. And having picked her, he really let himself go. I was instructed to send a green orchid every morning and his card, heavy with purple prose, every night. Once he'd broken ground, he lost his head and began to spend his afternoons with his tax consultant to see if he really could afford a new wife. Millikin got wind of it and he and Paul and the blonde had lunch together, you know, camaraderie and caviar, and before it was over Paul had been invited to make a picture in Italy with Lena Losko and Jay Dean, two of Mogul's biggest stars. It was all smooth as cream.

PAUL came back from that lunch elated and walked around the office muttering about Adolph's greatness of spirit and generous nature.

"After all," he said, peering at me, "he might have been unpleasant. The lady and . . ." He shrugged.

"The lady and you have been playing house," I said flatly, "and if you ask me Millikin's trying to get you out of the way."

"But, my dear . . ."

"I tell you it's a booby trap. How do you know the script's any good?"

"He says it's a beautiful love story full of finer feelings."

"Have you ever worked with Losko before?"

"I respect temperament," he said grandly. "No actress is worth troubling with who has no temperament."

"Oh, brother," I said.

I got up and went to his desk. "Where's the prescription for your ulcer medicine? I'll get a three-month supply in. How about your passport, and do you want to keep your houseboy while you're gone? Who gets flowers, and where do I send your alimony, and have you written a will?"

"Please," he said. "don't be morbid."

"You better go get a haircut," I said, "but come right back. The last time I sent you for a haircut you ended up playing croquet with Darryl Zanuck."

"He just happened by. Give me some money. How can I get my hair cut if you never give me any money?"

"What happened to your allowance?"

"If you think I'm going *(Continued on page 59)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

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"Ah, look at her," Paul said to Jay. "And look at you, without a shave. . . . From here I can make a real picture"

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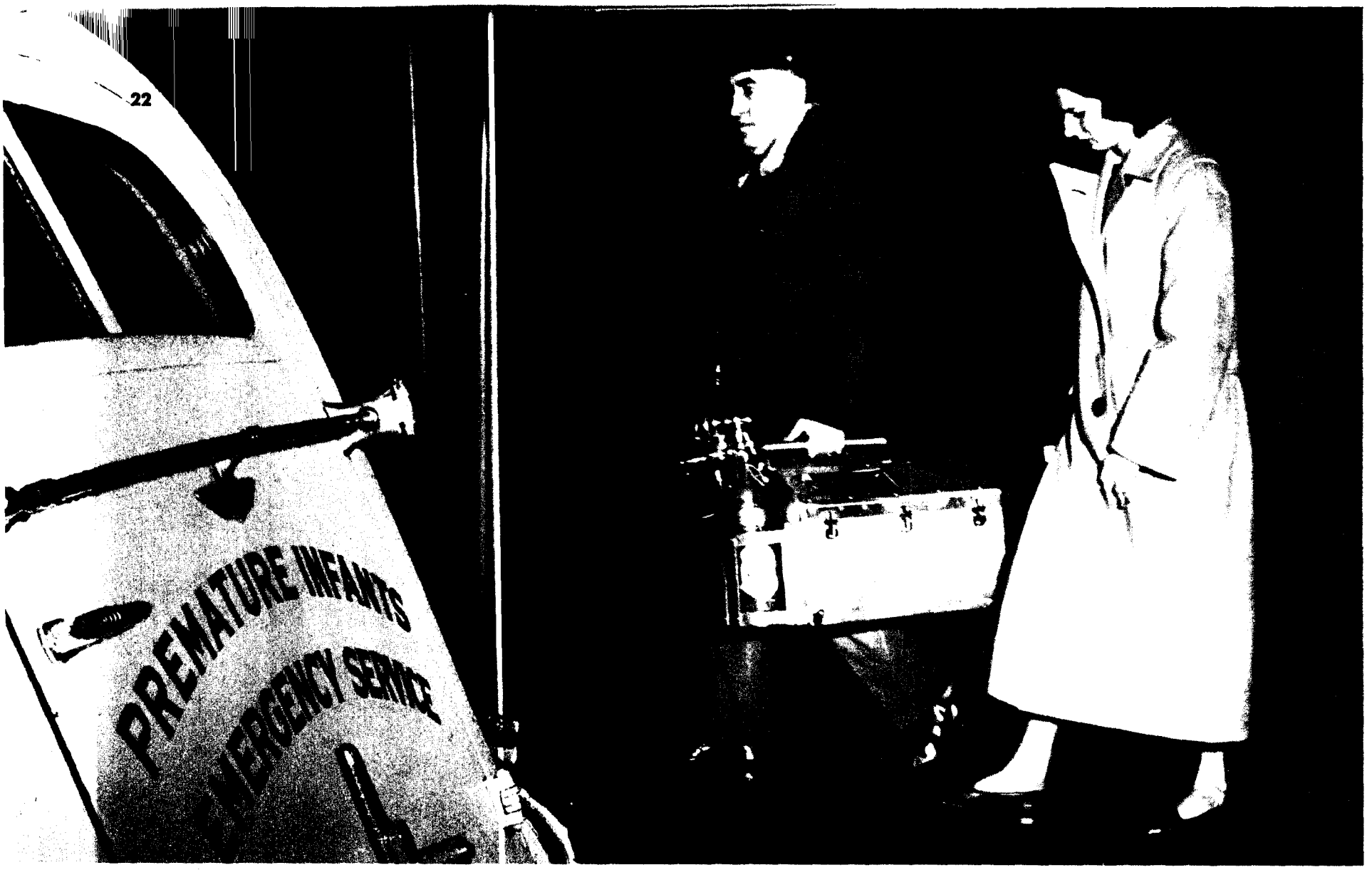

Ambulance driver Alphonse Iannicelli and Nurse Mary Jane Conlon rush to the aid of a baby born prematurely in New York

QUICK, Another ...'s

Most of the 40,000 premature babies who die annually can be saved if communities will act

DRIVER Alphonse Iannicelli hit the siren as soon as the big white ambulance nosed out of the hospital and sped downtown. In the back, Nurse Loretta Partheymuller, her blue beret slapped over her dark curls, checked the address of their destination, a broken-down hotel on New York's Bowery.

As Iannicelli dodged traffic, his hands tensed at the wheel. This was no routine emergency call, but, literally, a race. Minute by minute the balance toward life or death hung on a breath, and a very young breath at that.

When the two hurried into the dim hotel lobby, a white-faced clerk jerked his thumb at a small room and growled:

"But I *saw* the girl walk past my desk only this morning!"

In the room a twenty-one-year-old blonde lay in bed. Her mother and sister stood by helpless. On a chair, buried inside a towel and dirty bathrobe, was the patient, a prematurely born infant girl, four hours old.

Miraculously, she breathed—miraculously because every circumstance of her birth had been miscontrived. Brought into the world by two frightened women, she was hardly more than two pounds, a weight at which few premature babies survive. (Medically speaking, a "premature" is any baby born weighing less than five pounds nine ounces.) She was still attached to the placenta by the umbilical cord, which the amateur midwives had not cut. Nor, before help arrived, had they had sense enough to keep her warm and fan the weak spark of life within her.

No baby, of course, is ever a mere statistic, but the fact is that this Bowery child was born into a statistical picture which does no credit to us as a nation. Of an estimated 175,000 premature babies born every year in the United States, about 40,000 die. Premature birth is the greatest single cause of U.S. infant mortality. It ranks eighth among the top 10 causes of death at all ages.

Why do these babies die? Prematurity is not a baffling disease to be fought in the laboratory. They die not because we don't *know* enough, but because we just don't *do* enough—in the way of adequate physical equipment and specialized nursing and pediatric care. The tragedy which hits 40,000 American families a year could largely be avoided if we were not so indifferent, neglectful and unwilling to put up the relatively small sum needed for that special equipment and care.

For this particular early baby, the odds on survival were closer to 100 to 1. Yet they were outweighed by one single piece of good fortune. She was born late in 1948, shortly after New York City launched its Premature Transport Service, a 24-hour emergency service using portable incubators, specially designed ambulances with a heating compartment and oxygen supply, and trained nurses whose job it is to move premature babies from their places of birth as quickly as possible to hospitals with specific facilities to care for them.

Essentially, what a premature baby needs is an environment as close as possible to the womb from which he has come too soon into this unsterile world. Certain animals, like the kangaroo, regularly give birth prematurely, but the kangaroo has a natural incubator, the pouch. Human prematures also need an incubator, as well as proper amounts of nourishment, oxygen, heat and protection from infection.

Ingenious doctors and nurses have improvised incubators by fitting two cardboard or wooden boxes into each other, and filling the space in between with bags of hot sand or salt or heated bricks and stones. Premature babies have been carried to the hospital on streetcars in market baskets heated by bottles filled with hot water. Some of these babies lived, but a lot of them didn't.

When prematures are born in a hospital, the need for speeding them to another hospital with the special facilities to care for them is not as critical as when they are born at home or, in the case of Nurse Partheymuller's little charge, in neither hospital nor home. A moment's delay may cost a life, and Parthey moved surely and swiftly that cold December morning after she and Iannicelli carried a portable incubator and other equipment into the Bowery hotel.

The tiny infant lay almost exhausted after four hours of struggling just to stay alive, with no help and much hindrance from her grandmother and aunt. They had washed out her delicate eyes with a month-old solution rummaged from the medicine chest. They had poured salt and water into her

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN HUGELMEYER

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In the ambulance, Nurse Conlon clears a newborn baby's throat

Mother smiles at baby through window of a portable incubator

Heroes

By GLEDHILL CAMERON

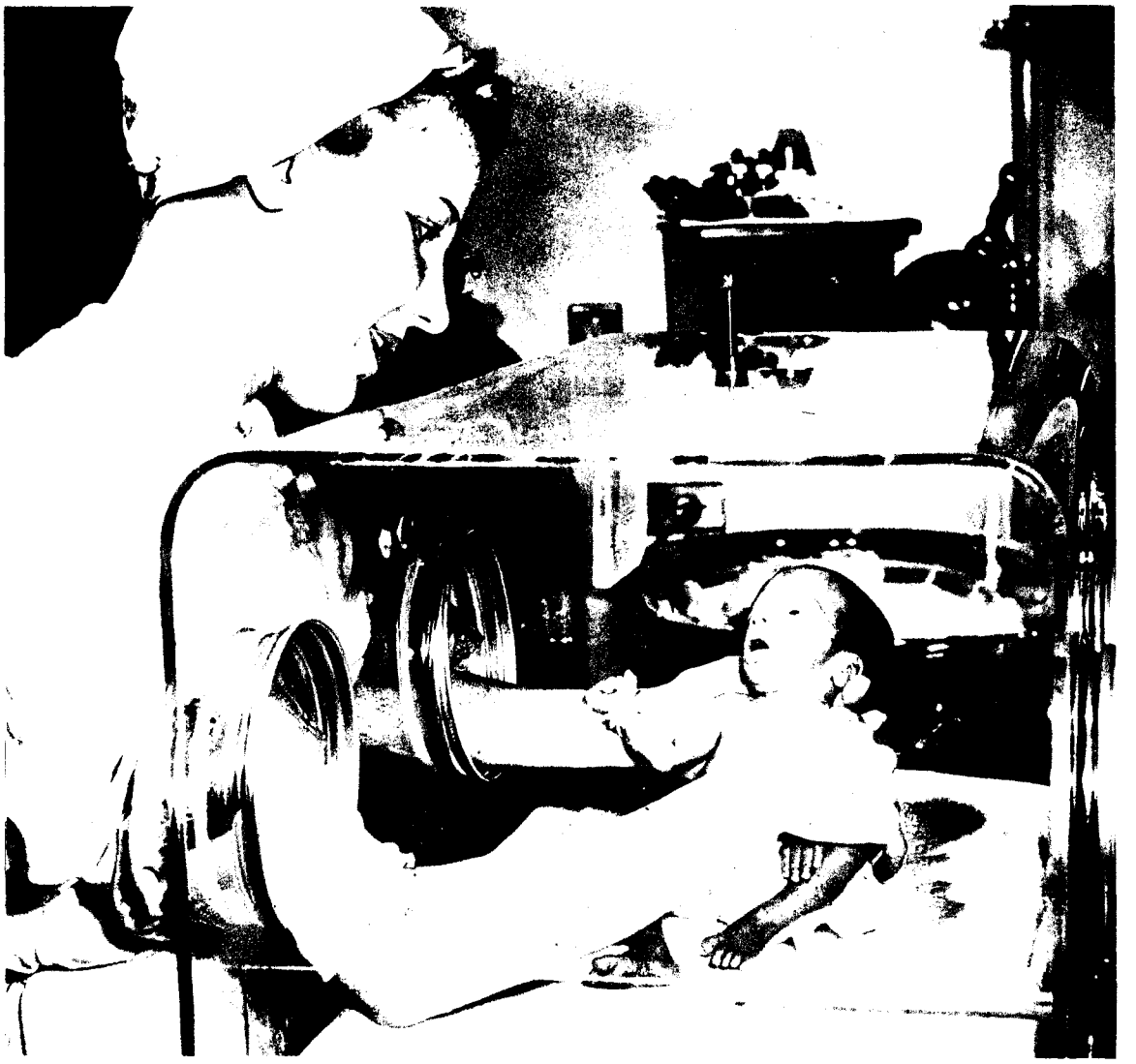
mouth, already dangerously clogged with mucus. The grandmother proudly admitted that she had once read about such procedures in a book.

Parthey cut the umbilical cord, cleared the throat and nasal passages of mucus by gentle suction with a catheter, dressed the infant in a sterile "premature jacket," a one-piece garment with hood, and snugly berthed her in the preheated incubator, kept warm by four hot-water bottles at the side and bottom. Most important, the baby began at once to receive 4 liters a minute of vital oxygen from a tank clamped to the incubator's side (two thirds of the premature babies who die are starved for oxygen).

Within minutes, the nurse had finished. Iannicelli carefully carried the portable incubator outside and fitted it into the heated compartment in the ambulance. Parthey switched on the oxygen from the large tanks beneath it.

For Iannicelli the job then really began. A siren isn't quite enough when one is transporting a barely breathing fragment of humanity. All the way to New York Hospital's premature-baby center he kept his eyes and head moving to gauge traffic, easing around corners, applying brakes when necessary with a steady smooth pressure, giving every break to his tiny passenger. The ambulance itself was specially built to provide as smooth a ride as possible.

On the way there was a routine for Parthey to follow. Check the oxygen. Watch the temperature. But mostly she kept her *(Continued on page 71)*



Baby rests in an "isolette," with piped-in oxygen and filtered fresh air

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EARLY ROSE

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and the HIGH SHERIFF

By WILLIAM FULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

Only one hound-dog, the dog he loved best in the world, could find his hiding place in the swamp—and she happened to be the sheriff's dog

EARLY ROSE was real sorry he'd had to go and kill Mister O.D. Truth was, Early thought, Mister O.D. hadn't been of much more account than Early, except for the color of his skin. Both of them—Early and Mister O.D.—just a couple of little old nothing kind of human things.

Early heard old Beulah sound off again. She was on the far side of the highground between Early and Mister O.D.'s farmplace, maybe two miles away. Early wasn't nearly as scared as he had been when he had first heard old Beulah bay, ten minutes earlier. Then it had been a real fright for Early to know for sure that somebody had gone and found Mister O.D. and had called out the High Sheriff. Early hadn't expected the High Sheriff and old Beulah to come after him until sometime the next day. And by then Early had planned to be so deep into Long Gone Swamp that there wasn't a hound-dog in this wide world could smell him out.

Early was swinging along through the piney woods. Old Beulah was sounding off again, now. Old Beulah's voice wasn't chop-mouthed and bristly, the way some folks liked a hound-dog's voice to be. Old Beulah's voice was a long, low song, a mournful song, but it sounded mighty pretty to Early Rose. He'd forgotten, for the time being, what was pretty sure to happen to a little old black boy who'd gone and killed his boss man, did the High Sheriff catch up to him. He'd forgotten because he wasn't so long-minded and remembering about things like that. Mister O.D.'d always been meddling at him about not being right smart.

"You got a weak mind, boy," Mister O.D.'d told him so many times. "You got a weak mind and a too-light behind. You ain't got the sense God gave a June bug."

Early could remember about striking Mister O.D. down, though. And the things that had happened just before he'd struck him down. That had happened not more than two hours before. That was easy.

He could see Mister O.D. sitting there in the front room of his house, as he had been this evening. Sitting there with his eyes shining red in the lamplight, his yellow-white hair hanging lank across his forehead, his cheeks gaunt and drawn in. And he could hear him saying, "Oh, but you're a sorry thing! My, but you're sorry!"

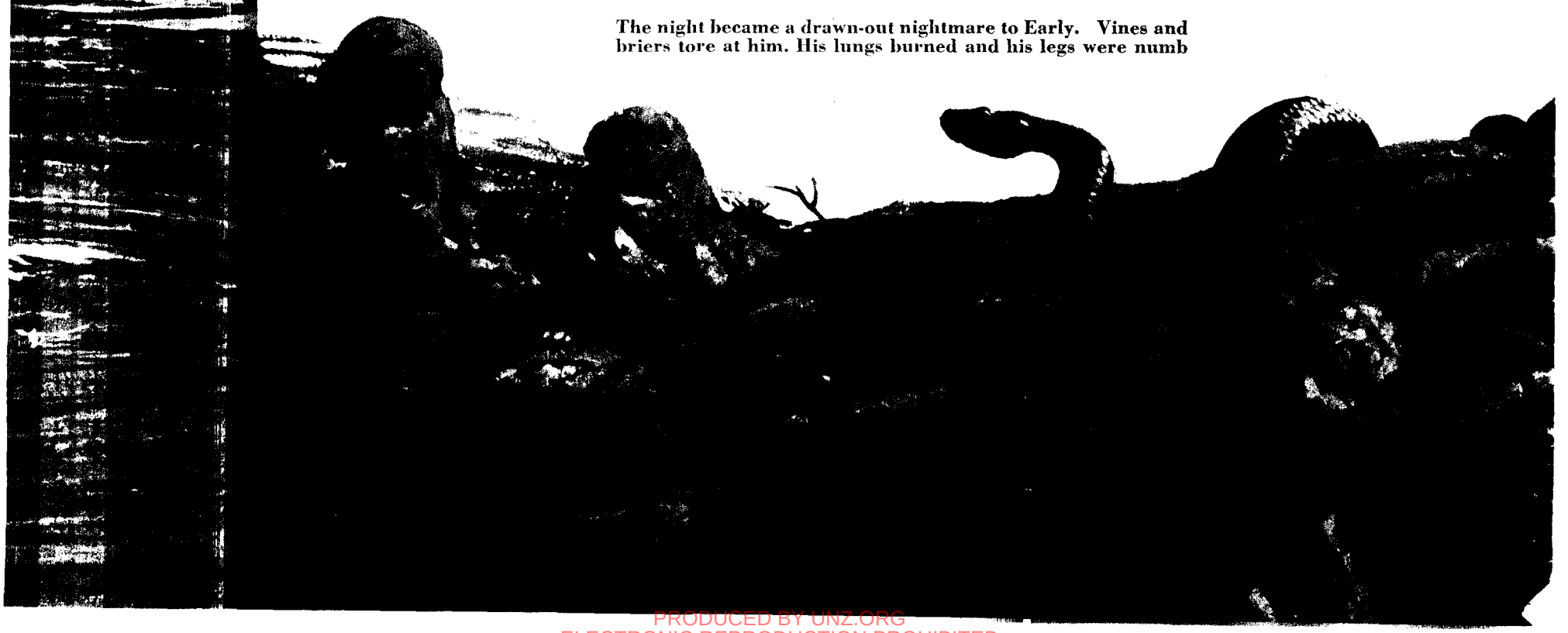
And Early Rose could see himself just sitting there in the corner by the chimney place, making out like he wasn't scared. He wanted to go out back to his own room off the kitchen, but he was afraid to move.

"Can't read nor neither write," Mister O.D. said. "Got a mind once 'moved from a goober. Black as the holes of hell, and a sorry thing, plumb sorry!"

Mister O.D. was drinking bad again. Had to have somebody to cuss and to scare, Mister O.D. did, when he was drinking bad. He'd come in from the crossroads that evening, a bottle tucked under his arm, his boots clomp-clomping like a passel of men, and his voice roaring thick. Early Rose had known he was in for it; would be lucky, didn't he get beat.

Early watched him, looking for signs of a beating. He sure did wish he was back in his own room, slowly turning the pages of that calendar the man had given him free, down to the store at the crossroads. That sure was a mighty fine calendar. Early knew there was never a calendar could beat this one for the prettiness of its pictures. Every month was a different dog, a gun dog, all colored up bright and pretty, out in the field with its master. Spaniels and bird dogs and all sorts of hound-dogs, they were. And if there was one thing Early did love it was a dog. And if there was one *special* kind he loved, it was a hound-dog.

He'd had him a hound-dog once, a soft little old yellow some-kind-of-a-hound-dog. That little old hound-dog had smelled real good and strong and houndy and her little old wriggly skin had been an admiration to touch, it so soft and all. And Early had named her Beauty and had kept her until Mister O.D. had given him the *(Continued on page 45)*



The night became a drawn-out nightmare to Early. Vines and briers tore at him. His lungs burned and his legs were numb

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Gamblers' Siege

By PAT FRANK and LUTHER VOLTZ

Concluding FLORIDA'S STRUGGLE WITH THE HOODLUMS

ACME

Underworld kingpin Frank Erickson moved on Florida in 1947

ACME

Frank Costello: his mob brushed aside a local gambling ring

Aroused Floridians are beginning to shove back the invasion of gangsters whose war aim is nothing less than complete control of the state. Pat Frank and Luther Voltz report on the valiant fight being waged by a few courageous officials—and show how the mob operates its fabulously profitable nation-wide wire news service for bookies

LAST year the moral elements in Florida launched a counterattack against the hoods. The legislature passed an anti-bookie-wire bill and the fate of this legislation, which was promptly appealed, may decide whether the big bookmakers have any future in the state. And last February, Governor Fuller Warren closed down the gambling joints—though how long they would remain closed was anybody's guess.

The bigger cabana bookmakers were cleaned out of Miami Beach and the members of the fantastic S. & G. Syndicate moaned, "This season there ain't no season." The Miami Beach cleanup was an even heavier blow to the Capone-Costello muscle men than it was to the S. & G.

For years S. & G., with offices in a bank building on fashionable Lincoln Road, enjoyed a monopoly on the major gambling operations in Miami Beach. Then the Combination moved in. It used the all-important racing-wire network as the lever.

In the earlier days, five smart young men had decided to engage in games of chance in Miami Beach. Eventually, they decided there would be more profit—and more strength to run out opposition—in unification.

They formed the S. & G. Syndicate (the initials have no meaning) and incorporated it in Tallahassee. Gambling was not stated as one of the purposes of the organization, but the pioneers immediately began leasing concessions from hotels which they used for bookmaking operations. Where small fry already had lobby cigar stands, the syndicate merely informed them, "From now on you're working for us."

To buck the syndicate meant a visit from the Miami Beach bookie detail. Smarter operators soon got the idea they weren't supposed to say, "No."

The bookmakers engaged runners to patrol the warm sands and translucent surf so that wealthy Northerners could blister their shoulders and lighten their pocketbooks at the same time.

The five prospered mightily and became pillars of the community. At least they seemed to be as respectable as bookmakers in England, where the occupation is taxed and lawful.

They contributed to good works, became patrons of the arts and were kind to their wives and children. Their names are Jules Levitt, Sam Cohen, Charley Friedman, Eddie Rosenbaum and Harold Salvey.

Since the lush war years and the torrent of black-market money, the average "play" of S. & G. has been 30 to 40 million a year. This is according to Daniel Patrick Sullivan, a deep-chested, former F.B.I. agent, the father of 10 children, who is Operating Director of the Crime Commission of Greater Miami.

Sam Cohen was asked about that play this winter over a dinner table in a fashionable Miami Beach restaurant.

"It ain't as much as some people say it is," Sam said. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Would it be a hundred million?" he was asked.

He scoffed. "A hundred million! Why it wouldn't be 25 per cent of that."

Then his eyes squinted. You could almost hear the wheels spinning in his brain as he thought: I'm tryin' to keep it low and here I've admitted to the man it's 25 million. He squirmed.

"A hundred million!" he said again. "It wouldn't be 10 per cent of that."

Even cutting it as low as he dared, the syndicate member admitted about a 10-million play.

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Using Sullivan's figures as the more accurate, a 40-million play means an annual gross profit of at least six million.

The bookmaker naturally makes as much profit on bets as the state and track combined. Actually, he makes more, for he is smarter, and there is a limit to the odds he will pay. Usually, the limit of a "liberal" bookmaker is 20-1.

So the five members of S. & G. were whacking up $6,000,000 or more. Even with expenses, and the inevitable "ice," they must each have been making a half-million-a-year net profit. They should have known it couldn't last.

In 1947, Frank Erickson took a look at all this wonderful gold, and decided he would like the Roney Plaza, perhaps the best-known Beach hotel, as his private gold mine. Erickson is a large, Norwegian-born bookmaker with a mind like a high-speed calculating machine. He is one of the richest men of the underworld, and plays golf with Frank Costello.

He paid $45,000 for a concession in the Cabana Club of the Roney for the '47-'48 season. Perhaps it was only a winter hobby for him, for his really big business is in New Jersey, where he specializes in handling millions "laid off" by smaller bookmakers when their books become unbalanced.

The S. & G. did not like to see Erickson operating the Roney concession, and the first indication was a raid, led by Chief of Police Short himself. Erickson was closed down, but not for long.

As Sam Cohen, one of the five syndicate members, told us, glumly, "He was too big for us."

But S. & G. still had a huge business, and new hotels were sprouting like fairy-story castles every day. They endured Erickson.

In February of last year the Big Mob, the Capone-Costello group, told S. & G. to move over. They scraped up their courage, and said no. Then the blow fell. The wire service stopped.

A big bookmaker cannot exist without instant results from the tracks. After eight days, despite makeshift long-distance telephone arrangements, S. & G. was forced to capitulate. A new, silent, but most important "partner" moved in—Harry Russell, of Chicago. The Crime Commission charges he is associated with the Capone group.

Undaunted by Richard's Crusade

Sam Cohen, of the S. & G., is a well-upholstered, impeccably dressed man with highly polished mustachios that curl upward like tiny scimitars. He went to Europe last year on the Queen Mary, returned on the Caronia, and was much impressed with such historic sights as the ruins of Pompeii. Some of his flunkies are wailing, but when we dined with Sam he seemed philosophical enough about councilman Mèl Richard's crusade in Miami Beach. After all he is a very rich man; he has other interests besides bookmaking. And there is that silent sixth partner.

Of course he differs with Richard on some points. "Maybe a little girl comes down to the beach from New York," he said, "and maybe for two or three days she toasts her tootsies in the sun. Then she gets restless. So maybe she wants to wager a few dollars on the ponies. So why can't she have a swim and a little excitement too?"

But what Sam doesn't mention is that the few bob of the bored little girl from New York, when added to all the other off-track betting during Florida's racing season, come to at least $350,000,000 that fail to see the mutuel windows each year. This means a loss to the state of $28,000,000 annually.

Fifteen per cent of the amount bet on each horse race is deducted by the track and state. The track gets 7 per cent, 5 per cent goes to the state Old Age Assistance Fund, and 3 per cent is divided equally among the state's 67 counties. Some of the rural counties, whose small populations would drive a bookmaker out of town with shotguns, are almost totally supported by their share of the wealth that pours through the mutuel windows. Last year each county received $82,400.

But big bettors hate to see their money go into the mutuels, because it lowers the odds on their choice. So big bookmakers operate even at the tracks, despite the vigilance of the track's special police and the State Racing Commission. Out at Tropical a whisper of "Take one on three?" and an answering nod mean that $1,000 had been bet "off track" right in the clubhouse, with the loss to track and state and counties of $150.

The bored little girl from New York has no idea, either, of the complicated machinery required to bring her the results of the race, while she sips an iced drink in a cabana. For instance, although the track is only a few miles away, before the bookie wire was shut down she got her results via Chicago or Cleveland.

The complex operation of the racing wire was clearly set forth in the suppressed FCC report on the Continental Press Service.

This wartime survey exposed a secret master net, with a bewildering number of affiliates and subsidiaries, that was giving 50,000 bookmakers in 305 cities quick service while our national communication systems were clogged up.

Scratches Are Reported First

Normally, the wire opens in the morning with the overnight scratches—names of horses withdrawn from the races. Next it carries the names of horses entered the next day. This is for the benefit of the handicappers of racing sheets and scratch sheets, which are a profitable side line of the wire-net combine.

The wires then transmit the "morning line"—the predicted odds for the day's races, along with the names of jockeys and overweights and the track condition: whether it is fast, slow or muddy.

Most large tracks prohibit operatives of the race-wire net from openly sending information. But FCC investigators found Continental Press had direct wires from 11, including Detroit, Suffolk Downs and Narragansett.

Where the management refuses telegraph circuits, the wire service literally steals the running description of the races, the odds and results. Sometimes the gamblers relay information by wig-wig signals to confederates outside the track, who watch with binoculars and relay the dope over open telephone circuits. Sometimes they use short-wave radio.

Whatever the method, the information is flashed on leased wires to headquarters of the net in Chicago or Cleveland. From there it is relayed instantaneously to every horse-book parlor in the land that is buying the service.

According to Attorney General Richard Ervin, Florida bookmakers pay between $100 and $1,000 weekly for the service. The price depends on the size of their play.

After leaving the track, and touching Chicago or Cleveland, the channels by which race results reached the little girl from New York—before the Florida anti-wire bill was enforced—were set up like this:

High-speed printers relayed the news to the Radio Program Press Service *(Continued on page 72)*

After Dade County law "enforcers" refused to enforce, Judge Stanley Milledge named citizens to stage raids and make arrests

Daniel Sullivan, ex-F.B.I. agent, now chief of the Miami Crime Commission, can't be bought or scared. But the hoodlums try—every week

COLLIER'S PHOTOS BY BILL STAPLETON

Professor Ross C. Bailer of the University of Miami polled Miamians on gambling, found that 67 per cent favored legalizing bookies

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UNFANCY DAN

By WILLARD L. WIENER

On his home lot they call Dan Dailey "a six-to-sixty guy" because his fans range from kids to grandmothers. Their devotion has made him one of the busiest actors in Hollywood today

BILLY GRADY'S Irish was up. As he sat through the Los Angeles opening of I Married an Angel, the tough but sentimental chief of casting for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer grew madder and madder. It wasn't the play that irked him, but the players and the way they were ganging up to steal scenes from the nice young Irishman in the juvenile lead.

He was a blue-eyed lad with a mop of straw-colored hair and the roughhewn, unglamorous face of a water-front barkeep. A loose-jointed six feet four, he moved through his paces with uninhibited good humor, either ignorant or indifferent to his added role as butt of the other players. But Grady, a show-business veteran, knew the tricks actors pull to hog the spotlight. He suspected, and rightly, that the cast was less eager to charm the audience than himself and other movie scouts who, that December evening in 1939, had come to look for potential screen talent.

Grady couldn't watch another Irishman being upstaged without doing something about it. In his program he noted the juvenile's name—Dan Dailey—and hatched a little gag of his own. Backstage, after the final curtain, the red carpet was rolled out in anticipation of a visit from the movie scouts. Well-wishers and autograph seekers were shooed out of the way while members of the cast preened for the bids which, they hoped, were to make their dreams of movie fortune come true.

Grady ignored the hands outstretched in greeting. "Where can I find this guy Dailey?" he needled. Incredulous players directed him to a dressing room which he found Dailey sharing with six others. Grady came briskly to the point. Would Dan like to make a test for Metro?

Broadway wiseacres, agents included, had already convinced Dan, an ex-burlesque hoofer, that he didn't have what it takes to crash Hollywood. But the Dailey grin went into action and his broad shoulders shrugged.

"What have I got to lose?" he asked. "You're asking for it, not me." No man to abandon a gag in midstream, Grady the next day sent a studio car to pick Dan up at his hotel.

Dailey was stretching his legs in an outer office when Grady introduced him to Lillian Burns, Metro's dramatic coach.

Miss Burns was impressed, though not favorably. "I thought," she recalls, "what can we do with a long-legged guy with a puss like that?" Icily she asked, "What kind of a test would you like to make? Something dramatic or something light?"

Dailey was unperturbed. "That's what they're paying *you* for," he countered. "Whatever you figure out, it's okay."

He had no sooner gone than Miss Burns turned on Grady. "Billy, are you out of your mind?" Grady, still stanch in his defense of the Irish, persuaded her to "catch the guy's act."

That night Miss Burns had a seat down front at the Biltmore Theater. She was still nursing her prejudice. But up there on the stage, she says, "Dan was throwing everything away (underplaying) and it was really great. After a while you weren't even conscious of that puss." So Dailey got the test, after all, and on the strength of it M-G-M signed him to a seven-year contract, with the usual options, at $250 per week.

LEIGH WIENER

The Dailey routine hasn't changed: he's happy-go-lucky

This may or may not have been the most casual entry ever made into the film citadel, but the fact is that Dailey's breezy behavior throughout the episode which started him to stardom has characterized virtually every act of his life. Although he nurses the driving ambition of all theater folk, he has never let this interfere with a Dailey routine best described as happy-go-lucky.

There is, indeed, reason to believe that this trait has been the key to his rise into the four-figure ($2,750-a-week) class. Now No. 1 male box-office draw at 20th Century-Fox, to which he switched from M-G-M in 1946, Dan is known on his home lot as "a six-to-sixty guy," meaning, in nonmovie lingo, that his fans range from kids to grandmothers, with a large sprinkling of women in the teen- to middle-age brackets who find his warm, friendly, easygoing personality, his conspicuously un-Barrymore profile and lack of sleekness a homey departure from the Hollywood norm.

Dan was recently asked if his attraction for women carried over to his private life. He hunched his shoulders, rolled his tongue in his cheek, and broke into the usual infectious grin.

"Well," he drawled, "the older women like to mother me."

"And the younger ones?"

"Quit your kidding."

His distaste for either clothes or front has on occasion got him into hot water with the bosses. Twentieth Century-Fox expects its stars to look like stars. It fell to Lew Schreiber, executive assistant to Darryl Zanuck, to make clear to Dailey that front-office ulcers were in the making as a result of his aversion to neckties and haircuts, his penchant for slacks and sneakers, and his insistence on riding around in a jalopy. Dan was bewildered. "I don't see why I should buy a lot of stuff I don't want," he said, but dutifully traded in his old car for a late model, and for a while showed himself *not* in shirt sleeves. But it wasn't long before he slipped back into his old habits.

The concern shown by the studio bosses is a relatively new development in the Dailey career. Back in his early movie days, after the Grady-Burns combination put him on the M-G-M payroll, Dan's first role was that of a Nazi in the movie The Mortal Storm. There is no evidence that his performance brought any huzzas from the M-G-M brass. Dan, they felt, was a nice guy who could turn in a routine performance, and they would fit him in when and where they could. Because Dan occasionally talked out of the side of his mouth, that served to type him for gangster roles and his next few parts were as a racketeer, a killer and a punch-drunk fighter.

Always hopeful for *the* golden opportunity, Dan's heart filled with gratitude the day he was told that he had been set to play the male lead in Panama Hattie, opposite Ann Sothern.

It turned out that his big chance consisted of two words—"But, Hattie"— which he had to repeat several times throughout the picture. Still, after a studio showing, Dan recalls, one studio boss chided him for "not giving his all."

Dan left M-G-M to go into the Army in April, 1942. That December he was graduated from OCS at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey (the Signal Corps). Commissioned a second lieutenant, he was subsequently transferred to the cavalry and later served in Italy with the 88th Infantry Division. In June, 1946, he was discharged and returned to M-G-M under a new two-year contract without options.

But the studio had no picture in mind for him, and it was at this point that Dan, in one of his rare moments of soul searching, took stock of himself and his career. He had made 20 pictures in all for Metro, had developed into a competent straight actor, and was back from the wars in a comfortable if undistinguished $400-a-week rut. But his bosses showed no signs of wanting to groom him for anything stellar. They had never utilized his talents as a hoofer, and the old rhythms were stirring in Dan's feet. He departed for Lake Arrowhead nursing a bad case of the blues, while his agent, Al Melnick of the Louis Shurr office, began looking around Hollywood for another spot for his client.

Melnick learned that 20th Century-Fox was looking for a song-and-dance man "who could act." He got the studio to look at the old test Dan had made for Metro. They liked it, and agreed to talk

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Dailey and (l. to r.) Marion Marshall, Barbara Smith, Joyce MacKenzie and Marilyn Monroe do a number for the film Ticket to Tomahawk

turkey if Dan could be released from his M-G-M contract. Without consulting Dan, Melnick did some nimble negotiating, got Dan out of M-G-M, and into a new $750-a-week arrangement with 20th Century.

His first picture there was Dan's break-of-a-lifetime. It was Mother Wore Tights. Dan, teamed with Betty Grable, played a part tailor-made for him, that of an old-time burlesque hoofer. The picture was released in September, 1947, and turned out to be 20th's top grosser for the year. It brought about $6,000,000 to the box office, a neat take in view of the picture's $2,500,000 cost. Dailey was in.

Ever since, Dan has been one of Hollywood's busiest actors. Another team-up with Betty Grable in When My Baby Smiles at Me won him a nomination for an Oscar. He winds up one picture only to begin another. His two most recent are When Willie Comes Marching Home, in which he plays a straight comedy role as a typical American boy who is first in his town to enlist, and Ticket to Tomahawk, a Technicolor costume piece to be released in May in which Dan plays an easygoing traveling salesman.

Dailey's size-10½ feet get plenty of chance to hoof these days. His hoofing shoes, made specially, cost about $85 a pair. Dan will argue endlessly about the difference between dancing and hoofing. The hoofer, he says, doesn't know in advance just where he is going or how he is going to get there. His feet move with the rhythm; out of the rhythm comes movement, then a pattern. The dancer, he explains, works in reverse. In dancing, the pattern is there, set; the dancer moves into the pattern and then makes his own additions and refinements.

"I've been wrongly accused of being a good dancer," Dan adds. "I just hoof. I pick out rhythms and movements that I enjoy, something that looks pleasant to me—then the rest just follows."

Among the peculiarly characteristic accolades Hollywood gave its bright new star was a spate of imaginative fan-magazine variations of the Dailey biography. "I read so many different versions of my life," Dan laughs, "that it was hard to remember which version I actually lived."

Dan was born in New York City. His father, now resident manager of the Hotel Roosevelt there, at first disapproved of his son's intentions of becoming a professional hoofer. The elder Dailey had as a youth worked as a room clerk in a New Orleans hotel frequented by actors on one-night stands; he had seen them come in late at night, tired and grimy, and he held no brief for similar hardships for his son.

But the younger Dailey's urge for self-expression could not be contained by any parental restrictions. In Baldwin, Long Island, where the family lived and where Dan went to school, many of the neighbors were show people, and Dan soon talked their lingo and began catching the local acts.

His mother wanted him to go to dancing school, but he rebelled on the grounds he didn't want to be tagged a sissy. He gave in, however, at the age of fourteen in the face of an opportunity to appear in a dance recital. A woman teacher in Baldwin taught him a soft-shoe routine. "I've been doing that same act now for years," says Dan, "the same steps exactly."

Eager to have his own act, Dan worked out a song-and-dance routine with a school chum, Dick Mabry. The boys sold themselves to a local minstrel show. After each performance they split $5 between them. Then, to augment their income, they would leave the theater with their blackface make-up still on and make the rounds of the near-by speak-easies, where they entertained the customers and reaped some tangible appreciation each night in the way of $5 to $10 worth of coins tossed on the floor.

Absorbed in hoofing, Dan drifted away from school and landed a spot with a vaudeville unit playing the Long Island circuit. He did a routine with a bevy of girls, then, *(Continued on page 65)*

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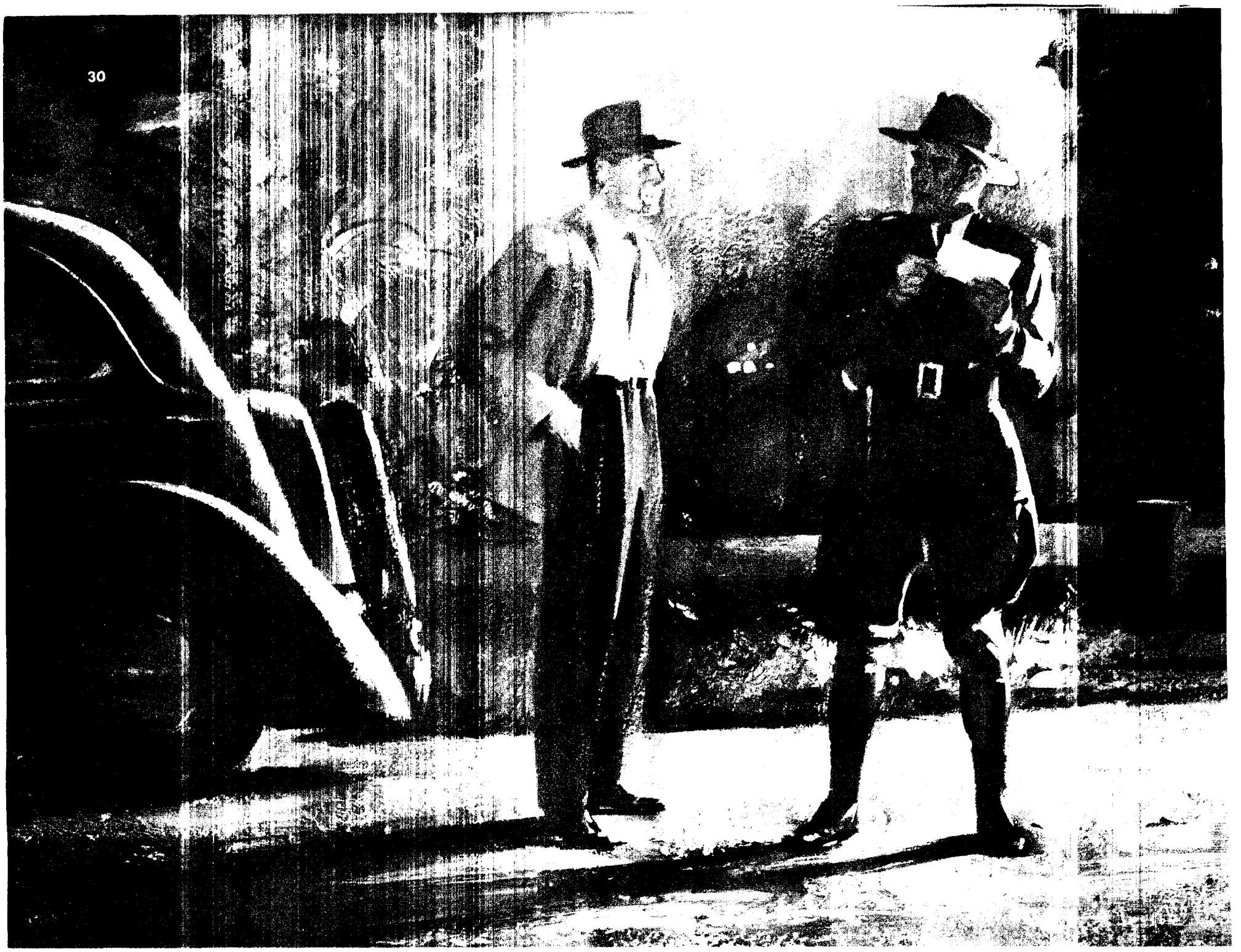

The case of the SMUGGLER'S BELL

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The mystery of Linda Carroll deepens when Rob Trenton finds a secret compartment—with curious contents—in her car

The Story: From the moment he met LINDA CARROLL on an ocean liner bound for France, young ROB TRENTON was aware that there was some mystery about her. She denied that she was a professional artist, though Rob was certain he had once seen her name signed to a painting he admired. In Paris, Linda invited Rob to join her and some friends on a motoring trip to Switzerland. Rob's real business in Europe was to investigate foreign methods of training dogs for use in police work; he was himself a trainer and kept kennels in the United States. But he was strongly attracted to Linda and he accepted her invitation. Linda's friends were suddenly called back to the States, and Rob and the girl continued the trip by themselves. They stopped at a little inn in the Swiss mountains where Linda said an aunt of hers had stayed the year before.

At the inn, Linda and Rob met MERTON OSTRANDER, a loquacious tourist, who said his hobby was collecting Swiss musical cowbells. Ostrander invited himself to ride back to Paris with Linda and Rob, and entertained them during the drive with the story of his cowbell collection. Back in Paris, Rob became violently ill while sharing a hotel room with Ostrander; the illness apparently was caused by tainted sea food. Ostrander gave Rob two white capsules, but in his weakened condition Rob neglected to take them. Aboard ship on the way back to America, Rob shared a stateroom with a man named HARVEY RICHMOND, who showed considerable curiosity about Ostrander and his cowbells. Richmond told Rob that Ostrander had thrown overboard all of his cowbells except four, which he gave to Linda. Rob became friendly with another passenger, DR. HERBERT DIXON, a specialist in forensic medicine.

Collier's for April 1, 1950

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Wordlessly, Rob handed his driving license to the state patrolman, who checked it carefully, then nodded

He tamed Dixon's dog, a German shepherd of uncertain temper; and in gratitude, Dixon gave him the dog.

In New York, Rob was detained and searched by customs officials, who showed him an anonymous letter accusing him of being a smuggler. The customs men confiscated the two white capsules which Ostrander had given Rob in Paris. Meeting Ostrander outside the dock, Rob angrily accused him of having sent the anonymous letter. Ostrander laughed off the charge, and showed Rob a similar letter with which the customs men had confronted him. Ostrander said he suspected Harvey Richmond of being an informer for the customs. Ostrander departed, and Rob prepared to drive to his kennels in Linda's car, which she had lent him, saying that friends were to call for her in another car at the dock.

II

WARMING memories swept through Rob Trenton's mind as he piloted the little car over the highways. The lights of the big seaport lay far behind and darkness had descended on the country, a darkness interspersed by a steady serpentine of headlights which, winding their way toward the city, flashed into eye-aching brilliance, then swept by, their place being almost instantly taken by another pair of oncoming headlights, while in the distance a whole train of electric fireflies roared along the left side of the road. On the right side was the red glimmer of a procession of taillights.

Rob was impatient to get out of the congested lanes of traffic and find less crowded roads. Curled up in the rear seat, Lobo slept with his head on his paws.

The car whined on through the night. Gradually the lights of approaching automobiles became more infrequent. At first there were breaks in the procession of approaching cars, then gradually the distance between the cars themselves became greater, until finally there were intervals up to as much as several minutes at a time when Rob's eyes were spared the glare of approaching headlights.

Just as Rob dared to make an estimate as to the time he would arrive at the little farmhouse where he kept his kennels, he felt the car swerve to the right, heard the bang of a blown-out tire and then was fighting the wheel to hold the machine straight on the road while he angled off to one side, touching the brakes at intervals very gently until he had the car well over on the shoulder.

The dog, up on all fours at the unexpected swing, was peering through the windshield. Rob brought the car to a stop, quieted the dog, got out tools, jacked the car up and started to work.

It was while he was changing the tire that he first noticed the peculiar bulge on the underside of the car's frame. It seemed to be a smooth swelling in the metal, possibly housing some sort of gearbox. Rob conducted an exploratory tapping with the handle of the wrench. The metal "blister" seemed to be hollow.

The little flashlight was getting dim, but curiosity and a certain cold suspicion brought decision to Rob's mind.

He drove to the next town where he was able to procure a cold chisel and hammer, a larger flashlight and fresh batteries.

Ten miles down the road he again stopped the car, waited until there was a complete break in the traffic, then crawled under the car, adjusted the flashlight and tapped at the border of the steel blister with the edge of the cold chisel held firmly in position.

The blister peeled off as though it had been half of a melon and a cascade of packages wrapped in oiled silk dropped to the highway. Rob had no need to examine these oiled-silk packages to know what they were.

A disillusioning bitterness filled his soul until there was even the taste of it in his mouth. So he had been used as an unwilling accomplice. There actually had been some foundation for those anonymous letters which had been sent to the customs.

Yet Rob could hardly picture Linda Carroll as a smuggler. He felt that she herself must have been victimized. And, having reached that decision, he knew that he must protect her against a premature discovery. Not until he had unearthed the real criminal could Linda be permitted to know what had happened. And no matter what the cost, the authorities must be kept from any further search. Their suspicions already aroused, it would only be a short time before they would think of the car in which Linda Carroll, Merton Ostrander and Rob Trenton had made their European tour.

Rob's palms moistened with cold perspiration as he thought of what would *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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It's a *Radio* Program for Democracy

By BEN GROSS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE TAMES

Political leaders call the American Forum of the Air "our unofficial Congress" and use it as a sounding board to test possible legislation

At one time or another during the past 22 years 90 per cent of our elected representatives in Washington have appeared on American Forum of the Air broadcasts. In a recent telecast Granik moderated a debate on National Health Insurance between Harold Stassen and Senator Pepper

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In his office, forum founder Ted Granik discusses program details with producer Betty Penuel

SEVERAL weeks before V-J day Theodore Granik, founder and moderator of the American Forum of the Air, scheduled a debate on the subject, "What Should We Do with Japan After We Win the War?" Setting August 14th as the date for the broadcast, Granik called the State Department to see if it would furnish one of the debaters.

Less than an hour later, Undersecretary of State Joseph Clark Grew telephoned Granik and asked him to come to his office at once. "If that program goes on," Grew confided, "you might embarrass certain negotiations now in progress. It would be particularly bad if one of your speakers offended the Japanese Emperor."

Granik, of course, promptly canceled the debate. At the same time he became privy to one of the greatest bits of inside information of the time: that negotiations were under way for Japan's surrender, and that with the surrender, Hirohito would remain on his throne.

This is not the only occasion on which Granik, a genial, balding six-footer with a perennially naïve expression, has been a party to Washington's top secrets. His forum, oldest show of its kind on the air, now heard and seen weekly on the NBC radio and television networks, has regularly floated trial balloons for critical changes in Administration policy and has provided both "ins" and "outs" with a sounding board on which to test public sentiment on major issues.

Thus it was that Marvin McIntyre, secretary to President Roosevelt, phoned Granik to suggest "an interesting show"—a discussion of the possibility of swapping some old U.S. destroyers for British bases. Granik complied with this suggestion, which was made before Roosevelt formally presented his destroyers-for-bases proposal to Congress, and the thousands of letters which poured in from listeners added to F.D.R.'s assurance that most Americans would favor the swap.

Because more than 90 per cent of the membership of Congress has appeared on the forum, it is known on Capitol Hill as "the unofficial Congress of the United States." It is the only broadcast reprinted each week in the Congressional Record. Cabinet members have also appeared on the program, as have leaders of industry and labor, President Roosevelt when he was New York governor, and President Truman while he was senator.

In the forum's 22 years, the transcripts of its debates have piled up into a lively political history of the times. From the Hoover-Smith campaign to the Truman administration, hardly an issue of public controversy has gone unaired on the program. In 1928 forum debaters were threshing out "Should We Have Joined the League of Nations?" In the early thirties, "Is the N.R.A. a Menace?"; several years later, "Is Appeasement the Right Policy?"; in 1944, "What to Do with Germany," and, by last year, "The Welfare State."

The American Forum of the Air came into being accidentally. In 1925, Granik, Brooklyn-born son of a dry-goods store owner, was attending City College and at the same time working as secretary to Lee Adam Gimbel, vice-president of Gimbel's department store. On the store's eighth floor the Gimbels had set up a small radio station, WGBS, mainly as a curiosity to lure customers to the piano department hard by. Ted was soon spending more of his time at the studio than at his secretarial duties, writing minstrel shows and filling in with Bible reading when a performer failed to show up.

While still at WGBS, he began to study law at night at St. John's University. His mind torn between Blackstone and Marconi, he finally persuaded members of the St. John's faculty to launch a weekly program called "Law for the Layman," a discussion of legal topics in popular language, over the Gimbel station. The program was set up with the young law student as moderator, and such was its success that when WGBS was sold, Granik was invited to bring his show over to WOR.

At that time the repeal of prohibition was one of the most bitterly contested issues of the day. Granik invited Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York to discuss the legal aspects of the problem. Mrs. Ella Boole, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, read an announcement of this in the papers and immediately demanded air time to answer. "Why don't you put her on with us?" Ted suggested to WOR executives. "It might make a hot show."

It was then almost unheard of to permit a speaker on a controversial issue to go before a microphone without a carefully censored script. But Granik's was an ad-lib program.

After considerable argument, and despite Mrs. Boole's reputation for rhetorical vitriol, the station's bosses agreed.

The youthful moderator strove mightily to preserve some semblance of order, but a rough-and-tumble soon ensued. Mrs. Boole grew so excited that when she reached for a glass of water her hands trembled and she drenched herself. Madder than a wet hen, she let go with an astounding charge. She informed her listeners that some of the highest government officials in Washington were such scofflaws they had built subterranean passages between their offices and near-by speak-easies!

Mrs. Boole's accusation hit the front pages and inspired hundreds of editorials. With the blessing of WOR, Granik's program became a regular forum for the presentation of both sides of public issues.

Deficits Met from Law Practice

Granik estimates that during the past 22 years he has dug into his own pocket for more than $250,000 to carry on his show, pointing out that the weekly stipend paid him for the program has not sufficed to meet expenses. He has been in a position to foot the difference because of the handsome yearly income he nets from his law practice, with which he kept up during the years that the forum was advancing to national fame.

From 1934 to 1937, Granik served as assistant district attorney to New York County and from 1937 to 1941 as counsel of the United States Housing Authority. In 1941 he was civilian aide to Major General Lewis Hershey, head of the draft, served as special adviser to Donald Nelson on the War Production Board, and after the war contributed his services to the Belgian government. Through his contacts with Washington officialdom, he was able to cut red tape and rush relief to that distressed nation, for which he recently received one of its highest awards.

Today Granik has law offices in both Washington and New York, acting as legal adviser on government matters to banks, steel companies, steamship lines, and other large industrial and financial outfits. But the forum remains the major interest of his life. He and a staff of secretaries, researchers and clerks devote as many as 50 hours a week to planning the program.

Granik's preparations for his show also include the buttonholing of senators and congressmen in the Capitol dining rooms regarding topics to be discussed. He entertains them on his yacht on the Potomac, and relentlessly pursues them via long-distance telephone to all parts of the country and sometimes even to Europe.

Granik, whose long-distance bills average around $2,000 a month, is regarded as such a good customer of the telephone company that once last year, when he was abed with pneumonia, a Washington phone supervisor called in great concern, saying: "We're worried about you. Two days have passed and you haven't made a single long-distance call!"

Despite the financial licking Granik has taken in his broadcasting activities, he has been amply compensated in other ways. His show is a past winner of the George Foster Peabody Award, regarded as the Pulitzer prize of radio. And Harry S. Truman himself, while Vice-President, in 1945 paid tribute to the forum for its adherence to "the finest traditions of American free speech."

It was in 1937, when Granik moved the broadcast from New York to Washington, that it began to attract national attention. Many congressmen and senators were at first reluctant to appear, fearing the program's ad-lib format and off-the-cuff debate, which permitted no prepared script save for each speaker's one-minute opening statement.

But when word got around of the surprisingly large mail response received by congressmen who had ventured onto the show, Capitol Hill hesitancy vanished. First a mere trickle of legislative eloquence flowed into the National Press Club auditorium and later to the Shoreham Hotel, where the broadcasts were staged. Then it became a flood. By 1941 all doubts had disappeared. In that year, a debate on Lend-Lease, in which Senator C. Wayland Brooks of Illinois argued for the negative, brought him 18,000 letters.

Today, the forum broadcast and telecast stems from the Wardman Park Hotel, and draws an audience comprised in good part of government officials. The procedure of the program is simple: Each debater delivers a brief prepared statement. From then on it's *(Continued on page 69)*

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BEAUTY and the BEASTS

Pete is crazy over horses, but not quite in the way his girl supposed

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

DUE to the rack being outlawed in this country, turf writers are seldom rewarded fully for their efforts on behalf of their readers. However, it may ease your pain a bit to know what happened to Pete Farrell, a sports writer who is objective enough, except he likes to bet.

It all started one fine day at the spring meet right around the fifth race. We are all sitting in the press box as usual, and Pete has ten through the board on Mohair, the even-money favorite. Pete has just lost the last three races in photos, so he is in a rare and radiant mood.

"All right, Johnson," he mumbles, looking down at the horses in the gate, "gimme an honest ride just once, you little crook. Just break that goat on top and then keep your thieving hooks off of him." Pete always has to brief his jockeys and wish them *bon voyage*. Johnson is the jockey who is riding Mohair.

The bell rings and they come busting out of the gate. "Get him up there!" Pete screams. "Hit him, Johnson, hit him! He's bigger'n you are!" They go around the clubhouse turn with Mohair out front by three. He's still out there when they turn into the backstretch.

"We can still see you, Johnson!" Pete screams again. "Don't go sawing on him! Keep him out there! He don't like company!"

As they near the far turn it's Mohair by five. "That's my boy, Johnson," Pete hollers at George Murphy of the Journal, "best apprentice in the country! Got a clock in his head. Look at that Mohair. I told you about that bulldog blood."

Then the horses start coming up to Mohair. When they turn into the stretch he's racing head and head with Blue Mary and Sonny Boy. At the eight pole he starts weaving. That's all of it. Chucklebuck comes up to nip Mohair for the show.

Murphy is pounding on Pete, showing him a ticket on Blue Mary, the winner. Pete is pointing down the track at Johnson. "That whole malicious breed of midgets ought to be deported!" Pete screams. "Those filthy beasts with them. So help me, God, if I ever bet on another one of Harry Duval's horses, I'll—"

He keeps on raving until I pick up a copy of the Horseman's Herald and start quoting to Murphy from an account of the Racing Association's last meeting:

"The high light of the evening was a talk by Peter Farrell, noted sports columnist and turf authority. 'We must educate the public to the fact that racing is a sport, not a glorified roulette wheel,' Mr. Farrell warned. 'Only when patrons get a greater thrill out of watching two gallant thoroughbreds battling down the stretch than they do out of cashing a two-dollar ticket will the future of racing be guaranteed. Love for the horse, not the dollar, is what you must build on!' "

"Take it," Murphy says, holding out his ticket on Blue Mary. "I'm an uneducated, greedy old man. I called Blue Mary a dirty name while she was battling her gallant heart out down there in the stretch."

Pete just grunts and grabs a Form.

"Pete," I say, "how can you loathe horses so and still say such sweet things about them?"

"It ain't easy!"

That's the truth. Nobody works any harder at being the accomplished hypocrite than Pete, and nobody makes a bigger flop of it. To read his column or to hear him after he has had a couple of winners you'd think he was the original Lord Derby the way he loves horses.

But let him have a few losers and that ungodly temper of his pulls back the curtains on the real Farrell, a man who loves only the winners, to hell with the rest of the breed. Fortunately these seizures always take place in the privacy of the press box, and Mrs. T. Boyle Devers, Cullen Brown and the other rich owners whose idol he is never get a glimpse of those big clay feet.

The next race he puts twenty bucks and the kiss of death on Jolly Joe, a five-to-one shot. Joe lays fourth all the way down the backstretch and as they go around the far turn he starts moving up. As they head for home he's on top and going away. Then it happens. A white piece of paper blows out from the stands and across the track. Joe sees it and tries going over the rail. By the time Stevens gets him in hand again he's out of it.

Pete is beating his bosom and screeching at the heavens. "I've got the mark of Cain on me, I tell you! Every man's hand is against me! I just cannot win a race! A lousy piece of paper! Somebody threw it, I know they did! 'There goes Pete Farrell's horse,' they said, 'scare hell out of him!' That neurotic monster. Weighs a thousand pounds and scared of a piece of paper. Throw me down in the stands, somebody! End this suffering! I can't go on this way!"

He finally wears himself out and sits down. "Don't come near me, Joe," he tells me, "I'm cursed. Don't want it to brush off on my friends. Just what else can happen to me, I ask you?" He pauses in mid-oath and looks toward the door at the top of the press-box stairs. "Who's that?"

Looking the layout over is a pretty blond thing of about twenty-three winters, very mild ones. A horseman would size her up as being deep-chested, well-flanked and leggy. I'm trying to figure out where I've seen her before when her identification comes puffing up the steps behind her. It's Hammond Wright, Pete's publisher.

"Why didn't you push me out of here when I asked you to?" Pete mumbles.

HAMMOND spots us and waddles over, the girl with him. "Ah, Peter," he says, "I'm glad to see you."

He loves Peter. He owns a couple of horses and Peter Boy is always writing the grandest alibis for them. He shakes hands with Pete, then he says, "Gentlemen, I want you all to meet my daughter, Theresa. You'll be seeing a lot of each other the next couple of weeks, if Peter is agreeable."

Pete blinks, and Wright gives a little laugh. "Theresa is a writer, too. Completed her master's in journalism this winter. She's using her head, though, and going into the book-writing end of the business. Her first novel is going to have something about racing in it. She loves horses. And she knows quite a bit about them too, but she asked me if I thought you could teach her some of the finer points of the game, Peter.

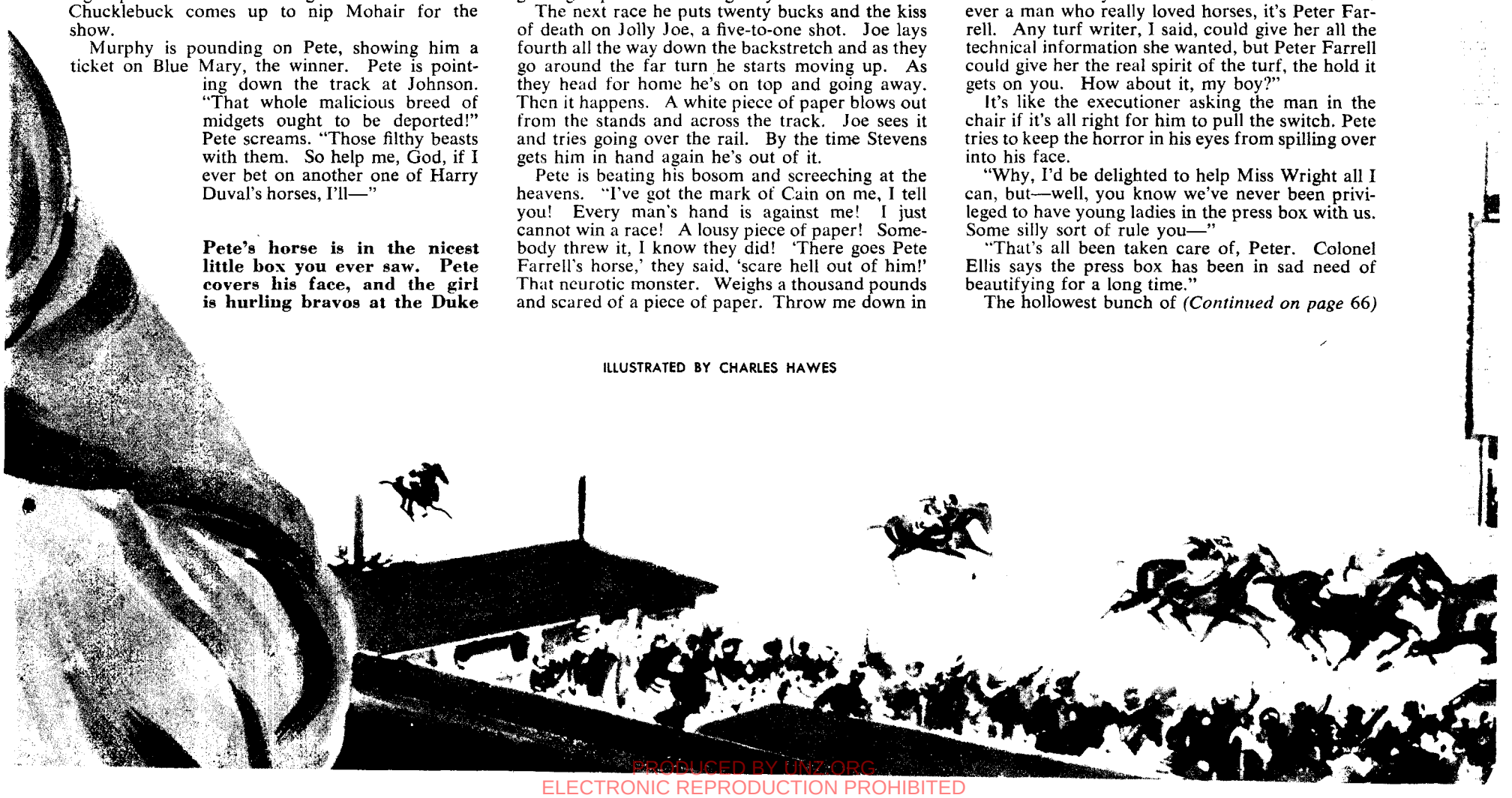
"I assured her you could. I told her if there was ever a man who really loved horses, it's Peter Farrell. Any turf writer, I said, could give her all the technical information she wanted, but Peter Farrell could give her the real spirit of the turf, the hold it gets on you. How about it, my boy?"

It's like the executioner asking the man in the chair if it's all right for him to pull the switch. Pete tries to keep the horror in his eyes from spilling over into his face.

"Why, I'd be delighted to help Miss Wright all I can, but—well, you know we've never been privileged to have young ladies in the press box with us. Some silly sort of rule you—"

"That's all been taken care of, Peter. Colonel Ellis says the press box has been in sad need of beautifying for a long time."

The hollowest bunch of *(Continued on page 66)*



Pete's horse is in the nicest little box you ever saw. Pete covers his face, and the girl is hurling bravos at the Duke

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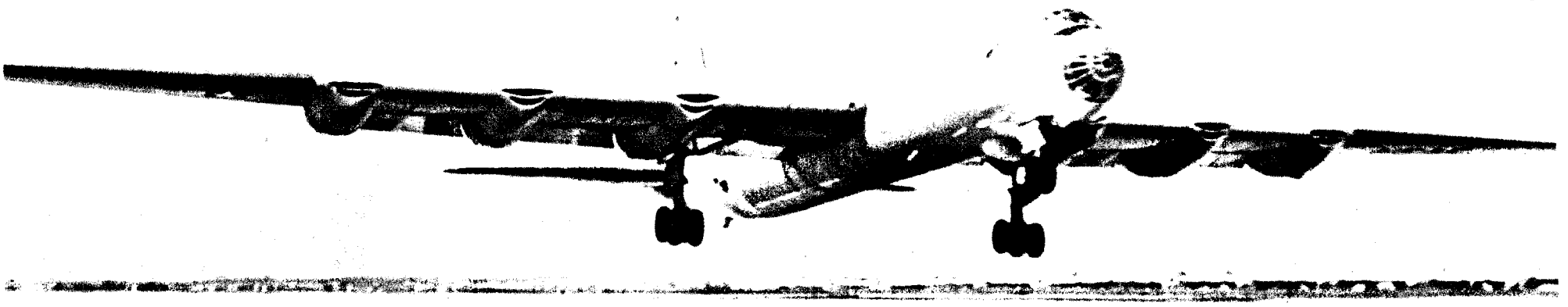
The Nation



U.S. AIR FORCES

A B-36 taking off from a Texas airfield. Denfeld contends the B-36 program is getting too big a slice of the defense dollar

The aircraft carrier Franklin Delano Roosevelt leaving New York. Denfeld fears our carrier fleet has been cut too sharply

ACME

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NEEDS *the Navy*

If Russia forces war on the United States, we will need a powerful Navy to carry the fight to her. But Admiral Denfeld, former Chief of Naval Operations, warns that the Defense Department seems intent on reducing the Navy to a minor role. And its strategy, he declares, is being established by men who are ignorant of sea warfare. Meanwhile, he says, Russia is building a powerful fleet of modern submarines

BY ADMIRAL LOUIS E. DENFELD

EX-CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

Concluding WHY I WAS FIRED

WE CAN win a world war of the atomic bomb and the hydrogen bomb—yes, we may be able to prevent it—if we prepare for it now. I believe the country today neither realizes the problem nor is properly equipped to meet it. So far as the strength of our defense as a whole is concerned, the trend is downward. So far as the Navy is concerned, the intent of the Pentagon administration is apparently to reduce it to a minor role.

The Navy has been plagued by having its strategy dictated by nonprofessionals who are ignorant of the conduct of warfare in general, and by others who know nothing of the Navy or its use of air power.

The country's chief mental hazard just now is overreliance on one concept—the Air Force idea of intercontinental bombing, which is the most expensive way, and perhaps the most ineffective, to get explosives to an enemy's vitals. The closer you get to a target the cheaper and more efficient is the delivery of a weapon, whether from a bomber, a fieldpiece or a fleet. We need to operate from bases as near the enemy as possible, be they land airfields or the floating bases of the Navy's task forces.

Another mental hazard is too great reliance on the bomb itself. Suppose we do manage to transport concentrated explosives in $5,000,000 airplanes across the polar icecap. We can't win a war by terror. The Russians die readily, but they don't scare readily. To defeat the Soviet Union, if it brings war on us, we shall have to overcome the will of the Russian people—to convince them that they would be better off in a world where our ideas prevail than in one ruled by the Kremlin philosophy. We shall not do that merely by obliterating their chief cities and killing their people.

Nor can we protect our friends in Europe solely by dropping bombs, no matter how awful their effect.

Look at the geography of our potential enemy. The Soviet Union occupies a great land mass. On the north the coastal waters are shallow, and closed by ice several months of the year. Most Russian ports and harbors are on enclosed bodies of water. The entrances to the Baltic and Black Seas are controlled by other nations. This explains the Russian drive to become self-sufficient and virtually independent of outside commerce.

Suppose we bomb her principal cities and her principal ports. That does not mean that she is crippled politically, industrially or militarily. Under intercontinental bombing she can and will decentralize further, and expand into western Europe, all of Asia, and Africa, until she gets ready to move into the Western Hemisphere.

We cannot win a war on foreign soil by staying at home. A powerful Navy will be an effective partner of the Army and Air Force, carrying the war to the enemy and keeping it there. It can capture and hold bases near the enemy's homeland, and deliver the G.I.'s without whom victory is never complete.

The Air Force was perfectly justified in developing the B-36, the plane on which it would rely for intercontinental bombing. As provided in the "functions paper" written after the meeting of the Joint Chiefs of Staff at Key West, each service should have the right to carry a new weapon up through the prototype stage. But I don't believe the Air Force was justified in investing $1,000,000,000 in the B-36 before that bomber had been thoroughly tested.

I was removed as Chief of Naval Operations last October for criticizing, among other things, this heavy-bomber thinking.

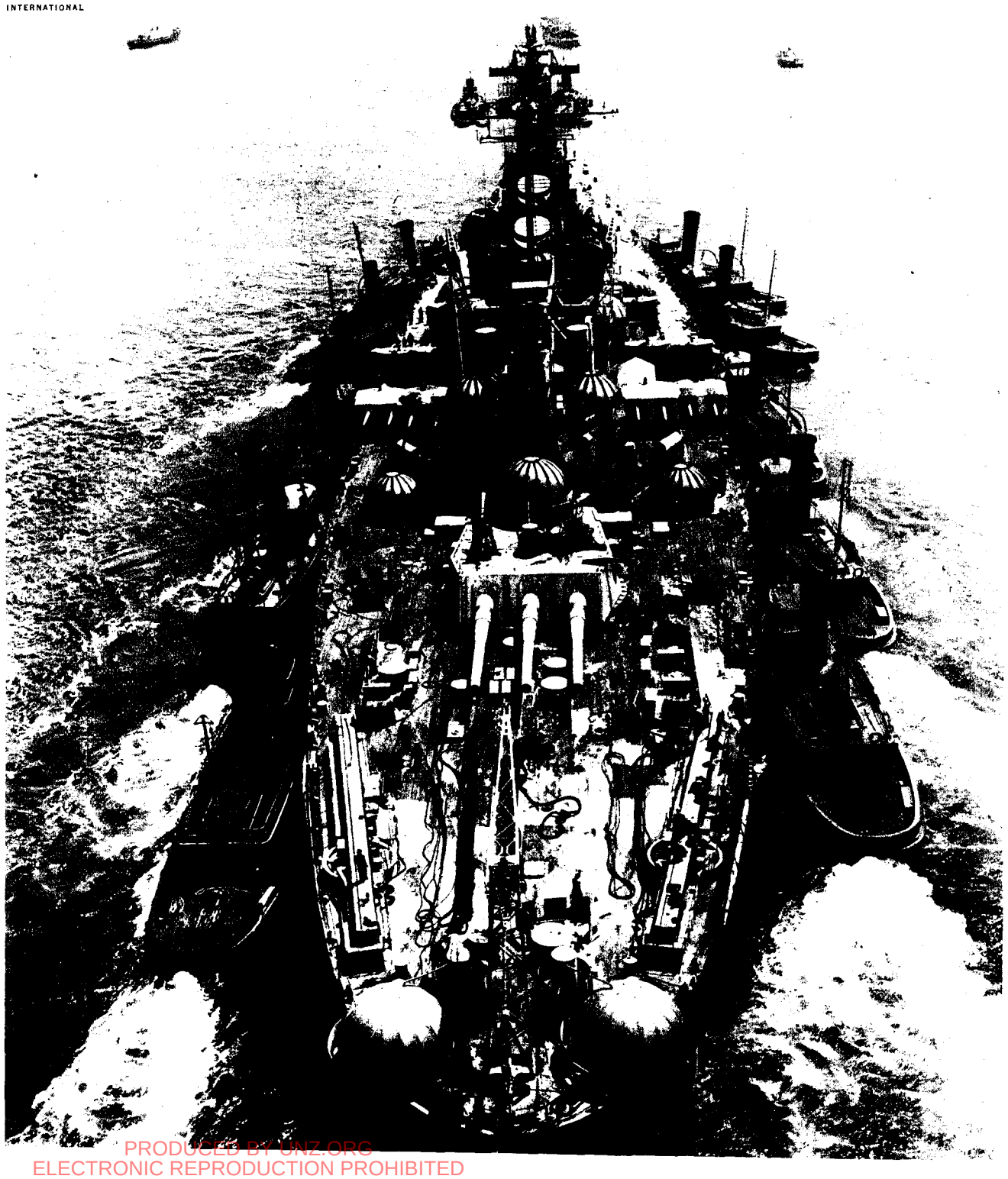
The original order for 100 B-36s, placed during the war and later reduced to 95, surely gave the Air Force enough latitude, and enough money. With the changes the total cost per plane exceeds $6,000,000. In January, 1949, although we in the Navy understood that the Air Force intended to cut back the B-36 program, more were ordered without consultation with us. In April, about the time the Navy was denied its own new weapon, the flush-deck carrier, still more B-36s were ordered, and in accordance with what I conceived to be the spirit of unification, I did not protest when the matter came before the JCS.

The whole B-36 *(Continued on page 42)*

The opinions expressed in this article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as reflecting the official views of the Navy Department or the naval service

A unit of our moth-ball fleet: the giant battleship North Carolina is taken to Brooklyn Navy Yard

INTERNATIONAL



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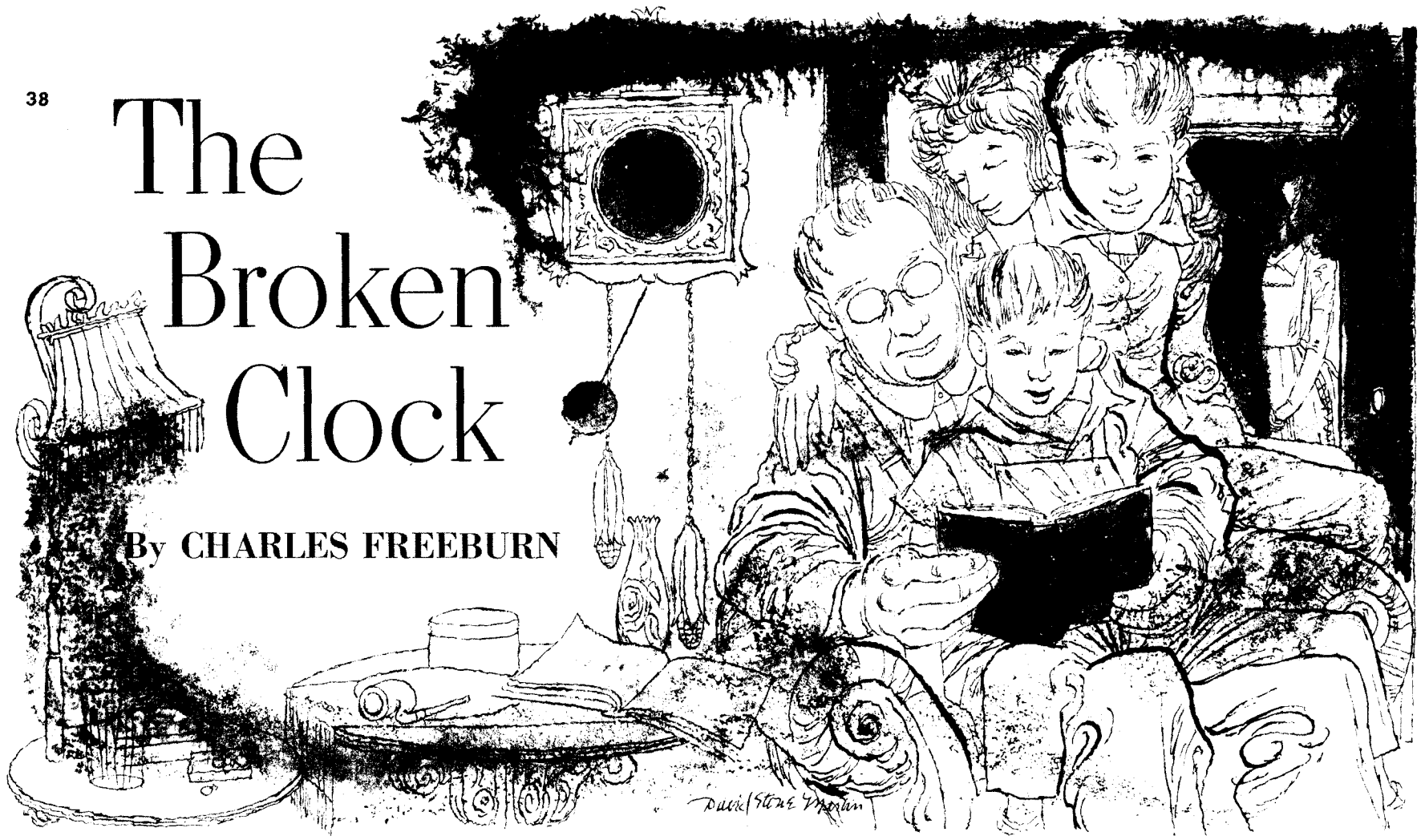
The Broken Clock

By CHARLES FREEBURN



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

IT WAS their clock, and they loved it. It belonged to each of them equally. It was alive. Little Joey thought so because the cuckoo came out every half hour and told them the time. Mary, who was older, did not think it was alive. She knew about the machinery, and was even allowed to wind it by pulling down one of the big weights. Peter, who was the oldest, knew it was alive, but in a way which he did not try to explain to Mary or to Joey.

To himself, he played a game in which they were all parts of the clock: "Joey is a wheel. He goes round and round inside the little house. The hands are Mary. She is close to the house, but moves outside of it. It is easy to see and understand the things she does. I—I am the cuckoo. I come right out from the little house. I can say different things, and people understand, but, in between, I go back into my special place, and nobody knows what goes on in there. Father is the driving weight. He is heavy and strong. He pulls and pulls and keeps everything moving. But Mother is the counterweight. Without her, he would pull too hard and too fast. We should whiz around like mad and be broken, and, in the end, even Father himself would fall to the ground."

Father was different from the other men who worked in the mill. He brought books home and read them late into the night. When he talked, his ideas raced ahead, and his words rushed after, as if everything must be said in half an hour. To be interrupted at such a time made him do sudden and violent things—but never harm to anything that had life. Of all the children in the neighborhood, Peter and Mary and Joey were the only ones who had never been beaten.

Mother, of course, was not afraid of Father. He was the head of the house because she wished it so. When the neighbors remarked that he seemed a little crazy at times, she would say, "He is not crazy. He is a dreamer. Yet he must work because we are not rich. And work he does. Such a man pays more than the bills. Things happen inside him which we don't understand, but he is not crazy."

And the mill hands said: "You couldn't ask for a better foreman."

The clock made its little whirring noise, the cuckoo came out, but it was not suppertime, because it was payday. On payday night Father got drunk. This was frightening, and yet it did not really make them afraid. Even then, he was Father, and nothing bad could touch them while he was in the house. Peter opened his Latin book and began his homework. . . .

It was nearly eight when Father came home from the tavern. His eyes were red and blazing and he walked heavily, but he had his wallet in his hand and he gave Mother the house money. The house money never went for drink.

They sat around the table while Father had his supper, themselves eating mostly so that he would not see them not eating and think they were trying to tell him what to do and when to come home. Mother spoke to him gently, and since he was wild and excited in himself only, nothing to do with Mother nor with them, some of the fire went out of his eyes, and, by the time the coffee was brought, he was at peace.

Peter and Mary and Joey were too much excited to eat well. They were waiting for the story.

Father told stories at other times, but then he was careful to use only words which even Joey knew, and you were allowed to stop him and ask questions. Payday night stories were magic, as though nobody made them up, as though Father found them in the drink at the tavern or in the dark streets, and brought them home. And they were full of strange words and words from a remote time that Peter, even with his Latin, had never heard before, yet so clear that all of them could see what the words meant. Drink did not thicken Father's voice. The wonderful sound shut out all other noises. It seemed alive, so that interrupting for any reason would have been like killing something.

Father finished his coffee, and they went back to the living room. Mother laid aside her sewing to listen, and, as the story went on, Father himself seemed to be listening, as if it had all really happened, and he, too, were hearing of it for the first time. The wonder grew with the flowing words until the very air of the room seemed something stretched and tight. And now, the voice, which had been loud with storms and rumbling with breakers, came to a secret place, dropped to a whisper, stopped altogether in a pause as startling as a shout.

Then the cuckoo clock began to whir.

Father shivered and raised his head. Peter, Mary and Joey held their breath. One, two, three—ten times, the cuckoo spoke. Father walked over to the clock and shattered it with a blow from the side of his fist.

Mother gasped. Peter had never seen her look like that before—as if, for once, she were not certain what to think.

Joey whimpered.

"Our clock is broken," Mary said.

Our clock is dead, thought Peter.

Father did not look at Peter or Mary or Joey; he did not look at Mother. A moment he stood, facing the clock, his shoulders sagged. Then he turned and left the room. They heard him climb the stairs.

The children did not collect their belongings. Mother did not gather up her sewing. They went to bed, separately, one by one. . . .

It was very early when Peter awoke, but he knew he would not be able to sleep again, so he dressed and went quietly downstairs. On the living-room wall the clock hung crazily, looking like a sad little house that had been picked up by a hurricane or a flood and left in the branches of a tree.

On the table lay Peter's Latin book, his homework paper between the pages of the lesson, Active and Passive Voice. His eyes reviewed the grammar examples: "He has broken it. It is broken."

Only a clock, after all.

But his thoughts ran on in the pattern of the grammar book: He has broken us. We are broken. Then, suddenly, aloud, "It wasn't his to break; it was ours! He is not our father!"

His hand, holding the grammar book, trembled. His anger was too big. He was alone and afraid.

FATHER'S footsteps sounded on the stairs and he came into the room. He had on his pajamas and his bedroom slippers, and he carried the green metal box in which he kept his smaller tools. His face showed plainly that he had not slept.

"Peter," he said, "take our clock down from the wall; hold it carefully so that it will not fall apart; mind the weights; bring it here to me."

Father's hands were almost as big as the clock, but they moved gently and swiftly, making the tools twirl and twinkle. Once he asked Peter for a drink of water, but he did not stop working.

At last Father said, "All right, put it back."

Of the damage, only a few small cracks remained. Peter replaced the clock, letting the weights hang straight down. The hands pointed to three minutes before six. At six o'clock the cuckoo came out.

Father passed his hand across his forehead and rubbed the back of his neck. "I am tired," he said. "I am going back to bed."

Peter lingered at the table, remembering his mother's words: "Things go on inside him which we don't understand, but he is not crazy."

This much, thought Peter, I do understand. He has broken it, but he has set it right again. After that, what more is there to say?

Outside, the sun had come up, bright and clear over the roofs of the houses. He waited eagerly for Mary and Joey to come down. It was going to be a beautiful day. THE END

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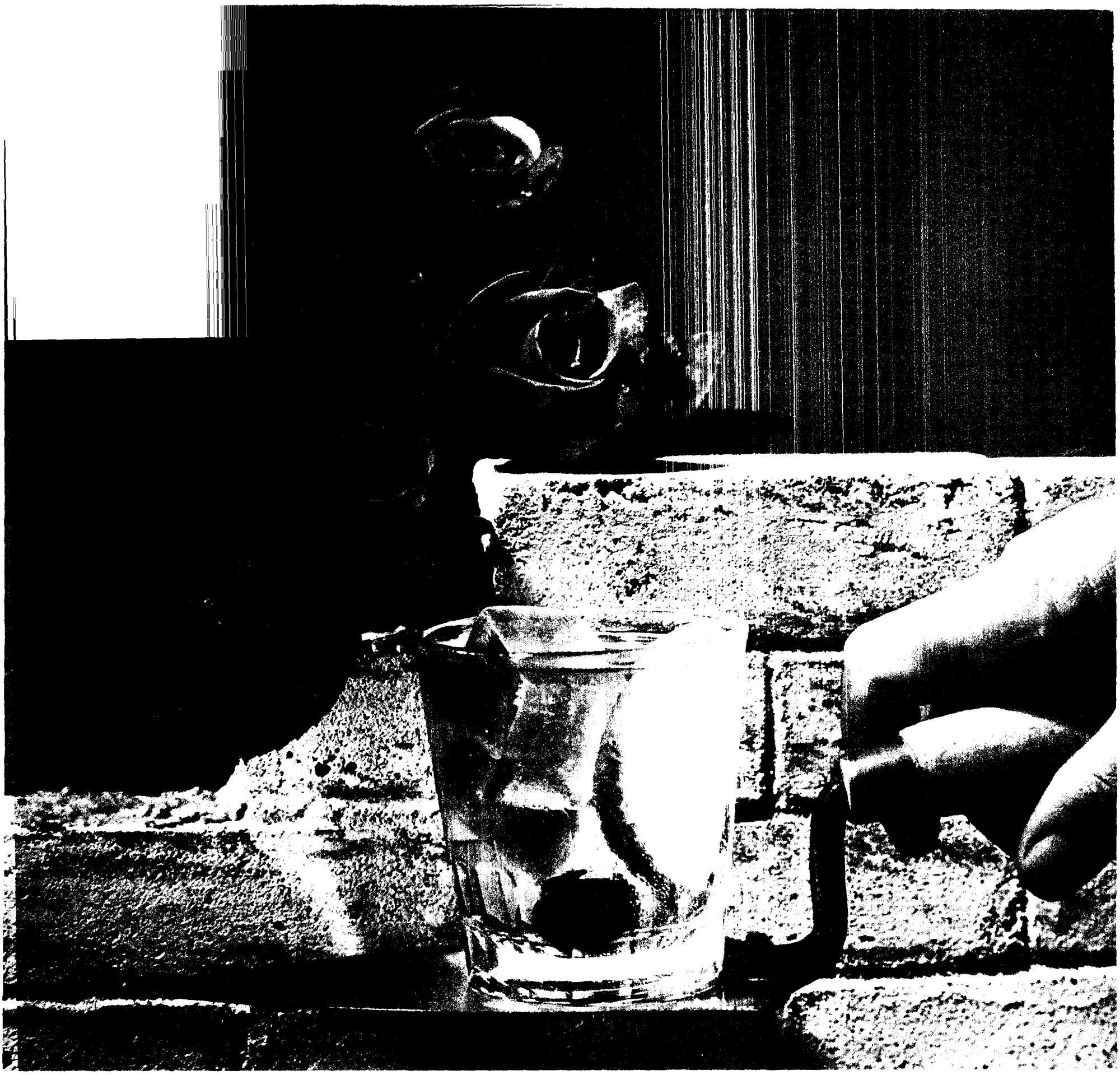

How to cement a friendship

There's no drink you can serve a friend that will be more highly appreciated than one made with Four Roses. Here are three reasons why:

1. Four Roses is a whiskey of the very finest flavor and quality.
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Generally Speaking

People have a lot of ways of making conversation difficult

By F. W. HOORN

"Where on earth did you get—oh, I know, you got them from Sprillings—"

I DON'T yearn to talk, but I dislike giving the impression that I have a complete vacuum back of the eyebrows. Also, I have difficulty explaining during domestic port-mortems that I sat there like a bump on a log all evening simply because I haven't yet solved all the systems that people use against me.

For instance, there's Eloise Chandler. She uses the Smothering System. She just opens the vocal valves and drowns you. No pause for breath, shrimp or olive.

She came past my garden the other day and chatted briefly while I dug in the ground, first with one toe, then the other.

"Oh, hello, Freddy," Eloise said. "Your delphiniums look grand. Where on earth did you get—oh, I know, you got them from Sprillings, where Helen Lemmle—I *think* Helen said Sprillings, only she talks so fast I couldn't pin her down, because she was talking about what happened at the Lake Glucose Club dance last week, and maybe you don't think that was terrible—Dwight doesn't—OH, SAY! Dwight's found the darlingest house—that's why I thought your delphiniums . . ."

There was no opening where, with any grace at all, I could interrupt and excuse myself by inserting even the most urgent remark, like maybe: "Pardon me, I think my nose is running."

Her dog Bongo, left in the car, saved me by grabbing Eloise's purse and shaking the contents out onto the curb. Eloise uttered a screech which may have been either anguish over the purse or merely a continuation of her discourse as she raced for the car. I hid among the delphiniums and started worming my way toward the house.

Later in the day I ran into Bebe Carstairs at a party. Her style of conversational wrestling is what I call the In and Out System. If no one else grabs the conversational ball, she doesn't want it either. Alert, she waits for you to move while a flabby and oppressive silence develops. You are feeling droopy, but you make a feeble pass.

"Hurrh—ran across an interesting book the other day."

This is fair game for Bebe. She pounces.

"That man! I do believe he always has his nose in a book. I do think books are wonderful. I was saying to Herbert just yesterday, if we weren't so busy with bridge and things . . ."

She had neutralized that pass easily. Rats could eat the book for all you care now. You are in too conspicuous a spot to escape by going into a trance, so you start inching away ever so stealthily. Suddenly you realize that a Mr. Ogilvie, from Bleakport, is directing a slow, measured monotone at you. You concentrate, but with your best effort his voice remains just below audible level.

All you hear is, "—rrh—mmh—ew—plant—ee—cided—stall—chinery—adda—get—charter—unnh . . ."

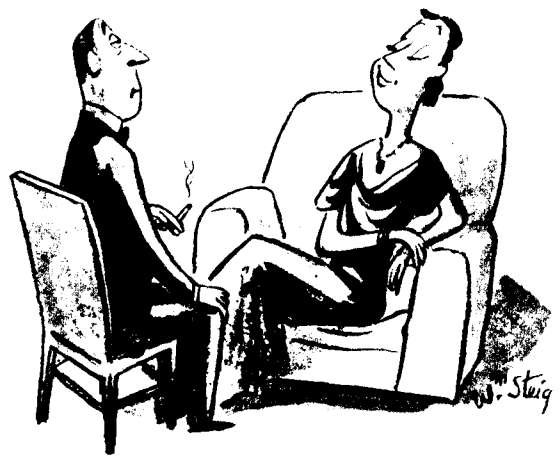
At first you try to look intelligent, but soon abandon the struggle. This character doesn't expect you to hear. He is merely moving his lips to pass the time and confuse you. This is called the Secret Discourse System. It is effective in keeping your opponent pinned to the edge of his chair without giving away any information.

But Gail Merkle is really clever. She neither smothers you nor grabs the ball just as you start to run with it. Gail gives you a chance—many chances. But there's an insect in this ointment too. Her technique is called the Carefully Chosen Wrong Question Third Degree System. She handles it like this:

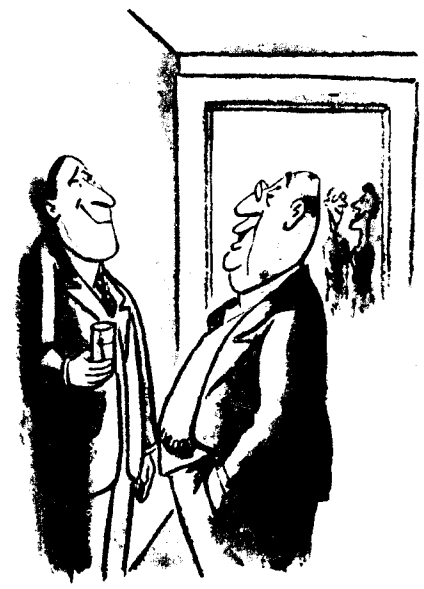
"Don't you just love polo?"

You are thrown off balance, and you fumble. You try to defend yourself for not being a polo player. Not satisfied, she probes further. "Perhaps you go in for training hunters?"

Desperately you try covering up with whimsey.



"That man! I do believe he always has his nose in a book. I do think books are wonderful"



At first you try to look intelligent, but soon abandon the struggle

You mutter that, gosh, you thought hunters just went out and shot deer and rabbits and things, and why should you train them?

Gail is amused, but still kindly. "Silly—you know I meant horses. Fox hunting? Dressage? You must be an expert."

A tray comes to the rescue. A shrimp lodges in your windpipe, and you do not have to answer. Respiration returns and your complexion changes from purple to its customary pallor. You grit your teeth and shrink from the next probe. It comes.

"You are a deep thinker—I just know. Tell me, to what extent are we bound, ethically and legally, by the commitments at Yalta and Potsdam?"

You are catching onto the game and you counter with the Secret Discourse System. You speak at length, emphasizing only a few of your better words by raising them to the level of audibility: "—constitution—authority—ratification—historic significance."

Gail bites her lip but counters defiantly with, "Of course, you just adore baseball." This is a statement, a question and a challenge, all at once. But you are no longer a worm to be dragged around by every old robin.

"Certainly do!" you reply. "Wasn't Ty Cobb great Saturday? Better than Bill Tilden or Nicholas Murray Butler at their best."

However she takes this, you are ahead. It doesn't make any difference whether she thinks you are not fit to associate with mules, or whether she thinks you are. At that it might be pleasant to have a congenial, though uninformed mule to be nice and silent with. THE END

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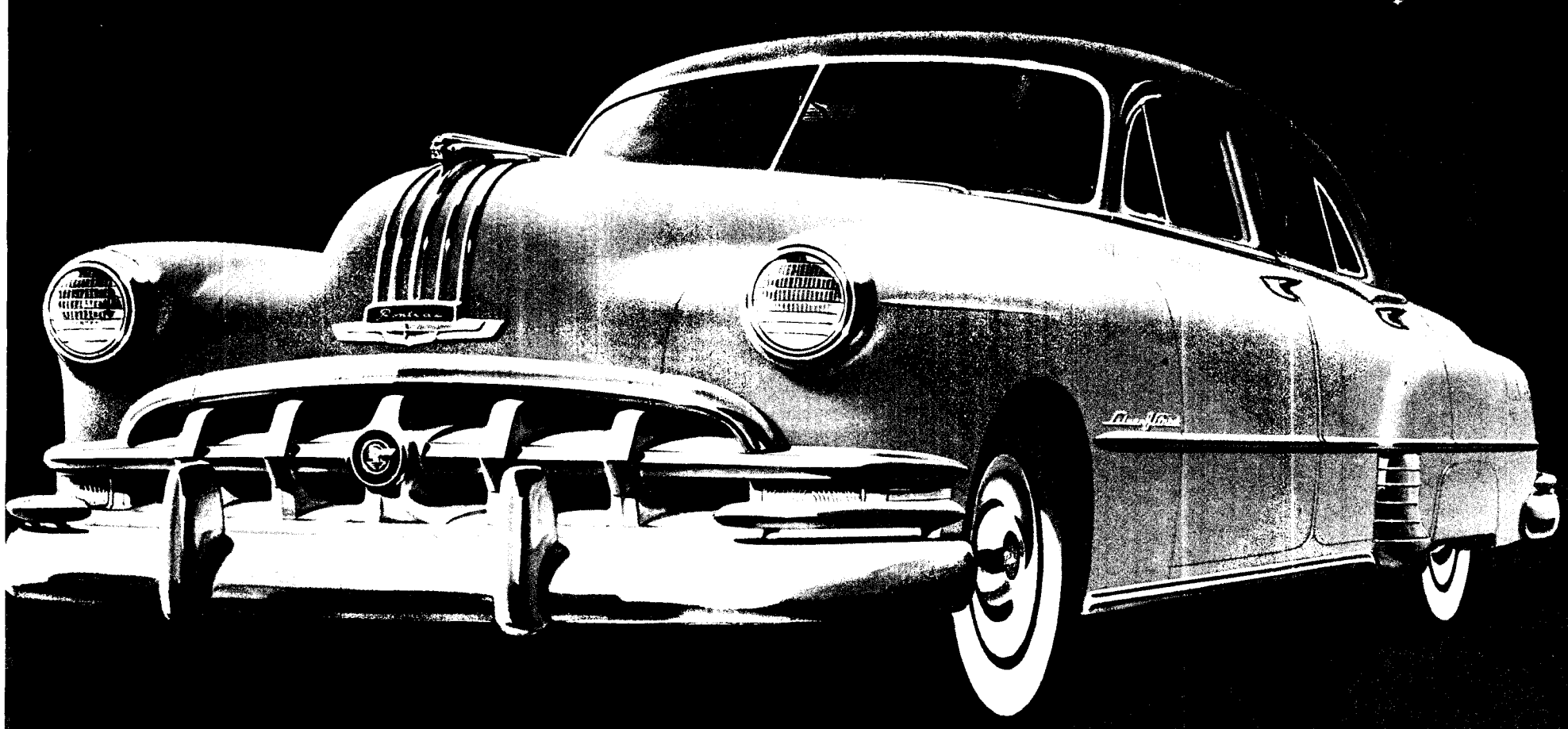
Dollar for Dollar

you can't beat a

PONTIAC



A WONDERFUL CAR TO OWN—A WONDERFUL CAR TO DRIVE

A WONDERFUL CAR TO BE SEEN IN!

AND PRICED JUST ABOVE THE VERY LOWEST!

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The Nation Needs the Navy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

program, as laid before Congress, will cost between $988,500,000 and $1,022,000,000 for 170 planes, or about $5,800,000 each. Even disregarding the doubt about intercontinental bombing, this is too large a piece of the country's military dollar to spend on a weapon that may be highly vulnerable.

The House Armed Services Committee asked for a test of the B-36 against the Navy's fast fighter, the Banshee. Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, in testimony before the committee, made much of the fact that the JCS, over my signature as senior officer, unanimously opposed the test. We did oppose a *public* test, but by all means the Banshee and every other available fast fighter should be tried against the B-36 in secret.

The Weapons Systems Evaluation Group is the proper agency for this test. This group is headed by Lieutenant General John E. Hull, who was my Army commander when I was commander in chief in the Pacific, and in whom I have the highest confidence. To the extent its conclusions would not reveal information of value to a potential enemy, they should be made public.

The Air Force is tied to a single weapon, the airplane. The Navy is tied to a function, command of the sea, and its weapons change.

The Navy must be kept a flexible and mobile force, for a democracy such as ours is forced to fight at a time and place that a totalitarian enemy chooses, and we must be ready to wage any kind of war in any part of the world. Who knows where a war will start or at what time of year? Control of the seas means that we, not our enemies, dictate strategy.

An atomic war will bring changes both in defense and offense. We are being warned by scientists and others that if Russia attacks us she will attempt, by exploding hydrogen or atomic bombs, to cripple our great ports on both the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Atomic bombs could be dropped from the air, discharged from a surface ship or submarine at sea, or smuggled in by merchant vessel. Loss of life would be tremendous, ships present would be rendered useless, and the harbor would be poisoned until fresh river water cleansed it.

But naval strategy takes account of this danger. No great concentration of warships can be permitted in any one port. As proved in the last war, our task forces can be fully supplied at sea. If our ports are actually choked by bombs, supplies can be sent out and received over beachheads, as they were in our invasion operations during World War II.

The answer to superbombs, which take their greatest toll against large cities and their masses of population, is dispersion and mobility; and the Navy provides dispersion and mobility at sea through its task forces.

Mines Deadlier Than Bombs

As a matter of fact, mines constitute a greater danger to ports than do atomic bombs, because they last longer. The Russians are known to be mine-minded. Whereas an American likes to blow something up while he can see it, a Russian is content to sow an area with death and let it flower when it will.

Army spokesmen have claimed that large-scale amphibious operations such as we knew in World War II are no longer possible because of the atomic bomb. This is a dangerous philosophy and can only mean rigidity of plans and abandonment of one of the great arts of warfare in which we lead. As General Dwight D. Eisenhower said recently in answer to a question as to whether amphibious operations will be a part of warfare of the future: "We would be very foolish today to allow to die in our services the very great knowledge we have of that type of operation. We are ahead of everybody in amphibious operations. . . . It would be foolish of us to drop back. We should keep pushing ahead. I would be very much against letting that type of warfare be neglected."

Another way in which World War III will differ from previous conflicts is in the field of ideas. It has been said that a Russian idea captured certain Chinese, and that those Chinese then captured China. Last time Nazism and Fascism had little appeal for our people. We know only too well that Communism does appeal to some Americans. And one man possessed by an idea can destroy a city, by putting poison, germs or gas in its water or its air.

The question is often asked: "Why do we need a powerful Navy when no potential enemy has sizable naval forces, and when we have British, French and Dutch navies between us and the enemy anyhow?" Even General Omar N. Bradley has been touched by this thinking.

In his memorandum to Secretary Johnson opposing the Navy's proposed flush-deck carrier, he advanced this as one argument: "The U.S.S.R., except possibly in the field of submarine warfare, is not a naval power of consequence. Further, the U.S.S.R. is not dependent on maritime shipping to reach sources of raw materials. Thus, the vast preponderance of Allied naval power—which in addition to the United States Fleet, overwhelmingly the largest in the world, includes the second naval power, the British Empire, and the additional naval forces of other potential allies—will have but little opportunity to operate against Russian surface vessels and should be more than adequate to cope with the major naval threat, the hostile submarine."

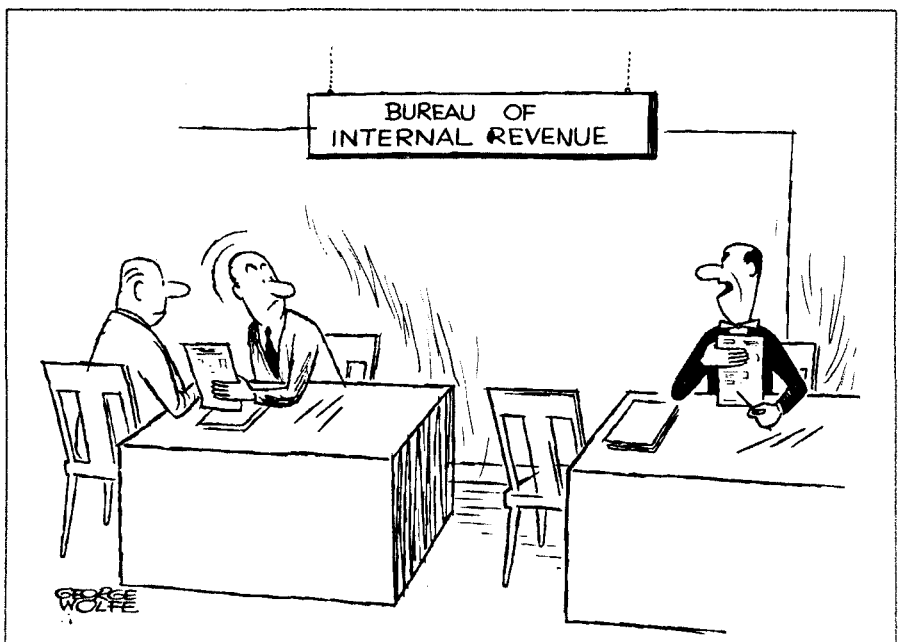
We need a fleet not merely to match the Russian navy, but to overcome it. We need the kind of Navy that can go after the Russians, not merely meet them halfway or off our own coasts. Furthermore, the uninformed seem to think that defeating an enemy's navy is an end in itself. They get this from the Army concept of forcing the surrender of an enemy's army, which means the war is won.

Our great fleet, to which General Bradley referred, is largely in mothballs. On the other hand, the U.S.S.R., besides maintaining great land armies and building a large air force, now has a navy greater than Germany's was in 1939, and is developing stronger naval forces suited to its particular geography. In terms of ships in commission, the Russian navy has more cruisers and battleships than we have, and many times more submarines.

In combat ships, we outnumber Russia only in carriers and destroyers. As time goes on, unless the attrition of our Navy is stopped, the weight will shift further in the Soviets' favor.

It is common knowledge that the Russians have from 300 to 360 submarines, some of which are of the high-speed schnörkel type that can "breathe" without surfacing. It is well to remember that the Germans, starting with not many more than 50 U-boats, were almost victorious in the early stages of two world wars. The Russians can start with six or seven times that number.

Jane's Fighting Ships, the recognized private authority on the world's navies, puts the number of Russian submarines now in existence at 360, and reports that the U.S.S.R. hopes to have 1,000 by 1951. In addition, Russia is said to be completing two or three battleships with towers for firing radio-controlled aerial torpedoes. Our only battleship in commission is the Missouri—and that perhaps not for long.



COLLIER'S "Benson, I've got your return here and I want to see you!" GEORGE WOLFE

Certainly if Russia sees our fleet deteriorating, she will expedite her own shipbuilding in inverse ratio, and bring the war to us on the sea, under the sea and over the sea. And if the Russian high command can send against us anything like 1,000 submarines of the improved type that the Germans used at the end of World War II, we must expect terrific losses, and shall need not only a big Navy but a big merchant fleet.

Russia realizes the importance of sea power to us. She knows that unless the United States Navy can keep command of those sea areas which must be used to support an overseas campaign, all of our armed forces will remain in this country biting their nails and reading news of the overrunning of the homelands of our friends and Allies.

In case of war, Russia will try by any means to deny us command of those sea areas, not by submarines alone. She will use her land-based air against our ships, both merchant and naval, in European and Asiatic waters. She may use guided missiles. In short, the idea advanced by critics of the Navy that we can go where we please when we please is dangerously fallacious. We're going to have to fight our way through as always.

Only the Navy can provide immediate fighting power to protect our ships at sea, and it must be given the means and skill to do the job. It can have these only if it remains effective in peacetime, because a Navy is not something that can be built overnight.

It would be easier to guess the nature of a World War III if we knew when it was coming, because the concept of warfare changes so fast. If it should come in the not distant future, an educated guess is that the fighting at sea would be intense from the outset. While Russia's ground troops marched westward and her air force bombed the Allied strong points, the Russian navy would try to launch attacks on our coastal cities with atomic-headed missiles from submarines or surface ships.

Menace to Western Europe

The bulk of her navy, operating under land-based air cover, might try to sweep around Europe from the Baltic and northern waters and to control the vital coastal areas which we would need in aiding the beleaguered countries of western Europe.

Both in land and sea strategy the Soviet commanders would take full advantage of the Communist fifth columns that exist in the industrial centers of Europe.

The encircling naval movement would threaten our lines of communication through the Mediterranean to the important oil sources in the Near East. They would also threaten Allied control of Africa. Whether or not through our neglect, the bulk of Asia has been Communized. We should not repeat the error by letting the poison spread through Africa. Russian soldiers might not be far behind any successful Communist party missionaries.

We have the job also of supporting our occupation troops, both in Europe and Japan. Their capture would make Bataan look like a minor disaster.

The Atlantic sea lanes would have to be kept open for strategic and critical materials—uranium, for example—as well as for munitions needed by our European Allies. On this side of the ocean, we have treaty obligations with Latin America and Canada which mean defense of the whole Western Hemisphere. In the early stages this would fall primarily on the Navy. Our great ports must be kept open and coastal shipping must be protected. Venezuelan oil must not be cut off. There must be free access to and passage through the Panama Canal.

In the Pacific, Russia has about 70 submarines—as many as we shall have in operation in all oceans under the budget proposed for the fiscal year to begin next July 1st. She is able to ship the parts over the Trans-Siberian Railroad and assemble them in Pacific ports.

The outlook for our defenses in the Pacific will grow gloomier if our naval forces are allowed to shrink further. The spread of Communism through China assures Russia the ice-free ports on the Pacific which she has long coveted.

We must keep unbroken our present chain of defenses from Japan to Okinawa, the Philippines and Guam, backed up by the islands of the "trust territories" (the Marianas, Carolines, Marshalls and Palaus) and Hawaii. Guam has been built into a powerful base and should be kept powerful.

The island of Formosa is a desirable link in the chain. I cannot forget that Jap planes from airfields in Formosa, and others ferrying through Formosa from Japan, caused us a lot of trouble in retaking the Philippines.

There is grave danger of Communism spreading not only throughout the Asiatic mainland but to Indonesia. The Philippines must be defended against infiltration, or direct attack by airborne landings. We must keep naval bases and airfields in those areas, and enough men, ships and planes to strike an immediate blow anywhere in the far Pacific. The lessons of Pearl Harbor

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and Guam, the capture of our troops in the Philippines, and the long, hard fight back across the Pacific must not be forgotten. This time our outposts are even closer to the Asiatic mainland—in Japan—and supply lines from the United States would be even longer.

Army and Air Force spokesmen are fond of saying there will be no island-hopping in the next war, and that therefore the Navy's emphasis on its aviation needs is overdone. But if we do not keep up our guard in the far Pacific we may have to hop islands all over again someday. Let's not get "caught in the bight" a second time.

The northern end of our defense chain rests on our bases in the Aleutians and Alaska, and a weak anchor it is. On a clear day the Siberian mainland can be seen from a hill on the Alaskan side, 55 statute miles away; indeed an American island in the Bering Strait is less than three miles from one owned by Russia. Our country is belatedly coming to realize the danger there.

In the Pacific Northwest, needless alarm was created by Air Force reference to the "relative vulnerability" of that section in explaining the transfer of certain production from Seattle to Kansas. Russia's copies of the B-29 doubtless can reach Puget Sound, but many other sections of the country are equally vulnerable. Indeed, no part of the country is really safe.

Greenland, whose strategic value we have long overlooked, offers a stepping-stone to the United States almost as convenient as Alaska. It is an easy jump from the Soviet air and naval bases in Franz Josef Land and from Spitsbergen, where Russia has a suspiciously large number of "miners" behind a local Iron Curtain.

Peary Land, the extreme northern part of Greenland, has snow-free areas usable for landing fields. Even the névé of central Greenland will support planes, troops and mechanized units. It is certain that if we do not use it the Russians will.

Soviet Air Power in Arctic

The Russians are an arctic people, much more skilled than we at polar operations. They have ringed the Arctic Ocean with airfields from which to launch attacks on us in case of war. They have about 60 arctic research establishments comparable to small American colleges. During the warmer months they can now go by ship from Archangel to Siberia via the Arctic Ocean. We are prone to think of that ocean as impassable, but a powerful icebreaker such as the Russians are known to possess could plow right across it, making way for a convoy.

Even now our largest ships cannot go through the Panama Canal, and if it should be closed by a bomb the route around the Horn would assume great importance. To protect that route, we would have to keep the enemy out of the islands that lie between Antarctica's Palmer Land Peninsula and the tip of South America. Russian exploring ships and planes have recently been reported in that area. The Navy's Operation High Jump II, which would have increased our knowledge of Antarctica and given our men needed training under conditions like Greenland's, was canceled last summer for reasons of economy. We couldn't train in Greenland itself for diplomatic reasons.

The country cannot afford in peacetime the forces which its military leaders feel it otherwise should have. This economic ceiling is inescapable, but beneath it come the allotment of available funds between the services, and the designation of how each service shall spend its allotment.

In my opinion, the 1951 budget proposals throw the defense structure out of balance, heavily in favor of the Air Force. The Air Force retains its 48 groups and 13 separate squadrons, totaling 416,000 men, little changed from this year. The Navy and Army are cut.

The Navy has been told it can have for fiscal 1951 a total of 238 major combatant ships of specified types, and reduced numbers of air squadrons. When I was CNO, I protested against the practice of the Secretary of Defense and the JCS in telling each service what it could do with its money, contending that it should be permitted to decide how best to use the funds. I still hope the system will be changed.

How the consistent use of such restrictions can throttle a service is shown in the case of the Marines, who find their fears of relegation to guard duty being realized by indirection. In 1946 the Army proposed that "it be recognized that the land aspect of major amphibious operations in the future will be undertaken by the Army, and consequently the Marine forces will not be appreciably expanded in time of war"; and that "it be agreed that the Navy will not develop a land army or a so-called amphibious army, Marine units to be limited in size to the equivalent of the regiment, and the total size of the Marine Corps therefore limited to some 50,000 or 60,000 men."

By the end of fiscal year 1951 the Marines will have been cut to 62,000 enlisted personnel, not far above the figure proposed by the Army. Worse, they have been told that they may have only six infantry battalions. The funds are almost sufficient to maintain a peacetime division

"I'll never baby-sit for the Whelans again! The kids are fine, but the parents keep calling every five minutes!"

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

on each coast, each with six battalions of infantry, which the Marine Corps wants to do. Now it is expected still to maintain two divisions. But a three-battalion division is really only a regiment, and is inefficient both for peacetime employment and as a basis for quick wartime expansion.

The Navy has several weaknesses: It is short of combat carriers, it is short of modern airplanes, and it needs funds to install the latest equipment on destroyers, destroyer escorts (the slower kind used for escort duty) and submarines. The needed equipment, which is mostly electronic, is expensive. The minimum number of combat carriers in operation should be 10. As to the number of planes, the recommendation of the President's Air Policy Commission (Finletter Board) made two years ago seems reasonable: This was for 5,793 front-line planes, and 5,100 in support, a total of 10,893. The 1951 budget figure is 8,415, including 1,844 for the naval and Marine reserves.

More of our submarines should be modernized into the schnörkel type, with their high submerged speed. The Navy should also be permitted to build its flush-deck carrier, construction of which was canceled by Secretary Johnson. It will take four years to build under peace conditions.

Time is of the essence in warfare. In peace we have plenty of time but limited funds. In war we have unlimited funds but no time. A war is fought with weapons that are in the prototype stage when hostilities begin.

All three services should be at work on new weapons, sacrificing numbers of personnel if necessary during peace to concentrate on equipment. Men can be recruited and trained much faster than weapons can be designed and manufactured.

I have been accused obliquely of neglecting antisubmarine warfare. The statement is made that although that is a primary naval mission only about 8 per cent of naval appropriations was devoted to that heading. This is an absurd charge. Antisubmarine warfare is a mission of the whole Navy.

Furthermore, antisubmarine warfare is not a mere matter of finding the submarines on and under the high seas and bombing them to death. That, in fact, is the least efficient means of combating them. The best way to "get" submarines is in the shipyards where they are being built and fitted, in the submarine docks and pens where they are being refueled, rearmed and supplied with trained crews. Effective attacks on such targets have to be made by low-level bombing, which is only emphasized in this country by naval and Marine aviation. The flush-deck carrier was designed to be an essential tool for that operation.

A submarine on the high seas will always be, to a certain extent, a menace.

The antisubmarine submarine is one device developed during my tour as CNO. This is a small interceptor sub that can lie in wait along the sea lanes. Other submarines—able to surface quickly, fire guided missiles and submerge again speedily—are part of the Navy's program.

I brought to Washington a top submarine expert, Rear Admiral Charles B. Momsen, inventor of the Momsen lung and other devices, and put him in complete charge of antisubmarine warfare preparations. I highly approve of the recent appointment of Vice-Admiral Francis S. ("Frog") Low, another submarine expert, as Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Logistics.

We have a tremendous fleet—in moth balls. Under grease a recent count showed 87 carriers, 58 cruisers, 14 battleships, 204 destroyers, 92 submarines and about 1,500 other vessels. They are surveyed now and then to eliminate those that wouldn't be useful in a future war.

But it would take, under present conditions, from three to nine months to unwrap ships of the moth-ball fleet. As they increase in age and need up-to-date improvements, the process will be longer. The carriers might have to be modernized—chiefly through the strengthening of their decks—and this would take from a year to 18 months even on wartime schedules with the mechanics working around the clock.

After these ships left the moth-ball fleet and put to sea it would take in some cases months for them to become efficient fighting ships. The training required to weld a carrier and its embarked air squadrons into an effective unit is a long, exacting job.

The modern Navy is a carrier Navy. We have three of the Midway (45,000-ton) class, and are allowed to keep four of the smaller (27,000-ton) Essex class. In setting up a task force, the commander in chief of the Atlantic or Pacific Fleet assigns cruisers and destroyers (and sometimes submarines) to support the carriers. A hunter-killer group used in antisubmarine warfare usually consists of a light carrier and half a dozen destroyers. In any expansion of the fleet for war, numerous hunter-killer groups will be formed as soon as flattops and destroyers are out of moth balls and their crews have been trained. Other destroyers will be used for convoy work.

Air Force leaders have taken fright at mention of the fact that the Navy too could use the atomic bomb, fearing that the Navy is encroaching on their field of strategic bombing. Far from envying that role, the Navy questions the effectiveness of the atomic blitz.

I believe that in time atomic weapons for tactical use against military targets—airfields, troop concentrations, ships—will be perfected for all three services. There are many fields in which the Navy could use them, such as against submarine-building yards and submarine bases. Sub pens were hard nuts to crack in both world wars.

At the present stage of development, atomic bombs are too costly for tactical use, especially against moving targets such as ships. The effects of radioactivity have been exaggerated. The experiments at Bikini were against ships huddled together as targets in an enclosed body of water, but a convoy in the open ocean would be far less vulnerable and would quickly leave contaminated waters behind.

The Fleet's Most Vital Task

My policy as CNO was to try to build a fleet, and maintain one, that could keep the sea lanes open for the unmolested importation of vital materials without which our industry would have to bank its fires, and for the safe transportation of air power, man power and industrial power to the enemy's coast. That kind of Navy is not measured by tonnage alone but by application and efficiency. And from bitter experience I do not believe that the Army, the Air Force, or the budget manipulators know as well how to tackle the problem as we of the Navy do.

The Navy is in danger of losing one of its greatest assets—its spirit. I am gravely concerned to see such great naval fighting men as Admirals Blandy and Bogan discouraged and choosing retirement, and an attempt being made to withhold promotion from Captain Arleigh A. Burke. Our Navy selection system has stood the test of 30 years and two world wars. It would be a pity indeed if promotions should be awarded through pressure and influence rather than merit.

I am concerned also at the prospect set before young officers entering the service. They have the inspiring example of the five Crommelin brothers, all naval officers, two of whom gave their lives in World War II. But they see one with a particularly distinguished career—Captain John G. Crommelin—so alarmed at the Defense Department's conduct of naval matters that he gives up his chance of promotion to make public protest.

Encroachments on the Marine Corps have disillusioned its leaders and disturbed its entire personnel. General Merritt A. Edson, the Medal of Honor man who made the Tarawa landing possible, retired in disgust. The Marines are our emergency fighting force, ready to go anywhere without notice, whose claim to honor, in the words of their commandant, General Clifton B. Cates, is that they "have sought for themselves little more than a life of hardship and the most hazardous assignments in battle." The efforts to cut their amphibious and air activities and reduce them to guard duty are indeed disgraceful.

The Navy has always emphasized decentralization of authority. The nature of warfare at sea dictates this. The commander of even the smallest war vessel is pretty much on his own. Efforts to impose on the Navy, in the unification process, a centralized system such as is embodied in the Army's general staff organization have not only increased overhead costs but have resulted in loss of initiative and feelings of frustration.

Morale and fighting spirit demand that every American in uniform must feel that his own is the best service in the world. He is entitled to and must have the respect not only of his superiors but of the men in all the other military branches. This pride of service is being replaced by growing disillusionment. The trend can be stopped by more enlightened leadership in the Defense Department, and the active encouragement of self-reliance in all ranks.

I believe that the hearings in Congress which resulted in my removal as CNO have greatly improved public understanding of national security. My recompense for the treatment I have received lies in the belief that, once informed, the American people will act wisely. THE END

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Early Rose and the High Sheriff

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Law and the Word about getting little old Beauty off the place.

Early watched Mister O.D. and he thought of those dogs in his calendar. He thought how wonderful it would be to be out in the scrub gunning over dogs like that, the way his old daddy had taught him to do.

Early got all tazzled up inside, sort of, like he always did when he thought of his old daddy. Mister O.D.'d always told him that his old daddy had been a no-count nigger and that getting killed over that crap-game fuss down to the quarters was his rightly earnings. Early didn't remember him that way, though.

THE most thing he remembered about his daddy—he'd only been a hip-high spratling going for ten years when the badness had happened—was a little old gnarly man with a big kindness in him that kept on coming out in the tone of his voice and the touch of his hand. They'd lived down in the old falling-apart shack at the toe end of Mister O.D.'s farmplace then—just the two of them. And about the time Early could put one foot before the other without staggering like a deacon full of wine, his old daddy had started whistling up a couple of his hounds and taking his boy Early off into Long Gone Swamp or the scrub to shoot eating food for the table.

Six years now since the badness had happened. Six years now living in that room off Mister O.D.'s kitchen where Mister O.D. had moved him—his old daddy yet on the cooling board—because he had neither kith nor kin to favor him, nor no place to stay but the shack. Six years now, doing first a boy's work, then a man's work—about Mister O.D.'s farmplace. Working for board and clothes, like—and for spending change, such as it was.

Early's rememberings were cut short by the lonesome sound of old Beulah's voice. That voice was closer now. That voice was coming, Early figured, from the top of the highground behind him. It seemed to Early like he could almost see the High Sheriff and maybe two or three of his men running along behind old Beulah, their faces tied up mean and hard as winter knots, ready to beat lightning out of a no-count, all-alone black boy. The scaredness came back and Early ran now, zigzagging, through the woods.

The piney woods ended and Early high-tailed across a burned-over stretch and pulled up short at the near bank of Tucker's Branch. Tucker's Branch was an aimless little old root-choked stream that just sort of meandered around the edges of the woods. The branch wasn't more than twenty feet from bank to bank. Early didn't figure to throw a hound-dog like old Beulah off the track for good by fooling around that branch. All he figured on doing was slowing her down.

He splashed into the hip-high water, breathing short at the coldness of it. He crossed to the far bank. He ran a ways down the far bank, then crossed back. He kept crisscrossing the branch until his knees went weak and trembly and the taste in his mouth was like brass. Then he turned west. The moon had come out bright as fresh-made spending change. Old Long Gone Swamp was mighty close now. Early could see the black bulk of it. Old Beulah gave voice again, back in the woods. Early felt pretty safe that close to the swamp.

He thought of the High Sheriff. The High Sheriff was a great big overbuilt man with a round face and little blue eyes that twinkled when he was playing the tomfool with a little old colored boy, but turned off hard and cold as ball bearing when he was puckered. Early knew the High Sheriff because of old Beulah.

Old Beulah was a Walker hound with the best nose in the state of Florida. Early had spent lots of Saturday afternoons, when Mister O.D. had let him off work, out to the High Sheriff's place down past the crossroads just watching old Beulah. One thing he purely did admire to watch, it was a good hound-dog. It seemed kind of a funny thing to Early now that it was *his* trail old Beulah and the High Sheriff were on.

He remembered the time he'd gathered up his 'sumption and had asked the High Sheriff, when he'd come out with old Beulah's supper, if *he* could feed her.

"How come you want to feed my hound, son?"

Early Rose had never been able to put into words what he felt inside. But he said, "It's nothing in God's world no prettier than a hound-dog, sir."

"You know that half the black boys in this section are scared to death of old Beulah, here?"

"Yessir."

"And you still want to feed her?"

"Ain't nothing I'd druther. If I had my druthers."

"I tell you what, son. This hound-dog's a greater man hunter than any bloodhound in the state. This hound-dog's chased and caught so many colored boys that she's liable to take your arm right off when you set her pan before her."

"I ain't ascared, sir."

The High Sheriff's eyes had been blue and twinkly, like, and he had said, "Son, I tell you the truth. I sure do hate to refuse a favor to anybody works for old man O.D. Bafus. Anybody works for that old man's got favors owed and coming. But I sure can't take any chances on upsetting the digestion of my thousand-dollar Walker hound, old Beulah, here. So I can't let you feed her, son."

Well, that had been mighty sad news to Early Rose. But the High Sheriff had told him that he didn't mind it if Early wanted to stick around and watch old Beulah eat her supper. That had been something, anyhow.

NOW Early came back to the black edges of the swamp. He took his bearings on the tiptop of the highground behind him. He skirted the edge of the swamp, looking for the lightning-scarred bay tree, and the myrtle-choked entrance to the watery trail into the swamp. Nobody, as far as he knew, had ever known of this trail but him and his old daddy. He found the entrance and felt his way back onto the trail. The water beside the trail was black. The air was heavy with decay. Beulah's voice came to him now muffled by the thickness of the swamp. Early had never heard that voice sound more mournful. The great gray cypresses rearing out of the black water beside the trail reminded Early of the spirits of folks now dead. He started thinking about Mister O.D. again and he shivered.

In his rememberings he was back by the chimney place, watching Mister O.D. Mister O.D. got up from the table, lurching, like. Early knew the real bad part was coming on. If he could get over the real bad part without getting hurt he would be in the clear. He watched and he listened.

"I don't know why a God-fearing man such as myself can't keep decent help around the place," Mister O.D. said. "Got nobody to help me in my old age but a weakly little old light-minded thing like you. Get up from there and get me a pitcher of water, boy!"

"Yessir, Mister O.D." Early was mighty scared then. But he forced a smile onto his face.

"Got them ugly gums skinned back like you was mighty amused. I'll take me something and salivate the hound out of you, boy!" He started for Early Rose.

Early jumped up from where he'd been sitting by the chimney place. He knew he'd better get out into that kitchen for that pitcher of water, and fast. Chances were, by the time he got back with the water

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Mister O.D.'d have forgotten all about being puckered at Early Rose. He'd have to get his hurry shoes on, though, because Mister O.D. was coming toward him, looking real mean.

He darted to his left. Mister O.D. lurched right spang in front of him. Early tried to pull up short. He couldn't do it. His shoulder butted into Mister O.D.'s stomach. Mister O.D. had been about half off balance to begin with. That butt was all it took. He went down to the floor.

"Do, Jesus!" Early Rose shouted.

Mister O.D. crouched there on the floor on his all fours. He was howling like a treed painter. He made a swipe at Early with one of those big hands. Early sidestepped him. He was so ascared now that his mind just wouldn't work. He'd ought to have run outside. He'd ought to have hid out about the barns or the fields. His mind just wasn't working right. He ran for his room off the kitchen.

WHEN he got in his room he heard Mister O.D. coming. Then he remembered there wasn't even a latch on his door.

"Do, Jesus!" he said again. He was wild-eyed as he looked around the room. Maybe, he thought, just maybe, he could dodge past Mister O.D. and head for the fields before Mister O.D. could fasten those big hands on him. He could hear Mister O.D. coming now, roaring mad. He looked around for something to take with him, for something he might need. He saw his new calendar, on top of the field crate that held his clothes.

Mister O.D. was coming across the kitchen now. Early could hear him cussing. If Early hadn't turned to pick up that calendar he might have made it. Mister O.D. stood in the doorway, blocking it. His hands hung low and loose at his sides. His head was poked forward. Early had never seen him looking so mean.

"Come here, boy," he said to Early Rose.

Early had trouble getting his voice to work. He finally said, "I sure am sorry, Mister O.D. I sure never went to—"

"Come here!"

Early Rose was mighty scared. He started towards Mister O.D. He braced himself for his beating.

"What's that you got in your hand, boy?"

"Ain't nothing but a mess of old pictures, sir."

"Let me have them pictures."

Early started to sniffle. It seemed to him like he just couldn't stand to lose those beautiful pictures of those beautiful dogs. He'd done so much dreaming over those dogs, making out like they were real dogs, belonging to him, that it seemed like he just couldn't stand to lose them.

"Ain't nothing but a mess of old pictures, Mister O.D."

"I said give them here!"

Early handed the calendar to Mister O.D.

Mister O.D. turned and went into the front room. Early followed him. "Do, God," he muttered. "Don't let nothing happen to my gun dogs!"

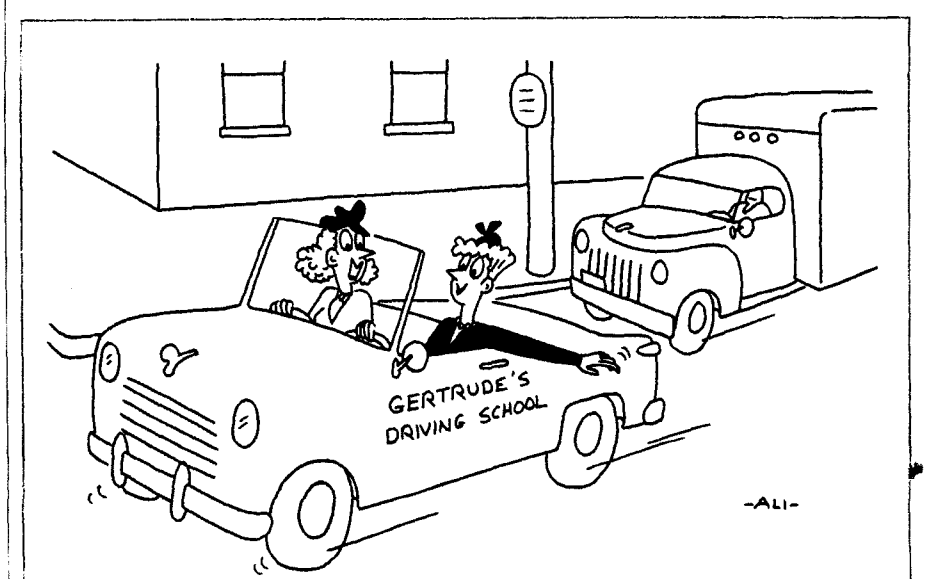
Mister O.D. stood before the chimney place. He held that calendar before him in two hands. He laughed. Then he ripped the calendar into two pieces. He threw the two pieces into the fire. Early stood there and watched the edges of the two pieces begin to curl and then to smoke. Finally they burst into flames. Early stood there for a minute watching the flames. It seemed like something inside his head was smoking and curling around the edges, just like those two pieces of his calendar had done. Then all of a sudden that something inside his head burst into flames. Early Rose didn't rightly know what he was doing. All he knew was that something inside his head was on fire. And that there wasn't but one thing to do to put it out.

He moved faster than he had ever moved before. He had that fresh piece of lighter'd knot out of the wood box before Mister O.D. realized what was happening. He swung that piece of lighter'd knot in a half circle and brought it smashing against the side of Mister O.D.'s head. Mister O.D. just slumped down in front of the chimney place. He didn't even groan. Not once.

Early Rose stood there looking at him. The fire inside his head was starting to burn itself out. The flames grew feeble and then they went out. For a minute he wasn't real sure what had happened. He felt and saw the lighter'd knot still in his hands. He saw Mister O.D. there on the floor. Mister O.D.'s eyes were stary and his face was white. Early Rose had heard enough about the dead to know how they looked. There wasn't but one thing for Early to do to save his skin. And Early did it. He didn't stop to think about food. All he had in his pockets was a little old jackknife. He didn't stop to worry. He took his leave fast. He lit a shuck off Mister O.D.'s farmplace and headed out for Long Gone Swamp. . . .

EARLY followed the trail that was hardly a trail—just ground a little higher than the rest, with a fallen log here and there over pools of water—as it wound deep into the heart of the swamp. Times, he would leave the trail and flounder knee-deep in slime and muck, making a wide half circle back to the trail. Old Beulah, he kept thinking, she's a mighty fine hound-dog, old Beulah. But old Beulah has done met her match!

He heard old Beulah once back at Tucker's Branch. He heard her song and her song was a song of distress, chop-mouthed, yelpy, for a while, as she crossed and criss-crossed the branch, getting Early's scent from the stream plants. Early listened, and for a while his short-mindedness made him forget, and he worried for old Beulah. And his mind kept saying, "Well, come on, gal! Range wide, gal, get it, gal. . . ."



COLLIER'S **"Fine, fine. Get out in the middle. Signal for a left turn. Fine, fine. Now turn right"** ALFRED ISLER

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Then the song evened out. Early knew that old Beulah had picked up the trail again and he remembered that it was he who was being hunted. For a while he ran, his eyes bulging with panic.

He heard her again, later, and her song echoed through the darkness and the stillness, and Early knew that she was in the swamp. That time, for the first time, he heard the far-back voice of a man. "Man gone, gal!" the voice said. "Nigger gone, nigger gone!"

Early hurried, taking his care only when he stepped over logs or skirted floating tussocks. Long Gone Swamp was a natural place for cottonmouth moccasins. They'd kill off a man real quick—and him alone, with no one to help.

THE night became a drawn-out nightmare to Early. His lungs burned; his legs were numb. Many times he stumbled. Sharp branches cut him. Vines and briers tore at his clothes and flesh. The sweat on him was mixed with blood. And still he kept going. He remembered a palm island deep in the swamp—a little elevation of dry ground, thick with cabbage palms and palmettos, no more than sixty yards across—that his old daddy had once taken him to for wild turkey. There a man could hide out for a spell, Early thought.

He was convinced that by now the High Sheriff and old Beulah had given up the chase. For a long time he had heard no sound of them. The short-mindedness came over him again and he felt sorry for old Beulah. It somehow didn't seem right for old Beulah to fail—even when trailing over swampland and through pools of water. He'd had such an admiration for old Beulah, looking up to her as the finest of all hound-dogs. He remembered the times he'd dreamed that old Beulah was his hound-dog, and how in his dreams he and old Beulah had always run down the bad people, had always found the young'uns lost in the scrub.

The swamp suddenly gave way to a stretch of marshland, maybe half a mile wide. And there in the middle of the marshland was the palm island. Early saw it looming up through the darkness.

The short-mindedness left him. He staggered, belly-deep in the saw grass, towards the island. His body ached and it seemed like he could just put one foot before the other. He'd been tired before, working long hours on Mister O.D.'s farmplace, but never like this. He reckoned he just couldn't have made it another mile. Now, on the island, he could rest. He'd have to do some planning tomorrow, but now he could rest. He fell flat on his belly at the bank of the island. He just lay there for a while, feeling the dry earth against the side of his face.

Just a few yards up the bank, on level ground, he saw a thicket of palmettos and cabbage palms. He climbed to it on hands and knees and burrowed, like some sort of a varmint, into it. He turned his body around so that he would face the marshland over which he had just come. He stretched his body on the ground. Jagged roots pressed against him but he did not feel them. He went to sleep. . . .

He didn't know what had awakened him. There was a sound, or a smell, of something that wasn't right. The early morning sun was a red ball in the sky. Early could see all the way across the marshland in the gray light. The saw grass thirty feet from the island was swaying. Early went bug-eyed with fear as he watched the swaying come closer to the island. Then he saw her, old Beulah, pulling herself onto the island. She was mud- and blood-caked and she was limping badly, but her nose was to the ground, snuffling, and her tail was straight out behind her. Early forgot for the moment that he had lost the chase, and it was all he could do to keep from crying at the beauty and the courage of her.

Then he saw the brown coil of the cottonmouth there on the bank, and he shouted, "Look out, gal!" but too late, and the flat, ugly head flashed forward as the coil unleashed. Old Beulah yelped and gave way at the impact of the head upon her lower right leg, and the cottonmouth shook free and slithered into the saw grass.

Old Beulah lay on her side licking the wound and whimpering. Early stared wild-eyed across the marshland. No one was in sight. Early knew that the men must have worn themselves out some ways back in the swamp and that old Beulah, never giving up, had ranged wide to pick up his scent. It was like something was looking out for him, sending that ugly snake to strike old Beulah down just before she found him and gave voice and brought the High Sheriff and his men to take him in.

Now old Beulah was through. She might live through the snake bite, but she was done with the hunt.

Early turned to make his getaway fast down the other side of the island. Old Beulah whimpered again. Early turned toward her. Old Beulah was a mighty sick dog. Early could see the swelling in her leg, and it seemed to be growing. It seemed like old Beulah was looking right in his eyes, pleading with him. It seemed to Early that something was just forcing him to go over and touch old Beulah, the way he'd always dreamed of doing.

And before he knew it her head was in his lap. And he felt the short-mindedness come over him and he knew there was nothing he could do about it. He'd seen his old daddy treat dogs for the snake bite. He knew to slash the wound and press what poison he could out of the slashes, and then to tie off that leg tight, above the wound, with a shoelace.

Old Beulah knew he was helping her and only whimpered as he went to work. She couldn't walk then, and so Early took her in his arms. And with the short-mindedness blotting out all thoughts of what might happen next he started across the marshland with her, back the way he had come.

IT WAS somehow like a dream when he saw Mister O.D. standing there in a clearing by the High Sheriff, his head wrapped around with a dirty bandage.

"Godalmighty, he's give up!" Mister O.D. said.

The High Sheriff was standing in front of two of his men. All four men were armed. The High Sheriff took a quick look at Early standing there at the edge of the clearing with old Beulah in his arms. He went quickly to Early. He took his dog.

"Cottonmouth?"

Early nodded.

"You did a good job, boy."

Mister O.D. said, "You come to take this boy in for trying to kill me, or—"

"Shut up, Bafus," the High Sheriff said.

"I'll by God—"

"I said to shut up!"

Mister O.D. shut up.

"You're in trouble, son. Bad trouble," the High Sheriff told Early Rose.

"Yessir."

"You tried to kill a white man."

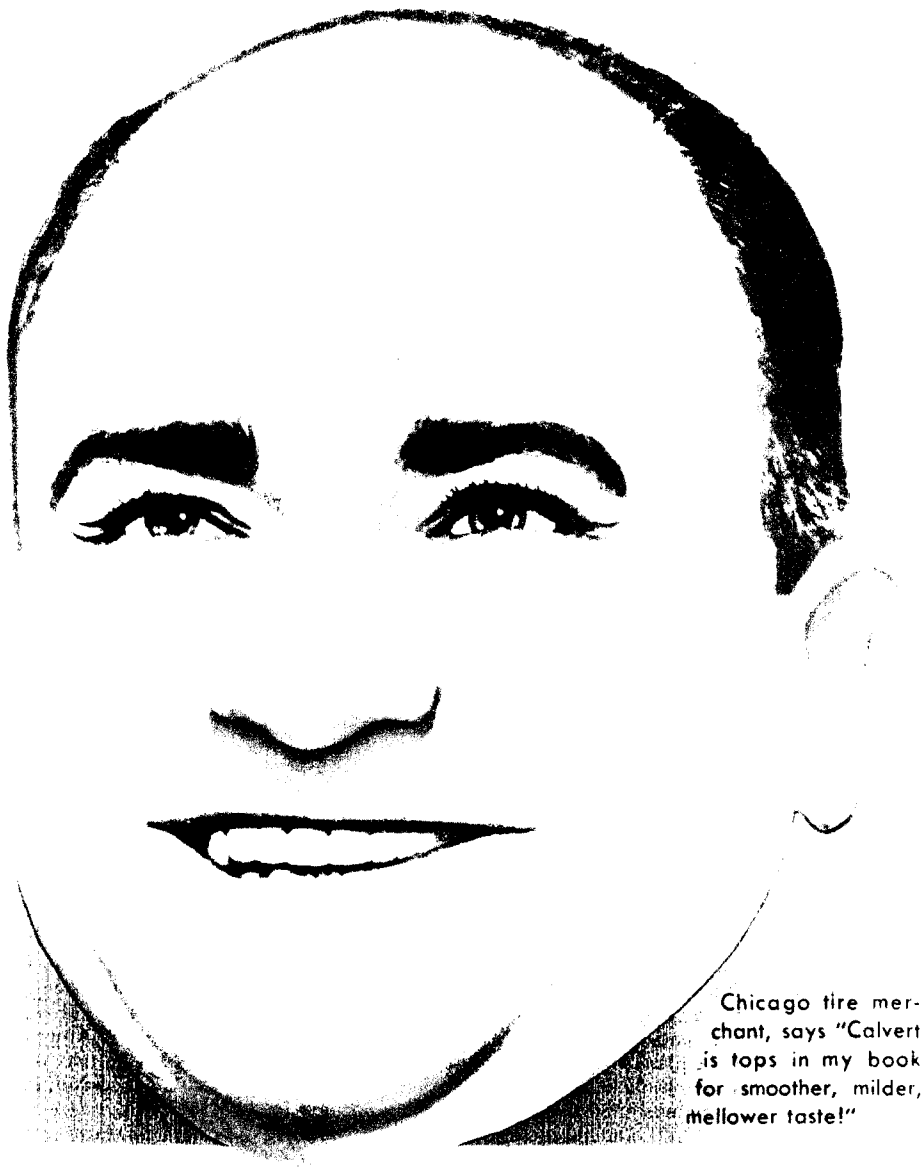
"I didn't go to do it."

The High Sheriff was silent for a moment. Then he said, "How come you to bring old Beulah in, son? You might have got away."

Early Rose thought for a minute. Then he said, "It's nothing in God's name no prettier than a hound-dog, sir. Like I said."

The High Sheriff glared at Mister O.D. His eyes were hard and cold. Then he turned to Early Rose. "Trouble," he said. His voice went sort of choky and he cleared his throat. "Plenty of trouble." His voice became loud now, as if he were daring somebody to interrupt him. "But I got a thing to say to you, boy. It's not *that* much trouble. I'm figuring on some pups out of old Beulah here sometime next spring. I'll need me a boy to feed those pups and clean up after them and help train them. You interested in a job of work, boy?"

Early Rose wasn't so much of a boy for talking. He didn't say a word. But he knew the High Sheriff had a pretty good idea how he felt about that. THE END



Chicago tire merchant, says "Calvert is tops in my book for smoother, milder, mellower taste!"

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(And thousands of men like these agree)

MAE BLAKE, from S. Charleston, W. Va., switched to Calvert "for its smoother, lighter and better taste!"

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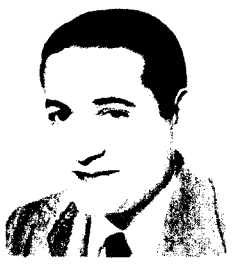

MICKEY WOOLF, Detroit orchestra leader, says, "I, too, switched to Calvert because it's smooth and mellow!"

CHA[illegible], a sales manager from Baltimore, switched to Calvert "because it's always the best buy!"

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The Americans Nobody Wants

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"But I have nine children," said the tall man.

"In that case you'd better take a couple more."

A sad-faced Negro looked bewildered.

"No bread? No flour?" he asked. "We been working all day." (At hastily improvised clean-up relief work around the camp.)

"No chewing food?" he asked.

"There'll be some potatoes later, and apples," the clerk said kindly. "Here, you have five children. Take this can of honey. Five pounds."

A lanky Oklahoman, with a small head and angry blue eyes, asked:

"What I use to fry eggs with? What I use to put honey on?"

Beside the road at Corcoran on a mattress in a tent, a woman lay unconscious. A neighbor, worn and gray as the sick woman, applied a damp cloth to her temples. Another neighbor worked at the stringy wrists with rubbing alcohol from a nearly empty bottle.

"Why doesn't somebody take this woman to a hospital?" I asked.

"A doctor has to say it's an emergency, and then they mightn't take her in," one man volunteered.

"Why don't you get a doctor?"

"Costs $5," said the man. "And if you took this whole camp by the heels and shook it, you wouldn't flush no $5."

"Tell the doctor there's somebody here to pay him," I said.

The doctor arrived soon after, stooping to enter the patient's tent. He cast a tired glance at the plank floor through which the hard earth could be seen and at the meager family belongings piled in the limited space where two adults and three children lived.

The woman had regained consciousness, and the doctor put routine questions.

"Eating a varied diet?" he asked the husband.

"Yes."

The doctor didn't ask what the varied diet was, nor did the husband say. Later, the husband told me the family had been living on potatoes and beans "and sometimes a little fat hog meat."

"Overwhelming" Conditions

The doctor filled out a prescription, and we rode back to his home near by.

"County hospital 20 miles away," he said gloomily, "and tough to get in. One county nurse for this whole district, and thousands of these families to tend to. Overwhelming. Just overwhelming. Every one of these families needs something: prenatal care, pediatric attention for the kids, help for the women."

Like a flood, these stories of despair wash over the spectator who comes fresh upon them. It is hard at first to sort out from one's feelings of compassion and indignation any meaning, any pattern by which this wave of misery can be explained. But patient talking to the people themselves, to the farm operators who hire them, and the union leaders who are trying to organize them, to the local and state officials—and digging into the mass of government investigations of them brings the first clues to understanding what is involved and what can be done.

The seasonal farm worker works at hourly wages or piece rates on farms, great or small, that are run on factory lines, i.e., they take on gangs of men to do special jobs like cotton or peach picking or grape pruning and, like factories, lay the "hands" off when work runs out.

But unlike the factory worker, the farm laborer is barred from unemployment compensation and so has nothing to tide him over when there's no work. He competes against the labor of children.

He is barred from the minimum-wage-and-hour law and so has no floor under his wages and gets no overtime. He gets no Social Security benefits. And he gets no National Labor Board protection in his effort to organize and bargain with the boss.

Barred from most of the social gains won by other Americans over many years, the seasonal farm laborer has been left out of the rich stream of American life. He's on the outside looking in, a new breed of displaced person. He is the American nobody wants.

More than half of the so-called "migrants," it turns out, are not migrants at all. They have bought a lot—$25 down and $10 a month—have built a lean-to, a cabin or cottage, or are renting, and are sending kids to local schools.

Every town in the San Joaquin Valley is ringed by permanent shantytowns that remain full-up with farm workers the year around. Yet in dozens of talks with Californians high and low, these sentiments recurred like a refrain:

Feed the farm worker when he's starving? Let him go back to the place he left, so he could get relief there.

Take him out of his pigsty shelters? He's the most destructive cuss that ever hit California. He tears down privies. And anyway he leaves after the harvest.

Provide hospital care for his wife and nurses for his kids? We've got to take care of our own first.

Our own! This writer mixed with a milling crowd of seasonal farm workers pleading for work relief in Fresno and found that three out of every four had been in California for over three years. Most, I found subsequently, are of native American stock. Many have fought in the two world wars. Many can boast great grandfathers who fought in the Civil War.

Most of these seasonal farm workers have fought their way into the "top layer" of field laborers, the ones who stay put. For, it soon turns out, there is not just one variety of seasonal farm worker; there are at least four.

Lowest in the scale (and disappearing fast) is the "bindle stiff," the man without family whose only worldly goods is the bundle on his back. As you drive along Highway 99, raise your eyes to the tops of the freight cars rolling alongside and you will see the bindle stiff perched there, moving up and down the valley in search of work—or of a skid row in which to hole up for the winter.

In the next layer is the transient breadwinner, the migrant who piles his family into a jalopy, packs a tent and chugs into California from Texas, Missouri, Oklahoma or Arkansas. He follows the crops, gets work where he can, makes a home for his family in the tent. Then, the harvest done, he returns to his home base.

In the third layer is the family that's been in California a year or two, perhaps longer, has taken the wheels off the trailer and jacked it up on blocks or has rented a cabin or a unit in a camp for which it pays up to $8 monthly rent. This family builds up credit at the nearest store, makes the friends that will help it survive the jobless winter.

In a fourth—top layer—are more than half of all seasonal farm workers, the ones who have settled down. In almost any shantytown in California you can see the painful rise of such a family. You can see the tent the family first pitched or the trailer on jacked-up blocks. Beside the tent or trailer is a single-room cabin, the first permanent shelter the family built.

Interest Rates Are High

Up toward the front of the lot is the larger three- or four-room cottage the family finally managed—with money borrowed, in some cases, at 18 per cent! A social history in miniature. The family has connected up water and gas. Its jalopy gives the breadwinner a 40- or 50-mile radius within which to find work. Sometimes, the breadwinner sallies out 150 or more miles but returns on week ends. He is the elite among farm workers. He has a home and roots. Although there are more of this resident type than any other, all seasonal farm workers are still bulked in one class and called migrants.

Year in and year out, when harvests are ready for picking and jobs are available at last, thousands of new workers flood in. Many come from other states looking for jobs. Others, Americans from outside California, Mexican nationals, Filipinos, even refugees from Europe—have been brought in by employers—who fear they won't have enough labor to harvest the perishable crops. Against these floods of newcomers, the resident farm worker has had to fight for his job, his roots, his existence. Defeat means back to the road for him.

"This year it's rough," farm workers told me.

And about the coming fall, no one dares to think. There'll be one third less cotton to pick, because of government cutbacks. There'll be more mechanical cotton pickers to pick it with. Last year in California there was one mechanical cotton picker to every 1,000 acres. This fall there will be one for every 500 acres.

COLLIER'S "Excuse me—am I your waiter?" BARNEY TOBEY

The resident farm worker as well as the migrant needed help this winter.

Yet with thousands facing hunger, the state Senate Agricultural Committee voted seven to four last November against accepting free federal surplus foods.

"If we do, they'll stay in California," was the argument.

The state senators did not recognize that most of the people whom they were denying food were either bona fide residents of California—or even if migrant, had been called in to help California pick its crops.

When Governor Earl Warren, alarmed over the malnutrition-diarrhea deaths of farm worker babies, prodded San Joaquin Valley county supervisors into a meeting, many resisted planning for relief.

"My county has taken a firm stand against giving too much aid," said R. E. Troutner, chairman of the board of supervisors in Kings County. "We won't have more than the normal load, if we don't advertise we're giving things away."

Yet Mr. Troutner later told me that when his wife visited some migrant workers in their squalid camp she was so shocked by the sight of children in tatters there that she went home and—with the help of her husband—collected warm clothing for them.

One worried county welfare director said:

"My county supervisors' attitude is this: 'For God's sake, don't say anything about the need or about our doing anything to meet it.' If I were to try to drum up volunteer help from the public, my board would fire me in a minute."

Consequently, it wasn't until late January, more than a month after harvest jobs and earnings had run out, that some counties launched makeshift work-relief programs while others belatedly arranged to accept surplus foods from bulging federal storehouses.

The February 4th issue of the New York Times carried a page-one headline:

BRANNON ORDERS DUMPING 25 MILLION BU. OF POTATOES

As part of the 65,000,000 bushels bought by the government to keep prices up, the 25,000,000 doomed bushels would be "colored blue (the New York Times reported) to keep them out of commercial channels."

Yet in one San Joaquin Valley county, Tulare, as late as mid-February, hundreds of hungry farm workers were threatening food riots because relief authorities—reluctant to plan early or plan at all—had not yet brought in surplus potatoes. California farmers, more prudent, had been feeding surplus potatoes for months to their pigs.

Kings County, with some 10,000 unemployed farm workers on its hands set aside for relief groceries $26,000. This would give 1,300 families $20 worth of groceries each—for one week. From this sum, $5,000 had been subtracted to pay handling charges on the federal surplus due to come in several weeks later, a supervisor told me.

An Old Settler Seeks Help

A few minutes' automobile drive from the Kings County courthouse at Hanford is the home of farm worker Manuel Cerna, father of nine children—two of them war veterans—and resident in California for 40 years.

When his (and some of the children's earnings) from cotton picking ran out, Cerna tried for three weeks to get by on one meal of beans and fried flour a day. Then he went to his kids' school to see what could be done about feeding them. Finally, he went to the county welfare director, Mrs. Harriet Styles. Although Cerna is really an old settler, this is what he was given for relief: several four-and-one-half pound cans of "multiple purpose food extender," the powder already mentioned. At home, Cerna's wife opened one can and studied the powder in bewilderment. The other cans were still unopened when this writer visited

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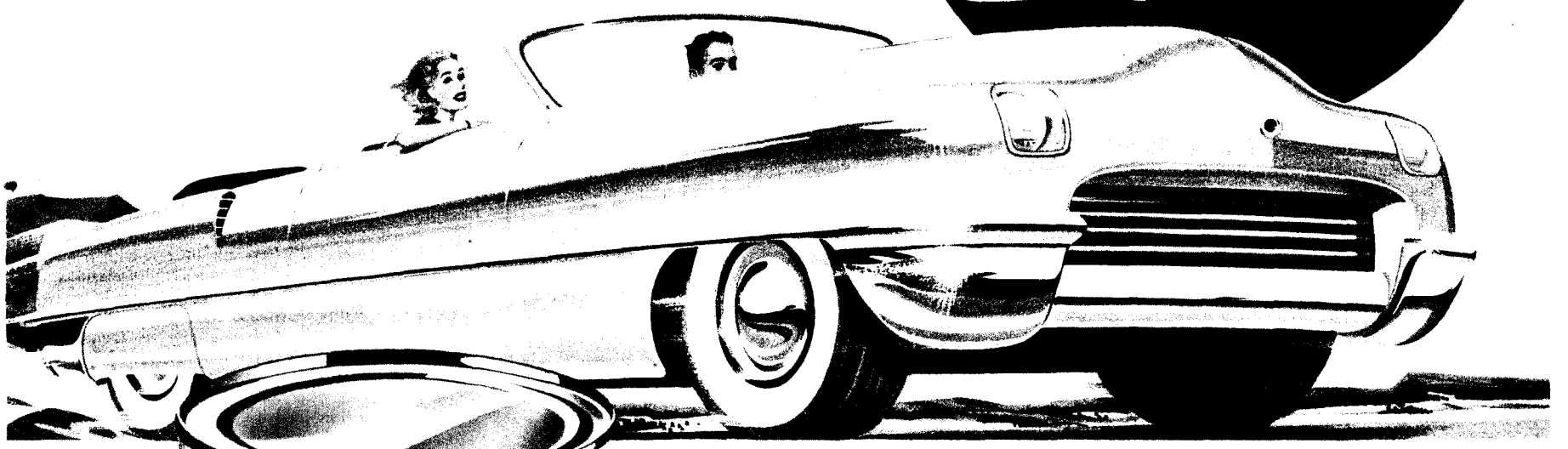

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Cerna several weeks later. And Cerna was still living on one meal a day.

A half-hour ride from the Kings County courthouse—18 miles away at Corcoran, where an army of unemployed farm workers is wintering in its own wretched Valley Forge—a Negro mother showed me a grocery order which she said had to last for two weeks. The order called for 15 cents' worth of salt meat, 21 cents' worth of bread, 10 cents' worth of cabbage and 18 cents' worth of canned beans, a total order of 64 cents. The family had also got several containers of the multiple-purpose powder.

Because of their hunger, resentment among farm workers was growing into anger.

We gave a lift to a young field laborer. He studied the gray countryside gloomily, and as we passed a shed bulging with hay, he burst out:

"Tons of hay stored for cattle. Not a pound of meat stored for us people." He went on bitterly, "It's as if they've hung out a big 'not wanted' sign all over the place—now that we're through picking the crop."

Cecil Scott, a lanky twenty-eight-year-old Signal Corps veteran from Arkansas, stranded with his twenty-one-year-old wife and two children in a tent camp on the Corcoran-Hanford road, hiked to the welfare office at Hanford where he shamefacedly asked for food.

"A man with kids will do a lot he wouldn't do before," he apologized to this writer.

Like others before him, Scott got a "No." But in his case the dismissal was as senseless as it was cruel. Down the hall, if Scott had but known, was a Red Cross office that would help him because he was a veteran. But the social worker had turned him away without telling him, and Scott returned to his hungry family empty-handed.

Only after we had talked did the young veteran learn that he could get help from the Red Cross.

The county welfare director turned out to be a gray-haired, slight woman in her fifties, who said she didn't know the amount of the welfare budget.

"You'll have to ask the board of supervisors," she said. But she did know that the county "had no work program, no work plan for employables."

Food for the farm workers?

"The Red Cross and the Salvation Army will work something out," she said. "I personally don't know that things are worse this year than last," she added.

Red Cross Policy Outlined

In Corcoran, I called on the Red Cross aide who would be in charge of distributing powdered eggs, honey and other surplus foods when they arrived a week or so later.

He said that to those who could establish legal residence (three years in the state, one year in the county) he would distribute surplus food brought in by the County Welfare Department.

"What about the others?" I asked. (An estimated two thirds of the farm workers have been in California three years or longer, but many—moving from county to county in search of work—have failed to establish legal residence anywhere.)

"The nonresidents get nothing," the Red Cross aide said. "We suggest they go back to their home counties. We give them gas to do it."

The Red Cross had stepped in last year when the county failed to relieve hunger with anything but the food extender which cost it 2 cents a meal, and which many recipients threw away.

"If it hadn't been for the Red Cross, there would have been food riots," the aide said. "Even so, we had to call the police to help control the food lines."

In only three counties out of eight in the San Joaquin Valley has the problem been tackled with work relief rather than charity.

Kern County was making history by setting aside $400,000 for work-relief projects for resident farm workers and by lowering residence requirements to only one year in the state. For such work it paid cash, 50 cents an hour. Yet even this county didn't want it to be known it was distributing surplus foods to nonresidents. Such food was passed out through the Red Cross.

Fresno County gives $20 worth of groceries weekly (more to larger families) to breadwinners on work projects. Nonresidents get government surplus foods. Donald Jensen, the county's competent and humane welfare director, pointed out the progress made in this program.

"Three years ago we helped nobody," he said. "Last year we helped residents only. This year we help residents and nonresidents."

Yet even in Fresno hunger or malnutrition stalk like ghosts.

Thirty miles west of the city, in a cotton pickers' camp near Huron, my companion, Collier's Photographer John Florea, jerked my sleeve.

"Look at that kid's belly," he said, pointing at a toddler of about eighteen months just inside a cabin. The child's abdomen was puffed out, painfully distended—a telltale sign of extreme malnutrition. Some families in the county, we found, had been living for days on flour gravy: flour browned in grease with water added.

The motorist heading north from Los Angeles along Highway 99 passes at Bakersfield, Kern County, a green and lovingly tended cemetery. Should the motorist turn off to take a look behind the cemetery he would get the surprise of his life. For, back of the cemetery, and not so well tended, is a creeping blight of open-air slums, its "tenements" made up of Army surplus tents, of shacks built from castoff boards, from rusted city-dump tin, from oil cans flattened out.

And he would also find there small homes built lovingly and skillfully with good lumber or plaster or adobe bricks Here some 20,000 farm workers, white, black and brown—who dreamed of a little gray home in the West—have come to rest amidst squalid reality. It is part of a chain of shantytowns that reaches north through Delano, Corcoran, Fresno and Sacramento to give California the longest continuous slums in America.

In slums like these most farm workers live. Others, less lucky, live right in their cars or under bridges or in private labor camps so degrading that one large farm operator told me, "It just breaks your heart to look at them." Some farm workers, more lucky, live in small but neat quarters a few farm operators have recently improved for them, or in the camps built by the government and operated privately.

Negro Slum a Bad Fire Risk

At Bakersfield, in "Cottonwood," a six-mile-square slum where 10,000 to 12,000 Negro field workers live, we got out before the charred remains of a five-room home. The fire-twisted and blackened metal of a onetime refrigerator, stove and bed was still heaped where the home had stood.

About a half mile away was the fire department. It consisted of a lone truck tended by two neat, colored firemen.

"Three quarters of this section has no hydrants," a fireman explained. There were no alarm boxes, few telephones, and the fire truck was usually fetched by car. "This whole section is a pile of matchboxes," he said.

"Cottonwood's" unofficial spokesman, Paul W. McCree, Negro secretary of a two-room Y.M.C.A., took us down the main street, teeming with idle men. In four blocks I counted 21 saloons and liquor stores.

"Knifings and killings here almost every night," said the Y secretary. "No police except occasional deputy sheriffs." And no sewers, no paved streets, no playgrounds, no health facilities except the clinic for babies held twice monthly in the little Y.

Near by was "Carversville," into which Negro industrial workers—recruited to pick cotton—had spilled, creating a new sewerless, lightless, gasless sprawl of tents and lean-tos. The cost of a lot: $500 to $600. Pay a little down; pay the rest at 8 per cent interest. On the horizon more shanties, more tents, more trailers were sprouting like weeds. On the ground, in the midst of a rural slum, you sense only vaguely the sprawling extent of the wretched roofs which the farm workers have put up over their heads. From the air comes a truer and more shocking picture.

Back from a flight over Corcoran, an old and established cotton center, Collier's photographer Florea exclaimed:

"My God, it's nothing but a main street completely surrounded by slums."

Corcoran lies in deep well country where water must be pumped from 600 to 800 feet down. For water, then, the farm worker around Corcoran gets into his jalopy and drives as far as four miles, dragging with him a five-gallon milk can or an improvised water tank on wheels. In the summer, when the California sun blisters the San Joaquin Valley with temperatures of 115 degrees and over, the water becomes undrinkable. In winter, when money runs out, and so does gas for the car, there is no water at all, unless some luckier neighbor lends a hand.

In the shantytowns ringing the city of Fresno, farm workers are closer to water. In a section known as Jericho, I saw a mother wade ankle-deep in mud, picking her way carefully past a battery of foul privies to an open tap a few feet beyond, where she filled a pail with water. About 100 yards in back of Jericho lies the Fresno city dump from whose castoff stovepipes, packing cases and other refuse, most of the shantytown's hovels had been built. Across the road from Jericho was a packing plant. During the summer, as one Jericho dweller put it, the "shantytown can't be seen for the clouds of flies." Most farm workers live in shantytowns. But an estimated 25 per cent live in labor camps owned by farm operators or labor contractors.

Farming by Remote Control

Travel for miles through the farms of the San Joaquin Valley. Occasionally you come upon a rancher's home. But not often. The farm operator in this part of the country (the "West Side" of the San Joaquin Valley) is more likely to live in Fresno, in Los Angeles or San Francisco, run his farm from an office building, visit his land by airplane. Now and then, beside the blacktop roads, you come upon a neat headquarters camp where farm foremen, "cat skinners" (caterpillar tractor operators) and other year-around farm employees live in white cottages. Then, in the middle of nowhere, you come upon barracks, rows of tent houses or single-room cabins—whole gray communities of them.

This is where about one-fourth of the workers in California's industrialized, assembly-line agriculture live.

Many Americans are assembly-line workers, and they enjoy the fruits of the assembly line: the cars, bathtubs, refrigerators, television—that mass production under a free system gives most Americans. But things haven't worked out that way for workers in assembly-line agriculture.

Inside plumbing? You walk through the mud in the rain to the privy. It's so awkward for the little kids to use they won't go near it.

Refrigerator? You dig a hole in the ditchbank; wrap your food in a wet gunny sack and put it there.

Running water? When the harvest's over, the irrigating pumps may be turned off—and you may be without any water at all.

A bathtub? A hose does it.

Is there a place in average American living for these displaced Americans? As this is written, thoughtful Californians are taking the first necessary steps to solve a problem that has plagued their state for many years.

County supervisors and farm operators have just asked Governor Earl Warren for an investigating commission. Equally important, the seasonal farm worker is beginning to take a hand in helping himself—as will be seen in the second of these articles—and in all this there is hope.

In next week's article, Lester Velie discusses current efforts to find a solution to the seasonal farm worker problem, which is national in scope

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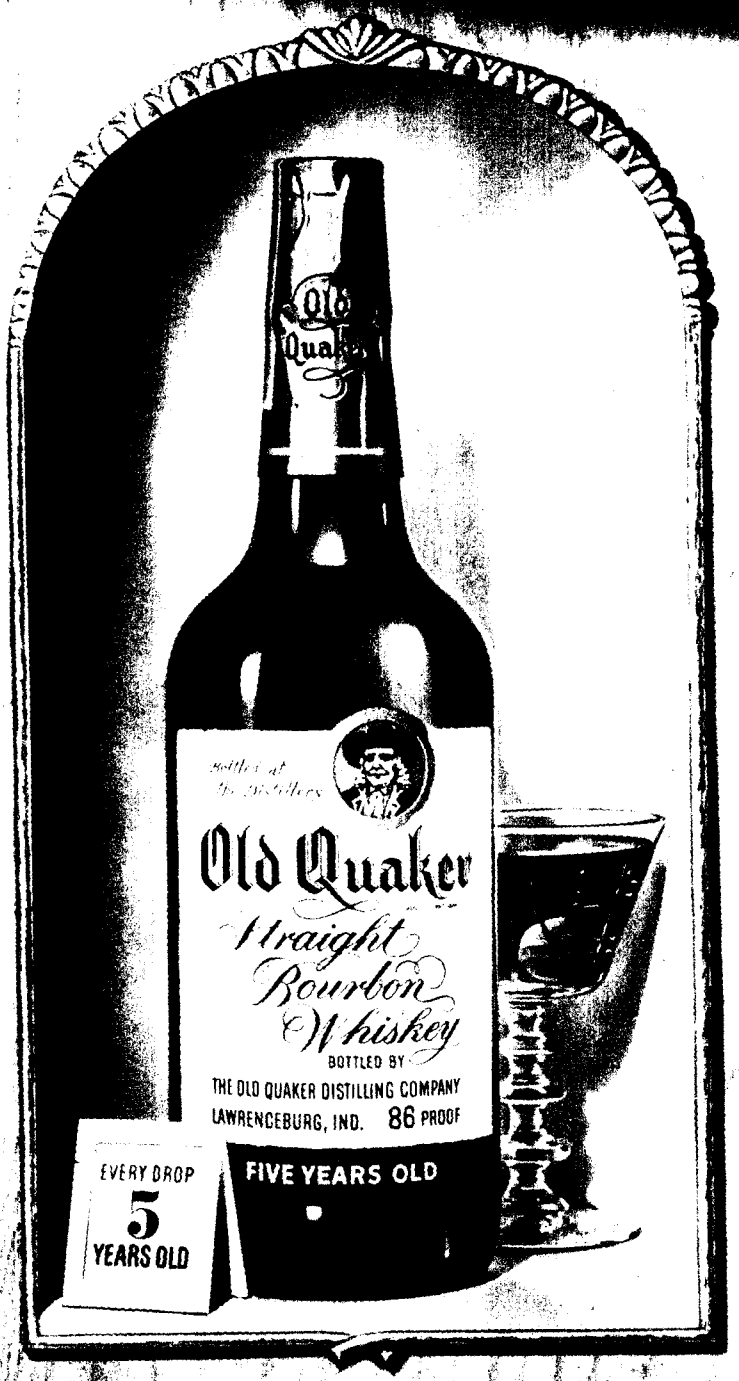

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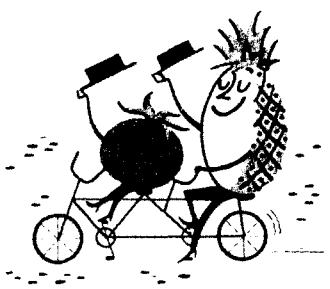

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The Case of the Smuggler's Bell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

happen if some state police patrol car, seeing his machine stopped by the side of the road, should pull up alongside and seek the cause of the trouble.

There was a short-handled shovel in the tool kit. Rob took the shovel, moved over to the side of the road near the fence, removed the sod, and quickly dug a hole some two feet deep. He wrapped the oiled-silk packages in a newspaper, shoved the whole thing down in the hole, placed the metal disk on top, and replaced the dirt as best he could. Then he fitted into place the circle of sod which he had carefully cut when he started the hole.

He checked the mileage on the speedometer of the little car, then with his pocketknife made a little blaze on a wooden fence post at the roadside.

Then he opened his notebook and drew a sketch map showing the exact location where he had stopped the car. A road sign some fifty feet ahead of the car gave mileages to the cities ahead and Rob carefully copied these distances in his book as well as the number of fence posts between the car and the sign.

He replaced the shovel and was just closing the toolbox when headlights coming along the road behind him suddenly swerved to the right and threw white brilliance over the little car. Then a double red spotlight on the roof of the oncoming car sent an oscillating beam along the highway in both directions.

A uniformed state patrolman got out of the car and walked forward. "Having trouble?" he asked.

"Had a flat," Rob said, "but I have it fixed now."

The patrolman took it quite casually. "Everything's okay?" he asked.

"All okay," Rob said. "I just put the tools away." And then by way of confirmation, as though he might need something in the way of proof, he pounded his fist into the mushy softness of the blown-out tire which he had placed on the rack. "It certainly let go all at once," he said.

THE trooper, following Rob's example, pounded the soft tire, nodded, said, "All right. Good luck," and walked back to his car. He took a notebook from the front seat and started writing.

Rob remembered that under the new regulations motor patrolmen were required to note every stop they made; he realized that the man would note the time, the place, and might well also make a note of the license number on Rob's automobile.

He opened the door and started to get in the car, but the patrolman, notebook in hand, was walking toward him once more. "Hate to bother you when you're having trouble," he said, smiling affably, "but since we're already stopped, I'll just make a check on your driving license. I like to make a routine check every so often."

Wordlessly, Rob opened his pocket billfold, extracted the driving license in its plastic container and handed it to the officer who checked it carefully, nodded, handed it back, and said, "Well, good luck."

"Thanks," Rob said, and jumped in behind the wheel.

"Nice dog you have there."

"Yes, he is."

"Vicious?"

"He's all right, only—I wouldn't pet him," Trenton said.

He felt certain that if he had wanted to disclose his identity, this man would know who he was. Some of the state troopers were familiar with the work that was being done with the training of their dogs and several of Rob's "pupils" had gone to the state police here. However, Rob was in no mood for casual comment. He wanted only to get away from there.

The state trooper was at the rear of Rob's car. As Rob climbed in the driver's seat he felt the jar as the trooper's fist once more thudded on the deflated tire. In the rearview mirror he could see that the trooper was inspecting the gash in the casing.

"Okay?" Rob called.

"Okay," the trooper said.

Rob eased the car into gear, made time down the road, keeping an eye on his speedometer, taking great pains not to exceed the legal limit, watching in the rearview mirror to see if the lights of the state patrol car followed.

But the state police car remained where it was parked, the red spotlight shimmering a warning in both directions up and down the road. Two other motorists came whizzing along behind and their headlights drowned out the view Rob had in the rearview mirror of what was taking place behind him.

ROB devoted his attention to driving the car. After a mile or so he slowed and let the two other cars come on past. The road behind was clear now. There were no reflections of headlights in the mirror. The state police car at least had not followed along behind. Rob hoped nothing had happened to arouse the suspicions of the officer.

Cautiously he depressed his foot on the pedal, bringing the quivering speedometer needle up above the legal limit. It would be approximately an hour before he could turn in to his own farm, where Joe Colton, the deaf caretaker, had been caring for the dogs while Rob had been away in Europe.

It was a new and disquieting experience for Rob to know that he was dodging the law. But he felt certain Linda could have had nothing to do with the cache of smuggled drugs and he was determined to clear her by finding the real criminal.

That was not going to be easy. Every mile that he covered brought new dangers to his mind. Anyone who was willing to use Linda as an unwitting tool in a smuggling operation running into the tens of thousands of dollars would not tamely tolerate the interference of an amateur like Rob. He shivered a little, disquieted by what might lie ahead. He had a few hours of grace at the most. Then the smuggler would find that the cache had been disturbed. And then what?

Quite obviously Rob could not go to the police. It was too late for that. He had no way of protecting Linda from suspicion, and he could never explain his own actions in burying the oiled-silk packages; the date of the newspaper in which they were wrapped would be a damning link in the chain of evidence.

Rob was definitely and entirely on his own, and he realized the very strong probability that he was dealing not with one man, but with a gang. There must have been more than three pounds in those oiled-silk packages; the value of their contents was enough to make several men, or more than several, wealthy.

It was nine thirty when Rob picked up the lights of the little village which was so familiar to him. The all-night café was open and an oblong of light spread out from the window to splash in vivid orange on the sidewalk. A filling station was a blaze of white illumination. Aside from that the town was closed up for the night and the headlights of the little car danced along the road as Rob Trenton passed the town, went a mile and a half, turned to the right for two miles, then turned in at his little farm.

He had sent Joe a wire saying he would arrive late that night. There was a light on in the kitchen and one by the kennels.

Rob gave two rapid blasts of the horn as he turned in at the gate, and then realized that the horn would do no good because Joe was as deaf as a post.

But as Rob piloted the car around the back circle of the driveway and the lights shone on the kitchen window, old Joe came

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hobbling out. From the kennels came the sound of barking which speedily died down as Joe Colton commanded, "Shut up!"

Leaning heavily on his cane, Joe hurried over to the car. "How're you coming, boss?"

Knowing Joe's deafness, Rob waited until the door was open before he shouted, "Hello, Joe, how're you feeling?"

At the sound of Rob's voice, an excited barking started in the kennels.

Joe grinned as he shook hands with Rob and said, "Reckon you've got to go speak to 'em now they've heard your voice."

Lobo, standing up in the back of the car, was growling throatily, then whining. Rob said to the big German shepherd, "You wait there, Lobo, till I've gone over and paved the way."

There were ten dogs in the kennels, and they greeted Rob with eager whines. Rob returned to the car, brought Lobo back with him, introduced him to the other dogs through the wire-meshed doors of the individual kennels. Then he brought Lobo to the house and said, "I hate to make the other dogs jealous, Joe, but this boy is strange and he'll have to sleep on my bed until he gets accustomed to the place."

Joe, in the cracked monotone of a man who cannot hear the cadences of his own voice, said, "Things been going all right while you've been gone. Put all the dogs through the regular routine every day. Kept them fed up nice, and they're all feeling pretty good. What kind of a trip did you have?"

He showed that he hardly expected an answer. Hearing was such an effort with him that he preferred to ramble on.

Rob smiled, motioned toward the car and said, "I'll get my baggage in."

Joe hobbled out to give what help he could with Rob's bags.

LOBO walked stiffly around the room, his nose inspecting every nook and corner, then, finally deciding that the bed belonged to that of his new-found master, looked inquiringly.

Rob nodded and said, "All right, boy," and Lobo jumped up on the bed.

"Got her all made up fresh for you," Joe said. "How about something to eat?"

Rob shook his head.

"Well, I reckon you're tired. How about that car? I didn't understand about that."

"I'll tell you in the morning."

"How—"

"Later on," Rob shouted.

"Okay," Joe said, and went hobbling about the kitchen getting things ready for the night. Rob undressed wearily.

He climbed into bed. Lobo adjusted himself so that he was curled against the feet of his new master, and Rob slept.

Sometime toward morning, he was aroused by the dog. The animal was growling throatily.

"That's all right, Lobo," Rob assured him drowsily. "Lie down, it's just a new home."

But the dog stood stiff and rigid, growling. Then with his paw he scratched at the covers over Rob's legs. Annoyed, Rob said, "Down, Lobo. Down, I say."

The dog sank back down on the bed, but his muscles were taut as springs.

IN THE morning Rob awoke with sunshine streaming through the windows, the lace curtains fluttering in the breeze.

Lobo opened his eyes, thumped his tail against the foot of the bed, then came crawling up for a morning greeting.

"All right, boy, let's go," Rob said, and Lobo leaped to the floor.

Rob stretched, yawned, kicked his feet into slippers, and went out into the kitchen where Joe, with a fire going in the wood stove, water boiling merrily in the kettle, was frying bacon.

Rob poured himself a cup of coffee from the big pot on the back of the stove.

Rob sipped the coffee and said to Joe, "I'm going to keep Lobo as a house dog, Joe. I'd like to make him a personal dog. I'll train the others, but Lobo will be a companion."

Joe cupped his hands back of his ears, squinted his eyes with a concentration of effort at hearing, and Rob smiled, waved his hand and said, "Never mind."

He walked to the door and inhaled the morning freshness, looked out over the rolling acres of the countryside, out to the kennels where the dogs were eagerly awaiting the day's training. Dogs that had been trained to keep silence unless they had been specifically ordered otherwise.

Rob strolled out into the back yard, inhaled deeply, then suddenly stiffened to attention as he looked at the circle and the driveway.

The little car was gone.

Rob rushed back into the kitchen, put his hand on Joe Colton's shoulder, his mouth close to Joe's ear. "Joe, what happened to the little car?"

"The one you came home with? It's out there."

"No, it isn't."

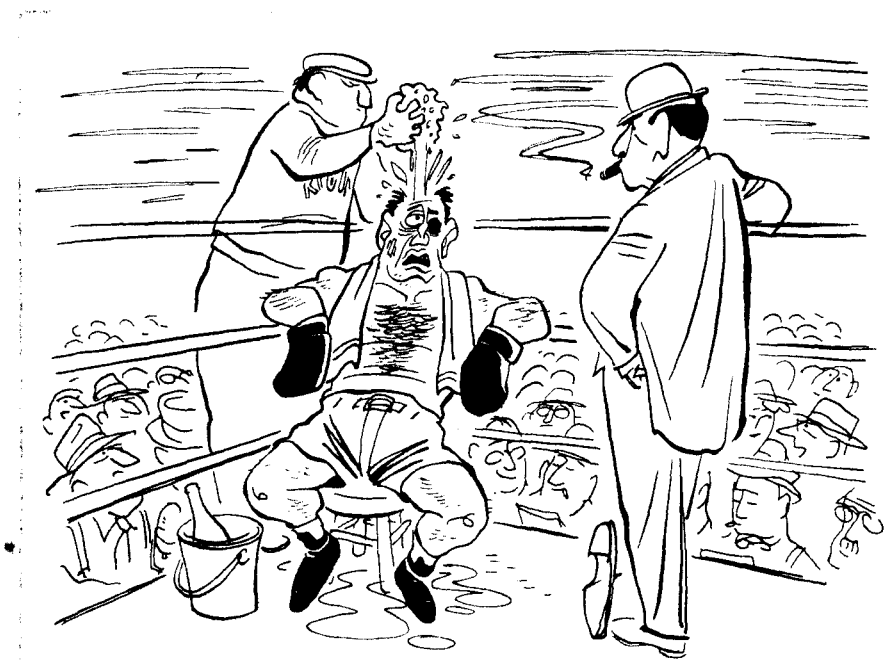
"What?"

"I say it isn't out there."

Joe started for the door, then after the manner of a good cook, turned, carefully drained the grease from the bacon and set the frying pan over on the back of the stove. He grabbed his cane, hobbled to the door, and stood looking at the driveway. "Well, I'll be doggoned," he said.

The two men were silent for a moment.

"How about the keys?" Joe asked. "Didn't you lock her up?"



COLLIER'S

"I'll say one thing for you . . . You don't match me with no bums"

HANK KETCHAM

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"Sure I locked it up," Rob said. He went swiftly to his bedroom, searched the pocket of his coat and came back with the keys to the car. "I locked the ignition."

"Well, she's gone now," Joe said, and he returned to the stove, gave a little shake to the coffeepot, brought the frying pan of bacon back over the warm part of the stove and carefully resumed cooking. "The station wagon's out back of the barn. Anyhow, I hope she is. We'll take a look around soon's I get breakfast outa the way."

Rob dashed in to put on clothes, then out again to look at tracks. It was difficult to tell much about footprints because Rob and Joe had made so many tracks the night before in unloading the baggage, but there were tire tracks going in the driveway and there were tire tracks going out of the driveway. These last tracks showed that the car had been turned north on the highway, in a direction away from town.

Rob came back to eat breakfast, said, "I'm going to have to notify Linda Carroll. She has all the data on motor number, engine number and all that, and I suppose, of course, the car is insured."

FALTHAVEN was a typical city with a population of something under ten thousand. In a soft drink parlor, Rob asked for directions to Linda Carroll's house.

"East Robinson Street?" the waitress said, while she was busy putting scoops of ice cream on split bananas, covering the mixture with heavy sirups of crushed fruit, whipped cream and nuts. "The best way for you to get there is to go up to the next stop light, then turn right and go five blocks. What number did you want?"

"Two hundred and five East Robinson Street."

"Well, when you've gone five blocks, that'll be Robinson Street. Then you turn to your left and it'll be about five or six more blocks."

"All right," Rob told her, smiling. "I guess I'll live through it. Thanks."

"Don't mention it," she said, spooning thick marshmallow sauce out of a jar. "You won't have any trouble."

Rob thanked her again, started for the door. "Say," she asked, "what's the name of the party you want? That isn't where Linda Carroll lives, is it?"

Rob nodded.

"Well, you won't have any trouble finding it. It's the second house from the corner on the right-hand side. A big two-story gray house. She's an artist and she won't answer the telephone, so you'll have to go up and see if she's home. I saw her uptown an hour or so ago—had some groceries with her. I guess she'll be back by now."

Rob found East Robinson Street without difficulty and, following the directions, came to the big gray house on the right.

It was an old-fashioned house evidently dating back to the turn of the century. There was about the place an atmosphere of spacious security which, while lacking in the efficiency of the modern small-spaced cottage, nevertheless was reminiscent of stability and that slower tempo which characterized a bygone era.

Rob's heart was beating more rapidly than usual as he parked the battered old station wagon and climbed the wooden stairs to the porch, then pressed his thumb against the bell button.

He could hear the sound of musical chimes from the interior of the house. There was no other sound from within.

Rob once more pressed his thumb against the bell button, holding it there for several seconds. This time as the sound of the chimes faded away he distinctly heard someone moving in one of the rooms, but no one came to the door.

Rob felt Linda Carroll would hardly leave him to stand on the front porch, regardless of what she might be doing. She certainly would look through one of the windows to find out who was calling, and when she had learned the identity of her visitor, Rob felt certain that he would have been admitted. His ears heard faint sound immediately on the other side of the heavy front door. Angry, he rang the chimes twice in rapid succession.

Suddenly the door burst open.

A woman in a smock stained with oil colors, red hair in stringy disarray over her ears, glasses perched on a sharp nose over a broad mouth, which might be capable of smiles but which was at the moment a thin line of indignation, glowered at him. She was slender, willowy, angry, and twenty years older than Linda Carroll.

"What do you mean, ringing my doorbell four times like that?" she asked angrily. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"I'm sorry," Rob said. "I want to see Miss Linda Carroll please."

"Of course you want to see Linda Carroll!" the woman stormed. "So does everyone else in town. This is one of those days. I do my shopping early so I can come back and settle down to a little painting, and what happens? The telephone rings, the doorbell rings—"

"Please," Rob said, "I have to see Miss Linda Carroll on a matter of considerable importance."

The woman tilted her head back so that it seemed her sharp nose was pointed directly at Rob. Her shrewd eyes studied him carefully. "What's your name?"

"I'm Rob Trenton. I've just returned from a trip to Europe. I sailed on the same ship with Linda Carroll, both going over and coming back."

She held the door open and said, "Come on in."

Rob entered the house, went through a reception hall and was ushered into a front room which had at one time evidently been a parlor and living room and which was now fixed up as a studio. There was one half-finished painting on an easel and dozens of others, some in frames, some without frames, scattered around the place.

"This is my workshop," she said. "Sit down."

"I want to see Miss Linda Carroll."

"I'm Miss Linda Carroll."

"I'm afraid there's some mistake," Rob said. "I guess I have the wrong Carroll. The Linda Carroll whom I know is about twenty-five years old. She has chestnut hair, hazel eyes, is about five feet, five inches tall, and weighs about a hundred and seventeen pounds."

"You say she's a painter?"

"That's right."

"And lives in Falthaven?"

"Yes. I happen to know she gave this as her address. It was on her passport."

The woman slowly shook her head. "I'm Linda Carroll. I'm a painter. I live here in Falthaven, and there isn't any other Linda Carroll living here. Now suppose you tell me just what this is all about."

Rob, rather dazed, reached for his hat.

"Now just a moment, young man. Don't think you're going to come in here with a story like that and then just get up and walk out."

"I'm afraid that the matter I have in mind is private."

"I don't know what this is all about, but I don't like the way you come in here and tell your story. Apparently someone's been impersonating me and I want to know all about it. Why are you so anxious to see this woman?"

"Miss Carroll," Rob said with dignity, "let me have—that is, she lent me an automobile and it's been stolen."

"*Gave* you an automobile?"

"No, lent it to me."

"Well, make up your mind which it was. You said first she gave it to you, then you said she lent it to you."

"I beg your pardon. I may have said she let me have it. I certainly didn't say she gave it to me, and since you're not the woman I have in mind—"

"Now don't try to back up," she interrupted. "Someone's been impersonating me, and I s'pose I *should* go to the police. However, I'll let you tell me the whole story so I can judge what I'm going to do."

"It's rather a long story."

"Well, I should think it *would* be. And what's happened to the automobile?"

COLLIER'S **"He's got more money than he knows what to do with, but of course, I can clear *that* up for him"** KIRK

"I don't know. It was stolen from my place last night."

"You reported the theft to the police?" the woman asked.

"No, not yet."

"Why not?"

"Well, I—I thought I should see her first and I haven't the data on the car, the serial number or— Well, it would all sound rather strange to go to the police with a story the way it is now. I'd like to have some details clarified before I report it."

"Well, I should think you would want to have things clarified. It sounds terribly fuzzy to me. If someone's been impersonating me I want to know it."

"No one was impersonating *you*," Rob Trenton said. "I simply have to find the Linda Carroll who was on the ship with me. There must have been some mistake in the address. Certainly this city isn't so big but that—"

"Well, I can tell you that it's small enough so I'd know if there was any other Linda Carroll in town, and particularly if she were a painter. Either someone's been spoofing you, or you're trying to spoof me!"

Despite the fact that words and voice were sharp, there was a certain twinkling kindliness about her eyes.

Rob tried to keep his voice enough under control so that it would not show undue interest. "May I ask if you have a passport?" he asked.

"Of course I have a passport. What does that have to do with it?"

"I just wondered if—well, if perhaps your passport had been stolen."

"No, it hasn't."

"Have you looked for it recently?"

"I'm telling you my passport hasn't been stolen. Now that's all there is to that. You don't need to start trying to cross-examine me, young man."

"I'm not trying to cross-examine you," Rob said. "Quite evidently you feel someone was using your name, and in view of the fact that it takes a passport to get anywhere at all in Europe, I'm quite certain the passport must have had your name on it."

"And my photograph?"

"I don't know. I didn't see the photograph."

"Well, no one has taken my passport, I can assure you of that."

"Would you mind showing me your passport? I have a very firm conviction that you'll find it's missing."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, will you at least please look for it?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, "All right. You sit right there. Don't move out of that chair. Don't go snooping around."

She left the room, was gone two or three minutes, then came back and triumphantly pushed a green-backed folder under Rob Trenton's nose. "Perhaps you'd like to look at it yourself?"

So firmly had Rob become convinced the girl he knew as Linda Carroll had been using the passport of this woman he could hardly conceal his surprise.

He took the passport and thumbed through the pages. There was no question but that this was the passport of Linda Carroll of Falthaven, and that it had not been tampered with. The photograph in the front of the passport was undoubtedly that of the woman standing in front of him.

"Satisfied?" she asked at length.

Rob handed the passport back to her.

She saw the expression in his eyes and suddenly softened. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm afraid someone has victimized you. Now suppose you tell me exactly what's wrong."

Rob just shook his head miserably.

"I want you to tell me."

Rob said, "Right now I feel as though someone had turned all of my world upside down. I'm trying to readjust myself. I'm sorry. You'll excuse me."

He started for the door.

She followed him, again took his arm. "I think you'd better tell me," she said. "What is it? Did you fall in love?"

Almost unconsciously Rob pulled away from her. At the moment he didn't want to have anyone prying into his mind.

The woman with the sharp nose and the glasses stood in the doorway watching him as he walked dejectedly down the wooden steps to the battered, decrepit station wagon.

Then, as Rob started the car, she quietly closed the door, her face wearing a thoughtful, puzzled frown.

FIVE blocks from the big frame house of Linda Carroll, the decrepit station wagon suddenly clattered into organized sounds of metallic distress and stopped abruptly. Rob tried to make an inspection. It seemed that something had stripped the gears. A garage with a tow car finally removed the station wagon and left Rob with no alternative save to return by bus.

He ate lunch at a little restaurant in the bus station.

A few minutes before the bus was due he walked down the street to the drugstore, called state police headquarters, failed to give his name, and reported the Rapidex sedan as having been stolen. He hung up in the middle of the conversation before embarrassing questions could be asked and then went back to the bus station.

A thin, nervous man who stood by the gate kept looking at his watch. He finally engaged Rob in conversation. "Seems like that bus will never get here. Is that time right?"

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BURNING QUESTIONS

Late at night, some men do their hardest worrying. Each thought glimmers and glows like the burning end of a cigarette. Chain-thoughts like these:

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He pointed to a clock on the wall.

"That's the right time," Rob said, consulting his watch.

The man said irritably, "I'm doing a contracting job in Noonville. I *have* to get there. What I can't understand is what happened to the other fellows who are working on the job with me. They were supposed to show up in their car twenty minutes ago." Rob merely nodded.

THE door opened. A squat, broad-shouldered man in overalls and jumper, a disarming grin on his face, pushed his way toward the gate. "Hello, Sam."

The nervous man whirled around. There was relief on his face. "Gosh, it's about time you got here. We're going to be late."

"We can make it," the man said, and then added, "We had a blowout but it's okay now. It's a good thing we fixed it. The bus is half an hour late."

"Half an hour late?"

"That's the report we get," the man in overalls said. "Come on, let's go."

The other man turned to Rob apologetically. "You heard what my friend said? The bus is half an hour late. We're going to Noonville, if you're going in that direction."

"Noonville is where I go," Rob said.

"Well, come on. Get in with us. We'll have you there in an hour. If the bus is a half hour late it'll take two hours running time and—"

"Have you got room?" Rob asked.

"Sure thing," the man in overalls said. "There are only four of us in a six-passenger car. Got any baggage?"

"No baggage."

"Well, come on. Let's go."

They were so casual about it that Rob didn't really stop to think too much about it until he found himself in the back seat of the big sedan between two well-dressed, quiet-spoken men, while his chance acquaintance at the bus depot and the man in overalls occupied the front seat.

As he looked guardedly around him, Rob began to feel an undefined uneasiness. The car was too big, too powerful, too well-appointed to match the story that had been given Rob by the man at the bus terminal. The men on each side of Rob in the back seat were just too competent, too self-contained, too ominously unsocial.

He tried to dispel the sense of disquiet by cold logic. The man was a contractor. Naturally he would have men of money with him as well as some workingman to do the heavy work. It was all right. Rob tried to convince himself that he was letting his nerves run away with his intelligence. He smiled at his own concern.

And then the rushing speed of the car, the unruffled competence of the men sitting on each side of him, transformed Rob's amusement into shivering apprehension.

He looked at his wrist watch, snapped his fingers and said, "By gosh, fellows, I forgot—I clean forgot—"

There were two or three seconds of silence.

"*What* did you forget?" the driver asked.

"I forgot a telephone call that I've simply got to make," Rob said. "I knew there was something. Gosh, I don't want you fellows to stop while I put the call in. I know you're in a hurry. Just let me out here and I'll put in the call and take a taxi back to the bus station. I'll have time if it's going to be half an hour late."

"Oh, that's all right," the driver said. "We'll take him to a phone, eh, boys?"

"Sure," one of the men in the back seat said.

The car sped on, smoothly gliding through traffic.

"There's a telephone in that service station," Rob said.

"So there is," one of the men said. "Turn around, Sam. We'll run back there and let the guy phone."

Rob heaved a sigh of relief, turned around to look through the back window to make certain that the service station actually did have a telephone sign in front of it. Once in that service station, he made up his mind he would go to the men's room, bolt the door and refuse to come out.

The driver slammed on the brakes hard.

The men in the back seat all lurched forward. Rob was facing toward the rear of the car and was thrown off balance.

He hardly had time to appreciate the significance of the maneuver before the black lap robe in the back of the car descended over his head, and handcuffs snapped on his wrist.

"Okay, Sam," one of the men said. "Keep going."

Rob felt he was suffocating under the heavy, black robe, but he let out a yell for help at the top of his lungs.

Something crashed down on the top of his head. There was a blinding flash of light and then he felt himself falling through darkness. . . .

Rob regained consciousness by degrees. He was first aware of the painful jolting of his head, then a dim light penetrated to his eyes, then came the sensation of suffocation.

"Whose word are you going to take —the bank's or your own wife's?"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

For a moment he could not recall what had happened or where he was, but there was an element of caution which penetrated to his mind from the unconscious and caused him to lie still.

Gradually memory returned.

He found that the robe was still over his head but that a fold of the cloth enabled a limited amount of air to pass to his nostrils.

Any turning of the head would result in shutting off this flow of air. His wrists were pinioned by handcuffs, but, tensing the muscles of his lower legs, he knew his legs were not bound.

He realized that he was on the floor of the car, that the two men who had been in the rear of the car were on each side of the seat, their feet resting against Rob's body so that they could batter him down or kick him into insensibility should he make any attempt to raise his body.

No one said anything, but from the odor of tobacco smoke reaching his nostrils Rob knew that one of the men was smoking a good cigar.

The car purred onward at steady speed. Rob guessed that he had been unconscious for some time because the bones and muscles that were in contact with the carpeted floor of the car were aching. He had the distinct feeling that any attempt to move would have disastrous consequences.

The minutes lengthened into what seemed to be an hour.

A voice finally broke the silence. "Say, is that goof all right?"

"Sure."

"You conked him pretty hard," said the man who had spoken first.

"He's all right."

Rob sensed motion above him. A hand clapped itself on his forearm, then slid down to the wrist. The middle finger, pressing in just the right place, counted the pulse. "Hell, he's doing fine," one of Rob's captors said.

The men settled back in the seat.

Rob could stand it no longer. He stirred and as soon as he changed position the folds of the robe fell about his nostrils, virtually shutting off the air.

"Air!" he muttered quickly, surprised at the sound of his own voice. "Air, give me air."

One of the men laughed. A foot kicked him at the base of the spine.

Rob tried to struggle erect. Anything was better than this slow suffocation.

He heard a voice say, "No more of that. Give the guy some air."

There was motion above him and the robe was pulled halfway back and cool air impinged against Rob's face, was drawn down deep into his oxygen-starved lungs.

"Don't try to get up," a voice said. "Don't try to see where you're going. Stay in that position. Don't talk."

"But what in the world—"

"Shut up."

"Let him talk," an authoritative voice from the front seat said.

The man in the right rear promptly vetoed the suggestion. "Better let him do all his talking at once." His voice was ominous in its quiet contradiction.

"Okay," the man in the front seat agreed meekly.

The car was moving rapidly now and Rob felt certain from the smooth purr of the wheels they were on a modern highway. The sounds of passing traffic indicated they were either approaching or leaving some large city.

A few moments later Rob decided they had left the city behind as the car rocketed into increasing speed. He tried slowly shifting his position. There were no objections from the men in the back seat.

"Say, can't you take these things off my wrists?" Rob asked, as the steel bit into his wrists as he tried to move.

"You're doing all right the way you are, buddy. It won't be long now."

"These things are hurting."

"Well, now, ain't that too bad?"

Rob lapsed into a silence which he hoped was dignified. Then, unable to endure the torture of lying in one cramped position any longer, he braced himself against the pain in his wrists and rolled completely over so that he was facing the back seat. He saw the feet of two men, the neatly creased and tailored trousers.

"Hey, none of that," one of the men said. "Go on back to where you were."

"I can't. I'm too cramped."

The man on the other side of the rear seat interposed a comment. "He's been down there quite a while. Let the guy roll over if he wants. Don't try to get up, buddy, or we'll kick you into a headache you'll remember as long as you live."

FEELING easier now that he had rolled over on the side away from the tortured muscles, Rob settled down to wait.

The car swung into a right-angle turn, jolted over a rough road. The damp smell of greenery, vegetation and quiet water came to Rob's nostrils. The car slowed, jolted painfully, then, after some ten minutes, came to a stop.

One of the men opened the door, said, "Okay, buddy, out you go."

Rob tried to get to his feet, but with his hands handcuffed behind his back he could only flounder around like an awkward fish in death struggles on a wharf.

The other men partially lifted him to the ground. Rob had a brief glimpse of trees, the shimmer of afternoon sun on water, and then a blindfold was whipped over his eyes and tied tightly into position.

The pressure of the handcuffs against the bone had become a steady, insistent brain-searing torture.

"Can't I have these handcuffs off?" he asked.

"Take the handcuffs off," the quiet voice ordered. "He's had a pretty rough time of it."

A man took Rob's right arm. Another moved over to take his left arm. The handcuffs were unlocked and clicked open.

"Now just walk quietly and straight," the quiet voice ordered.

They started walking. After a few minutes Rob realized he was walking on planks. The hollow sound led him to believe it was a pier of some sort. Then a moment later one of the guards said, "Take it easy now, Trenton. Lift your right foot high. Now a long step."

Rob thrust out his right foot, afraid for the moment that he might find nothing but water underneath. Then this foot came down on the deck of a boat.

Rob was guided down a steep flight of stairs and into a room. The blindfold was removed. Rob found himself in a small, sparsely furnished room. Through a porthole he could see the tops of a thick clump of trees and a patch of blue sky.

FROM the looks of the room and what little he could see through the porthole, he guessed that the boat was a big shallow-draft houseboat, perhaps fifty or sixty feet long. He rubbed his wrists, wondering what would come next.

The man who was wearing the overalls and the man who had occupied the right-hand corner of the rear seat remained in the room. The others left.

The man with the overalls did the talking.

"Well?" he asked.

"You tell me," Rob said. "It's your show and—"

"Shut up," the man with the overalls cut in. "We want to know about that Rapidex automobile—the one we took from your place last night. Something happened to it between the time it left the customs shed and when it arrived at your place. You're going to tell us what happened."

Rob played dumb. "You mean *you* took that car?"

"That's right."

"You had no right to touch it without my permission. That's theft, that—"

"Sure, it's theft," the man agreed. "We didn't have to slug you and bring you here to find that out. We want to know what happened to the car."

"What do you mean—what happened to it? You stole it. That's what happened to it."

"You know what I mean."

"What time did you take the car?" Rob countered.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"It might have a lot to do with it," Rob said. "I left that car parked in my driveway. And if all this fuss is over a blown-out tire—I'd have bought you a new tire if—but no, all this wouldn't be over a tire. It couldn't be."

The men exchanged glances.

"Where was it when you had the blowout, Trenton?"

"I can't tell you. It was—well, I can't remember the exact place."

The chunky man, who had been in the back seat said, "When you come right down to it, Rex, someone could have beat us to it there at the driveway and—"

"Oh, nuts!" the man in overalls said.

He got up out of the chair, took off the blue denim jumper, hesitated a moment, then took off his shirt and undershirt. Naked to the waist, he walked toward Rob and, suddenly pivoting from the hip, smashed Rob flush on the jaw.

Rob's head shot back on his neck. He saw a shooting procession of lights and staggered back against the wall. A red rage enveloped him. He went charging blindly

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at the blurred image of the man's naked torso, and a straight left snapped his head back.

Rob became deadly cool.

The man stepped in, hooking a vicious right to the chin. Rob stepped back, avoided the blow, then moved forward with a swift left and had the satisfaction of feeling his whole arm tingle with the shock of impact.

The heavy-set man sat with one hip propped on the table. He was smoking a cigar. He laughed amusedly.

"Why, you little squirt," Rex said, and came forward, weaving back and forth with the unmistakable manner of a professional boxer.

He feinted with his left, his right whipped into Rob's ribs.

Rob swung slightly and crashed a straight right with lots of force behind it. He felt the fist strike squarely on his opponent's nose.

The man who had been sitting on the table, watching the fight with amused eyes, carefully laid down his cigar, slid down off the table.

Rob's opponent stepped back. A red stream came from his nose, down across his lips and chin, spattered to his naked chest. His eyes narrowed with cold rage, he stepped in. Rob ducked.

The heavy-set man kicked Rob in the stomach. Rob pivoted, but the pain of the kick robbed his punch of its power. He hit the other man in the ribs, then went down.

The heavy-set man opened the door, whistled a shrill summons. Two men came running down the corridor. Rob heard an exclamation of incredulous surprise at the bloody nose of the man in overalls; then he felt the bite of ropes on his arms.

They tied Rob with the thoroughness of sailors who are accustomed to doing a workmanlike job with ropes.

Rob was trembling now with the reaction of rage and physical effort. He saw a battered bloody face and for a moment could hardly realize that his own fists had wrought that havoc. It was the first time he could remember that he had smashed at a man with his fists in anger.

Somewhere above him a man said thickly through puffed lips, "Now, you damn' little jerk, if you think we're going to let you play ring-around-a-rosy with a half-million dollars' worth of powder, you're crazy."

A foot crashed into his jaw and he lost consciousness.

ROB had no way of knowing how long he had been unconscious. Indistinctly, he could hear low voices. Slowly the sounds made words. Almost unwillingly Rob's mind translated the words into meaning. Two men were sitting at the table, a bottle of whisky, two glasses and a siphon of soda water between them. Rob heard the clink of ice and it emphasized the thick dryness of his tongue. His head was throbbing. His whole body was racked with pain. Having dared open his eyes just enough to see the men, he closed them again, lay motionless.

One of the men said quietly, "I tell you, I think the guy's right. He isn't the type to have pulled a stunt like that. If he'd found it, he'd have gone to the police."

"Well, then," the other man said, "there's only one possible solution, and that is someone high-graded it while it was in the driveway before we got there, and I don't think that's possible."

Rob heard soda squirt into the whisky glasses, then one of the men said, "Well, we've got to figure it out inside a couple of hours. We have to think of a getaway."

"I'm not making any getaway that leaves all our profits behind."

"Forget it, we've made enough."

"You mean we *will* have made enough when we get this deal over. Until then we're just suckers. We've pyramided our profits on this. The *big* pay-off is all tied up in this deal."

"The big pay-off with me is keeping out of stir. You haven't done time. I have. I don't want any more of it."

There was silence except for the tinkle of ice against glasses, a sound which tortured Rob's ears, made him even more conscious of his burning throat.

He heard the sound of quick, excited steps in the passage outside the room. Then the doorknob was twisted and the door burst open.

One of the men at the table said angrily, "Knock when you come in here. What the hell—"

A voice in the doorway interrupted in a hoarse whisper, "A man out in the bushes, over on the point, studying the place with binoculars. He's built a regular blind—like a duck blind, right in the edge of the brush, and—"

AS THOUGH the action had been rehearsed, two chairs scraped back. An authoritative voice said, "Well, take another one of the boys with you, sneak up behind him, throw down on him with a rod and bring the guy in. We want to talk with him."

Rob heard above the sound of feet on the bare boards someone saying, "How about this guy here?"

"Lock him in," someone said. It was a voice of command. Rob thought it was the voice of the heavy-set man who had been perched on the edge of the table smoking, an amused smile on his lips while Rob had been fighting, but he couldn't be sure. "Get that electric-spark device connected with the gasoline," the voice went on. "If we clean out of here we want to be sure the boat isn't left for the bulls to prowl around in. Shake the lead out and let's go."

The men hurried out, paused once more for a huddled conference in the corridor, then pounded up the stairs.

Rob, his ears straining, listening, lay absolutely motionless, with his eyes closed, keeping his breathing slow and regular.

Two of the men remaining behind discussed strategy in low tones.

"We're getting in deeper and deeper," an anxious voice said.

"Well, you can't help it now."

"We started out with dope, now we've gone in for kidnaping. You know what *that* means."

"All right. Quit now and get caught," the other voice said savagely and sarcastically. "You can figure it out for yourself. What we're going to do now is to *keep* from getting caught."

"Well, if we go on from here, let's be damned certain we don't get caught."

"I tell you this is the windup. We can get out, but we've got to get this thing cleaned up and cash in on the profits. Did you ever try being on the lam when your dough had run out? If I'm taking a powder I want to be dough-heavy. The idea back of this whole business was that when we did this last job it'd be big enough to leave lots of gravy. Now get your knees so they'll work and get the hell out of here."

The door closed and Rob heard the click of a key on the outside. Then he heard swift activity below deck on the boat and someone giving orders.

A man climbed to the deck, then Rob heard steps moving along the dock on the outside. After a brief interval a figure walked past the porthole on the outside, temporarily shutting out a bit of the late afternoon sunlight.

Four or five minutes later another man walked to the deck and moved casually along the planks. Then two more left quietly.

Rob opened his eyes, squirmed and tried to take stock of the situation.

His arms were tied behind his back, the rope running from his wrist down to his ankles, so that he couldn't entirely straighten out but had to keep his knees slightly flexed in order to keep the rope from biting into the flesh of his wrists. He could, however, roll to his stomach and then stand on his knees; but this accomplished nothing. After a few seconds, the pain of supporting his weight on his knees against the bare floor caused Rob to settle back with his weight on one hip and then after a moment he fell down on his side. He was utterly helpless.

(To be continued next week)

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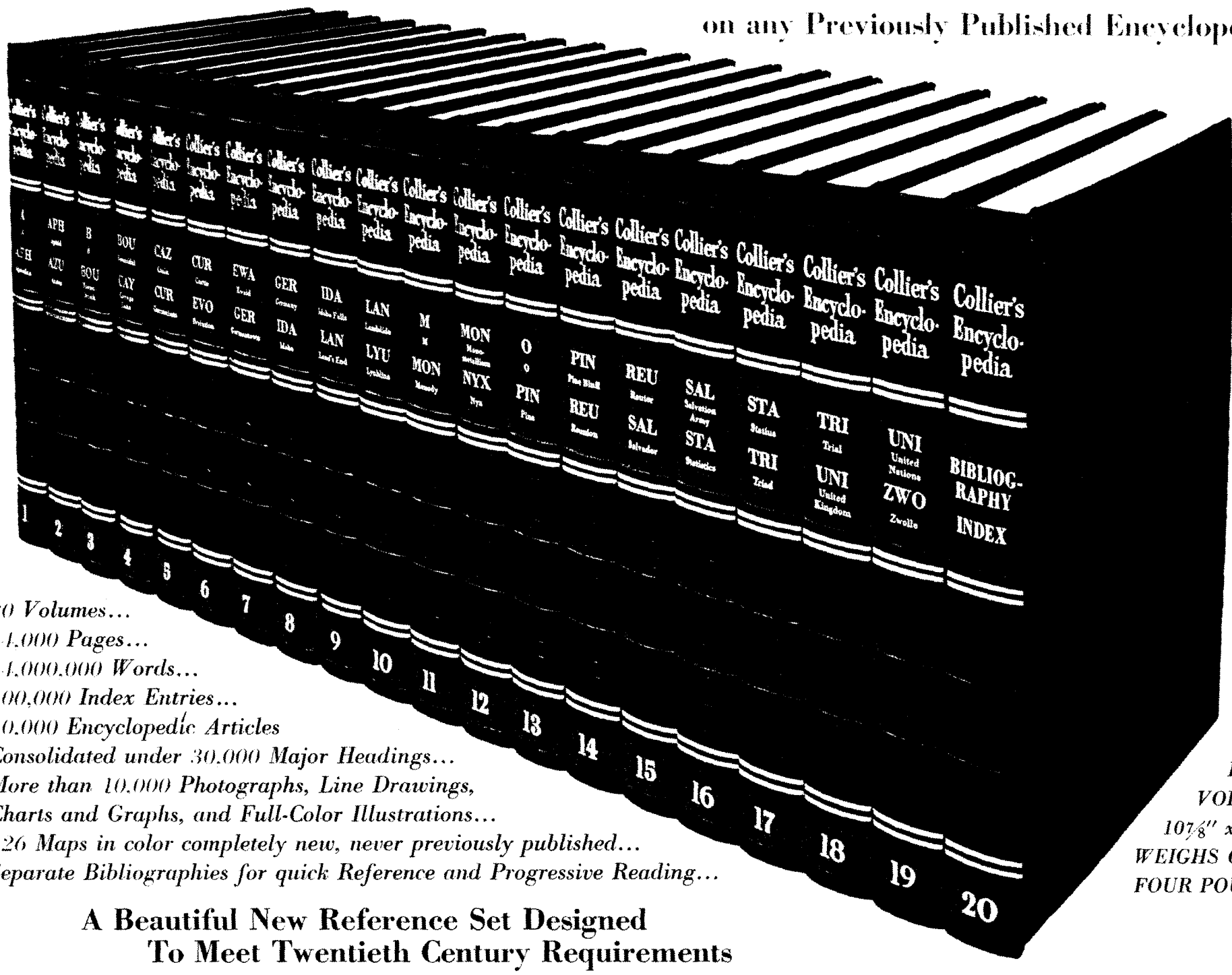

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When in Rome

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

to be craven over that miserable seventy-five dollars you give me—I need some money. Write a check."

"Don't be autocratic with me," I said. "I've got your taxes to meet. I'll give you two dollars and that's it."

We made it three and he left. Five minutes later Nan was on the phone.

"You better get yourself some widow's weeds, honey. I hear your boss is Italy bound with Losko."

"Yeah," I said drearily.

"How come? Millikin discover he wasn't the all-in-all with his girl friend?"

"Uh-huh. I wish this climate didn't make everybody's libido overactive."

"You're so right. Jay Dean was in today while I was doing a make-up on Losko. Boy, she was frying in her own grease paint. Well, they'll probably shove you back into the script department unless"—there was a long, meaningful pause—"unless," said Nan, "you go along."

"Are you off your rocker? They don't need me."

"That's what you say. What happened when you went on your vacation last year? They blotted Paul Madras up in every bar in town."

"Look," I said patiently. "I'm not his good fairy, I'm his secretary."

"Losko is taking everything but dancing boys with her. Assert yourself. Be indispensable."

"You see too many movies. He gets along all right without me."

"Okay, okay, but if I had a chance to languish under a hot Italian sky with Jay Dean anywhere on the horizon I'd take it."

"Take it and file it," I said. "You're unnerving me and I've got work to do."

I HUNG up on her and was preparing to sit down for a good mope when Marvin Oswich and Jerry Taylor came in. Marvin goes around in a white duckhunting cap so you'll know he's a writer but Jerry is sort of nice and wears a tie. They got the Academy Award two years ago for a comedy called Low Life so now they live in a penthouse apartment with fur on the walls and call Millikin "Adolph" to his face. Their particular style of humor is a trifle wearing, but I keep a civil tongue in my head to men who make two grand a week.

"Dance with me," said Marvin, pulling me into his arms, "I want my arms about you."

Jerry just lighted a pipe and started reading the mail on my desk.

"Cease," I said, "and desist. Mr. Madras is not in. He's getting his hair cut."

"Rumor hath it that his head goes with it," said Jerry morosely.

"Say it isn't so," chirped Marvin, "because he's been hand-picked to dwarf our prose, pervert our meaning and direct our script."

"Oh, no."

"She's in pain," said Marvin. "What's the matter with our script?"

"I told you I didn't feel the ending," said Jerry nervously.

"Millikin cried before our very eyes, didn't he?" demanded Marvin.

"He has sinus trouble," I said.

"Bess," said Marvin, grasping my suit lapels, "they're alone together in the Coliseum. She knows she's going to die. She does die—a nice controlled little scene, six pages. He picks her up in his arms, and moves into camera. 'This,' he says, 'was the noblest Roman of them all.' Now, I ask you!"

"Please don't," I said hastily.

"I think we're too close to it," said Jerry, doubtfully.

"Close, schmose. I tell you they'll drown."

Jerry paced the office with a haunted look on his face. "You and your originals. We could've found us somethin' nice out of Somerset Maugham, slanted it a little bit for Losko and romped home. But no—you got ideas!"

"Millikin liked it, didn't he? Mogul's making it, Losko's playing it, and you want an egg in your beer."

"What do I want with money?" said Jerry. "I should have gone to Bermuda."

"You want a vacation?" Marvin asked. "We'll go to Italy. Paul'll fix it. On-the-spot changes, some dialogue trouble."

"Nothing doing. Ugh, a location with Losko. I'm young, in the prime of life."

"Gentlemen," I said, "if you don't mind, I'll call you when Mr. Madras comes back. I'm sure he'll want a conference with you as soon as he's read the script."

"Is that a crack?" said Marvin stiffly.

"Leave the kid alone," Jerry said. "Look, Bess, Millikin lowered the boom. We were supposed to have eight more weeks on it but we got the bum's rush so if the last half is a little unsteady tell Paul . . ."

Marvin grabbed him. "Tell Paul he's got another Anna Karenina."

As they went out I heard Paul come in his private entrance.

"Anything happen?" he asked.

"Yes," I said tearfully, "the Indian sign is on you. You know who wrote your beautiful, tender script? Oswich and Taylor, the double whammy!"

"Bess, my dearest Bess, you don't know a joke when you see one. What would Oswich and Taylor know about a script for Lena Losko? They write comedies. It's preposterous!"

The messenger girl came in and threw a script into the basket on my desk.

I picked it up gingerly. The title read: The Seven Hills, by Marvin Oswich and Jerry Taylor. "It's a *fait accompli*," I said and handed it to him.

Paul's not very steady in a crisis. He read the script and began hollering at me to call his agent.

"Tell him I'm available for that Paramount job! Tell him I quit here! Tell him I will go back to waiting tables before I do this! At the Hotel Royal at least we threw the garbage out!"

Fortunately Paul had an appointment with the doctor. I promised to call Max Karl, his agent, and tell him the whole sordid story. Max came right out to the studio, we bolted the door and I let him have it. "Millikin's got him on the rack, Max."

"Whafor? No Illusions grossed five million and he was playing golf with Millikin ten days ago."

"It's not the days that count," I said coughing delicately. "It's what Paul does with his nights. He's been spending them with Millikin's flame, Marcia."

"Don't give me any names. It's better I shouldn't know. Look, Bess, let's not kid ourselves. He's got a contract; he's got a picture, and he owes our office a little money." He lighted a cigar. "Also Millikin's a client. We're in a crack."

"I suppose Millikin's ten per cent is bigger," I said bitterly.

"It gets paid."

"You know what this will do to his career, don't you?"

"We all die young out here, honey. Besides, he can always blame it on Losko. When's he sailing? I'll send a *bon voyage* basket, something real nice, huh?"

"He can't eat anything. He's got ulcers."

"Don't we all. And listen, Bessie, don't rile him. Things are a little tight around town. It's this pitcher or nuthin'."

"Thanks for everything, Max," I said tightly, "I'll tell him when he comes in."

Maybe it was because Paul saw the tears in my eyes when I gave him Max's message. Anyhow he kissed me on both cheeks and the next thing I knew I was getting typhoid shots and passport pictures. I spent three nights in the Beverly Hills library over Simplified Italian, and Nan took me out to dinner as a sort of farewell fling.

"You remember Georgia Sherman? She went over with Gregory Ratoff and, honey, she swears the men followed her on the streets. If she went out here with her belly painted blue they wouldn't look at her twice."

"You mean there's some hope for me?"

"It's the climate—all that sun and everything."

"Nan, dear, we have sun here and all I've ever got was a tan."

"You'll see."

This vote of confidence inspired me to a new haircut and a perfume called Now. On the eve of our departure I gave away my cat and a pink knitted bed jacket, consigned my hot-water bottle to the wastebasket and burned two books on Personality, along with my bridges.

IF YOU put a girl who was born in Sacramento into a pension in Rome whose windows overlook the Temple of Venus something is bound to happen. I suppose you think I saw Jay Dean for the first time in the white summer air, our eyes met, and slowly, inexorably, we moved to meet our fate, within the etched shadows of a Temple of Love. Well, I didn't. I drank some water from the faucet and spent the first six days being sick to my stomach and wishing, with unflagging intensity, that I were dead.

By the time I emerged, Paul had got the company shooting and I crawled to Titus Arch to join them. The way I felt I was prepared to hate Losko on sight and I wasn't disappointed. I did. How could you help it if you had mousy hair and eyes like shoe buttons and came face to face with all that a thousand-and-one Slavic nights could imply in a pair of sea-green eyes and a promising mouth? And then there was Jay Dean.

Maybe it's the neurosis of our civilization that women react violently to professional tough guys in trench coats, but if your favorite poet happens to be John Keats, they leave you cold. I didn't impress him either. He looked at me as casually as if I were a traffic light, but he offered me his chair. It was kind of nice of him, considering what I looked like after six days of thin mush.

"Kinda bushed?"

I nodded. I guess he knew I'd got sick from drinking the tap water.

"At Cassino the water was tougher to take than the Nazis. What's your name?"

"Bess."

"Friend of Paul's?"

"I'm his secretary."

"Uh-huh."

"Uh-huh, nothing," I said, getting sore. "I work for him."

He flicked a muscle in his cheek that's been famous on the screen for ten years, and smiled. "Cigarette?" We must have looked too chummy for Losko, because she waved away two make-up girls as if they were flies, and advanced on us.

"Deanie, darling," she said in a sandpaper voice, "buy me a drink, will you? I'm melting."

He let it go past and kept on staring at me. "Where d'you live?"

"In a pension," I muttered. Who knows what might have happened if the assistant director hadn't started shouting? What did happen was that Losko got a grip on his arm like a bear trap and they went off to do three takes of Losko fainting gracefully in the path of a Roman legion.

I noticed that Paul kept his head in his hands. I dragged my chair up next to his and asked him if he was ill.

"Sick? I'm already sick for next week." He stood up suddenly and shrieked, "Cut!"

Losko was like an alerted panther. She prowled toward him, her eyes snapping.

"Something the matter, Paul baby?"

"Darling," he said, his voice choked, "the man you love is going away to fight, maybe to die. You can't stand it. You faint. You look as if you were watching an American Legion parade."

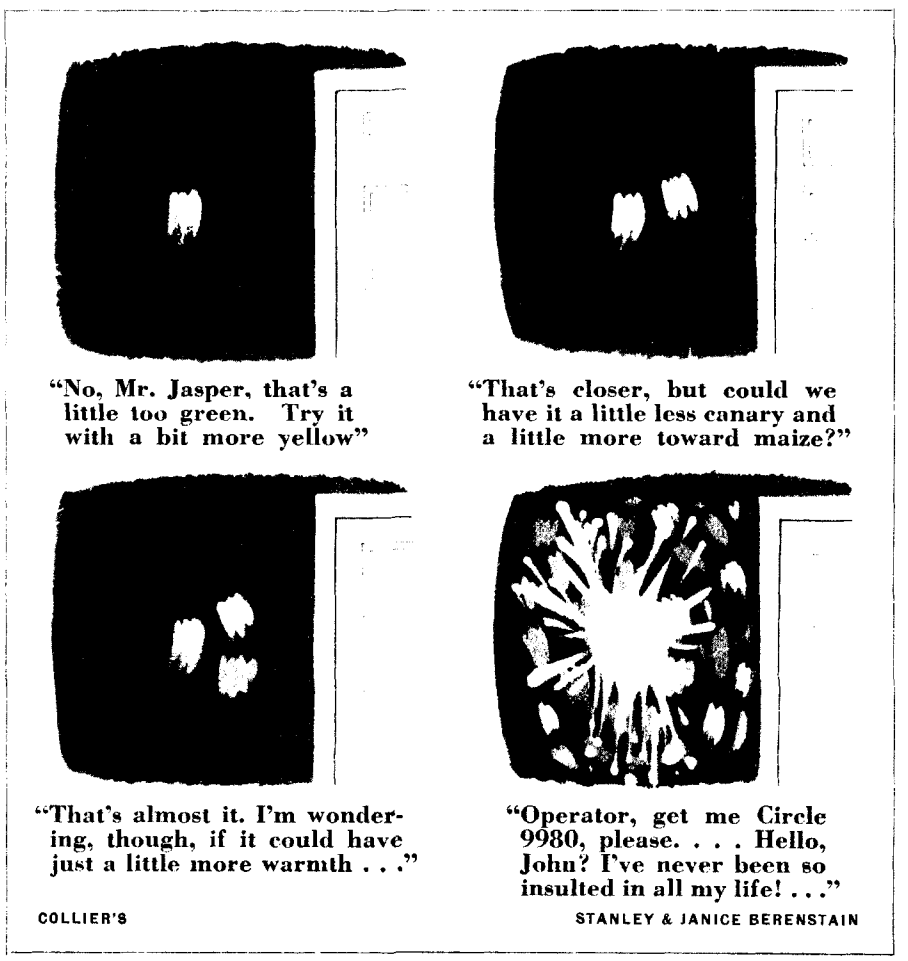
"It turns out that he's a Fascist and I don't love him anyway, so what's the beef?"

"That," he said tensely, "comes later. For now he is your life."

"I don't feel it," said Losko dangerously, "and if I don't feel this stinking, lousy script I can't play it."

"Go sit on the Via Veneto," said Paul with deceptive calm, "and think about it. We'll try tomorrow morning."

"And another thing," said Losko, warming for the kill, "I can't stand this damned



"No, Mr. Jasper, that's a little too green. Try it with a bit more yellow"

"That's closer, but could we have it a little less canary and a little more toward maize?"

"That's almost it. I'm wondering, though, if it could have just a little more warmth . . ."

"Operator, get me Circle 9980, please. . . . Hello, John? I've never been so insulted in all my life! . . ."

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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sun in my face. You know I can't be taken out of doors. I get blotchy. Why can't I watch him go away from a window?"

"Because, love, you've run into the streets after him to beg him not to go."

"So I'll beg him inside."

"It isn't the same."

"Why not?" Losko said flatly.

"Because, Lena, Mogul Pictures sent us to Italy. We have a chance to photograph you magnificently beside one of the triumphs of architecture. You could beg him on the back lot but we have been sent here so we can beg him *outside!*" His voice had risen to a scream.

"I've got a migraine headache," announced Losko in subzero tones, "and I'll have one until I can cable Millikin." She strode off toward her dressing room.

"We're saved," exulted Paul. "I only hope Adolph hasn't forgotten my attentions to his girl. He'll tell her to do the scene outside so I'll have trouble. If I have trouble, believe me, she'll have trouble."

I let him rave on. That night we got a cablegram.

It read:

INSIDE
MILLIKIN

As long as I was in the vicinity of the Temple of Venus I murmured a few pagan incantations, and while I don't care to make anything out of it, our little crisis was averted by a heavy unseasonal rain. The company broke up and spent the day at canasta in the lobby of the Hotel Excelsior, and I, shaking the Hollywood dust off my heels, made a beeline for the Capitoline Hill and the glory that was Rome.

By the time I came back it was getting dark and six hours of statuary and treasure had left me with a romantic hang-over. I felt like I wanted to burn incense and put flowers in my hair. I wanted to break champagne glasses and ride on a broomstick. Instead I took a taxi to the Excelsior to see how well oiled Paul had got himself. One look in the bar and I knew. He was talking Hungarian to Jay Dean and he had obviously had it. I walked up to the bar and elbowed Dean out of my way.

"You'd better get some rest," I said to Paul. "You've got an early-morning call."

"Hello," said Jay mildly, "have a drink?"

I ignored the pleasantry.

"How long have you been aiding and abetting him?" I asked with a rising inflection.

"You call crooking an elbow with a fellow sufferer 'aiding and abetting'?"

PAUL was quietly collapsing onto the bar. "I have no time to discuss semantics with you," I said haughtily. "Please help me get him to bed."

He was docile enough until we got him halfway up the grand staircase. Then he turned on the crowd below and announced in ringing tones that Lena Losko was the world's worst actress. He followed this proclamation with a short recitation in English of Bye, Baby Bunting which was finished with him hoisted over Jay's shoulder. Two gleeful reporters from the Rome Daily American made a quick exit, laughing.

"Now, see what you've done," I said to Jay. "This'll make Stromboli look like a church picnic."

"First things first," said Jay. "Stand aside." We piloted Paul into his Napoleonic suite and I waited in the drawing room while Jay tucked him in.

"Snug as a bug," he announced heartily. "Now what can I do for you?"

"Cut it out, will you?" I said, "I'm not one of your fans."

"I don't hold it against you." His smile was dangerously disarming. It was warm and pleasant in the suite. We were alone. Millions of women had bowed before his pictured image. I inched toward the door.

"What's your hurry?"

I got a grip on myself and spoke out loud and strong. "I've heard about you," I said.

"Which version?"

"The one where you were a truck driver and a ditchdigger. The one that mentions, in passing, that you've been engaged four times but if you could have things your way you'd settle for the simple life—a five-hundred-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley and your pipe and your dog."

"What is this," he said, "a fixed fight?"

"I know. You deny everything."

"Categorically. Look, Simple Simon," he said gently, "I taught the history and development of English literature at a school for girls for seven years. The four women in my life were the president of the college, aged fifty-seven; my housekeeper, a frowsy Irishwoman past her prime; my spinster aunt, Elise; and a blond cocker spaniel named Désirée. In a fit of pique, because I had flunked her in elementary composition, a pupil of mine sent a snapshot of me to her uncle at Mogul Pictures."

"Where you lived happily ever after," I said tartly.

His face got sort of an Alice in Wonderland look on it. "You look like the type of girl who likes Georgian houses," he said.

I looked at him, startled. "I do?" I said.

"There was one for sale near the campus with a garden full of copper beeches. I was going to buy it and write a book on Nathaniel Hawthorne."

There was something lonely and wistful about him that made me feel as if I had shouted in church.

"I was in this neck of the woods during the war," he said absently. "I sat in Salerno and figured up my assets during the bombardment. Forty-two movies and a slightly used trench coat. When I got out I wrote to the girls' school. The board of trustees said something about the 'notoriety connected with the theatrical profession' so I went back to being the man you love to hate. And that," he said, looking down at me, "is my interview reserved for cynics and small, prissy brunettes." He tilted my face up to his and kissed me gently.

My ears rang with it but I was still looking for loaded dice. "I may have misjudged you," I said cautiously.

"We'll discuss it over a dish of canalloni. You like it?"

"If it's in tomato sauce. Why?"

"It's in tomato sauce. Come with me."

Eventually water will wear away a stone. I ate a huge dish of canalloni at Fagiano's and found out that he thought Pinocchio was one of the greatest movies of all time, that he bet on the Hollywood Stars, that he read Robert Frost and was allergic to aspirin. The man who had shot his way out of the Sahara in Victory, the war ace who had gone to his death laughing in Redeemed, the lover who had driven his Boston wife mad in No Way Out was just an ordinary Joe. It was lovely.

"Well," I said cheerfully over my third glass of Chianti, "you're certainly a horse of a different color."

"Thank you," he said gravely.

"So, I'm going to tell you something. The picture you're making right now, this very minute—you know the one I mean"—I looked around craftily—"well, it stinks. And Paul knows it and you know it and I know it." I began to cry noisily. He gave me a handkerchief.

"Look, baby, it's only a picture."

"Yes, but you were beautiful in Seascape. I wouldn't tell you before because I didn't like you, but now I do, so—"

"I should get out of town."

"Let somebody else unfreeze their funds," I said.

"All right," he said gently, "let's you and me go looking for Tyrone Power." He walked me across town to the Piazza del Popolo and when I began to feel dizzy we sat on the steps of one of the twin stone churches and he put his arm around me.

"Does it feel funny to be famous?" I said fuzzily.

"Nothing to it."

THE next morning I called Paul at the hotel to ask him if he needed me on the set.

"You still work for me, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, but—"

"I forgive you for taking me out of the bar."

"It's not that," I said. "Well, you're bound to hear it, anyway. I think I got folksy with Jay Dean last night. I think I advised him to walk out on the picture."

"It doesn't matter," Paul said. "You've read the morning paper?"

"No. It's on my breakfast tray."

"Read it and meet me on the set."

Under a lead that read Capsule Criticism was the following:

What famous director aired his views concerning what Slavic actress newly come among us in the Hotel Excelsior last night? His first name begins with Paul; his last with Mud.

I threw on a skirt and jacket and hailed a cab.

The company was ready with a setup near the site of the Forum only nothing was happening. I found Paul and Jay sitting in camp chairs pitching cards into a hat.

"Have some," said Jay, holding out some cards to me.

"What's going on? Why aren't you shooting?"

"Because, Bessie dear," said Paul, "Lena has gone to Capri where she is preparing a lawsuit against me. No Lena, no Seven Hills. Now what do I do?"

"Pack up your tents and steal silently into the night," said Jay cheerfully.

I looked around me. There, in the sunlight, was the gorgeous abundance of Rome: the stone splendor of Vespasian's Arch, the poetic oval of the Colosseum, the open, shining elegance of the Piazza di Venezia, and that monument to a man's ego, the Basilica of Constantine, rich and pictorial as hell.

"No," I said, "it's a crime!"

"The head pin's been pulled, the bird has flown the coop, we're without our star," said Jay patiently.

"What do you need with Losko?" I cried. "It's like standing in a river and shouting for a drink. Rome's our star, and if it's good enough for Rossellini, it's good enough for us." I turned excitedly to Paul. "You've got a cuff. Shoot off it."

His face lighted up like a pinball machine. "Ah," he said dreamily, "I did that once in Budapest. A picture with real people—a little secretary I got out of an office and—" he broke off and stared at me. "A little secretary . . ."

I blushed. "I didn't mean me," I said.

"Look at her," said Paul, grabbing me and swinging me around to face Jay, "in that worn-out suit, with her hair in a mess, wonderful. And look at you"—he gestured, openhanded, at Jay—"without a shave. An American Dante and Beatrice—on the bourgeois level, of course. You see her for the first time walking along the Appian Way toward Rome. It rains. You stop under a shed; you talk; she has come to look at a grave, a young husband lost at Cassino. You"—he turned to Jay, snapping his fingers—"you have been cut adrift by the war . . . mmmm . . . from here I can make a picture. Bess, the concierge at the pension looks like he needs a job. Tell him to be at the Excelsior with his little boy in the morning."

All Wet

Though poets long have told us brightly
That Spring on dancing feet comes lightly,
It seems to us she really sloshes
Along in roomy old galoshes.

—CINDY MARCKS

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"Paul, wait a minute . . ."

He was lost to me, his face working. "When you go away together we'll use Rapallo—the small boats, the children begging, the people making love up against the walls in the dark . . ." He yelled to the cameraman and went off across the square with him, talking furiously all the way.

"Stop looking like The Little Match Girl," said Jay. "You're about to move into the Hollywood fish bowl. The water's fine, why fight it?"

"Listen," I said desperately, "I played a maid in The Cherry Orchard and two weeks of Boy Meets Girl. That doesn't make me any Duse."

"I'd like to see you on the Appian Way in the rain," said Jay, leaning close to me.

Something deep down inside me began to feel like Cinderella, glass slipper and all. "Well," I said, "you asked for it."

FOR the next five weeks after that everything was strictly Stanislavsky. When I was running to meet my lover and got a stone in my shoe, Paul just kept shooting, and when I complained he looked at me sternly.

"In Hollywood, girls run to meet their lovers on conveyer belts. In my picture, you get a stone in your shoe and your face hurts while your foot hurts. It stays."

He shot scenes at night when the streets were full of people pushing us. He shot at high noon in Scavi di Ostia where the lizards ran across our feet and we made love in the dust of a patrician's house. The camera's pitiless eye watched the kids putting cigarette butts in paper sacks and followed them on their long route of begging. We walked and the camera walked with us where the smells from the alleys rose the highest, to the parkway where the Borgias had taken their ease.

And, as one thing will always lead to another, I began to wish that our put-together picture would go on forever. You try cuddling up to one of America's idols day after day, you try speaking dialogue to him that reads like something out of Tristan and Isolde, and see what happens to you. I'm only human: I read Cyrano when I was twelve and had mumps when I was thirteen and a half and fell in love like mad when I was twenty-five. When I saw myself in the daily rushes, I began to pray for another Pompeii. It was written all over my face! I could just see myself waltzing back into Hollywood as "the little starlet who was carrying a torch in the Roman Games for Jay Dean."

"Paul," I said, cornering him one night in his hotel room, "fire me."

He was sitting on the floor doing yogi exercises. He swore it took his mind off of Martinis. "Why?" he asked calmly.

"You know why!" I cried. "You've seen your own picture. Raw young love, that's me."

"You're a very good actress."

"Actress my royal Irish aunt!" I stormed. "I'm in love with the guy!"

"You'll have a great career out of this picture," said Paul, unruffled.

"Career," I moaned. "Look, Paul, you don't understand. When it's Jay I could read Browning backward and make it sound like something, but it's just chemistry, not acting."

"Am I the proper person to hear this? Tell Jay."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because he'll think I'm exploiting him—and I am."

Jay appeared framed in the bathroom door.

"They turn off the electricity in my hotel on Thursdays so I came up here to borrow a bath." He started toward me, then stopped abruptly. "Take that yogi out in the hall, will you?" He hoisted Paul to his feet and propelled him out the door.

And then we were awfully, irrevocably alone. "We mustn't be hasty," I said nervously, "after all, Italian propinquity does funny things. Why only last month the papers were simply full of—"

"I read 'em."

"Well," I said quickly, "it might be something in the air, something contagious."

"Don't be a drip," he said rudely. "You just said you loved me. I heard you."

I was trapped. When he beckoned, I went quietly. After five and a half weeks you *could* say it was a conditioned reflex . . .

You haven't seen the picture? Well, you're not the only ones. Paul's doing a Western so that people will forget he went "arty," and Jay and I wait till our picture plays in the neighborhood houses. We sit in the loges, and if the theater is empty (and when isn't it?) he kisses me. Why not? After all, when in Rome . . . THE END

COLLIER'S "Well, if Texas is such a wonderful state, how come it's so far from Vermont?" DAVID HUFFINE

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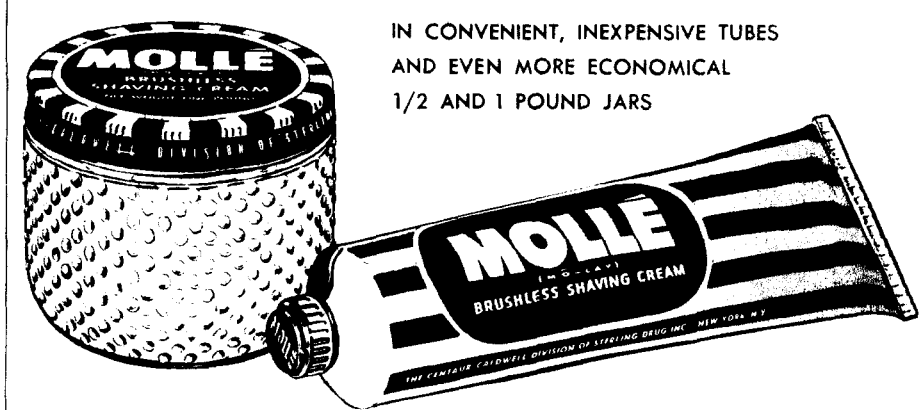

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Heart of Stone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

perfectly together, and there's no denying she's a beautiful woman."

"Beautiful? She's about fifteen pounds too heavy, she has a potato nose, and freckles, and her ears are too big."

"Collins! I've never heard you say such things about a woman."

"Well, it's true. I'll admit she has a nice smile and dances very well."

"She dances beautifully," murmured Susan. How well she remembered. After Paula finally persuaded Madeline to join them in their weekly square- and folk-dancing, all the men were privately instructed to see that she had a good time. The instructions were unnecessary from the moment they saw her on the floor. Madeline danced with a flamboyant abandon. In motion her body became light and pliant, capturing that fleeting quality of beauty which is so transient that only movement can hold it. And she was at her best with Collins as a partner.

It was when Collins and Madeline danced together that Susan had been worried. Not worried, exactly; but they made her feel lonely and useless. There was a *oneness* about them that seemed to shut out everyone else. Susan had to admit that, little as she minded Paula's kissing Collins, she was glad Madeline never kissed him. It would have been different somehow.

But when they arrived at the Whitakers' and she saw Madeline sitting beside Charles on the sofa, she crossed the room with outstretched arms.

"Madeline! It's good to see you again. And Charles! How wonderful you both look!" She hugged Madeline and shook Charles's hand. And she noticed that Madeline did have freckles, a bridge of tiny brown ones running across her nose and under her eyes. They wouldn't have been discernible except that Madeline never wore any make-up but lipstick. Susan was surprised that Collins should have noticed.

"Sets in order!" bawled Hank Gilbey, coming into the room with Margaret Gilbey.

"You two get in this one," Susan said to Madeline. "Collins and I just got here and we need a beer first."

"I don't dance," Charles said.

Susan was surprised. "You mean Madeline lets you sit all evening? You get in there. It's The Grapevine Twist, and anyone can learn that in one lesson."

"He really doesn't like to dance," said Madeline. "The only flaw in our otherwise perfect relationship." Susan would have continued to urge him, but she felt Collins' hand on her wrist.

"Come on," he said. "It takes four couples for a square." He led her onto the floor and Paula started the phonograph.

THEY began the dance, Judith and Avery Bascom leading off, the lengthening line weaving in and out to the end of the figure, then the grand right and left and a repeat of the whole thing with Susan and Collins in the lead. It was odd to see Madeline sitting out. Susan decided her project for the evening was to get Charles on the floor. But for three squares and an intermission of folk-dancing, Charles refused to budge. Then the telephone rang and Paula told Susan Mrs. Townsend wanted to speak to her. A moment later Susan got her coat and found Paula.

"I hate to run off this way," she said, "but Linda's crying and I just can't enjoy myself if I think one of the kids needs me."

"What is it?" said Collins, joining them.

"Mrs. Townsend called about Linda."

"I'll get my jacket," he said.

"There's no need for us both to go," Susan called after him.

"Anything serious?" asked Paula.

"I'm sure it isn't. She had a vaccination yesterday and the doctor said to expect a little fever. But she may lie and cry for an hour if I don't go."

"You'll come back, won't you?"

"Oh, sure. Usually she goes right to sleep as soon as she knows I'm there." Collins came back with his jacket. "Honestly, darling," she said to him, "I know everything's all right."

"Then you stay and let me go."

"For Pete's sake," said Paula, "stop being Gaston and Alphonse with each other. Let Susan go, Collins. We need four men for a square, so you stay here and give Madeline some exercise. She's dying to dance."

Susan smiled brightly and slipped out the door while Collins was still hesitating. She thought he looked at her rather queerly as she left.

HE WATCHED the door close behind Susan and felt an apprehension in which there was a mingling of nervous delight. He would never have wished her gone, but since the situation had arisen without his aid, he felt released from responsibility.

That should have ended it. He remembered the days after Madeline and Charles were gone when he faced the dragging routine with a deliberately composed face to hide his misery. A little emotional upset, he told himself. There's always the factor of adjustment, which time will take care of. He had done the sensible thing.

Dear, dependable Collins. He'd thought of the years with Susan, of the children, the sicknesses they'd worried through together, the shared joys and the comfortable companionship. All of that must be preserved. It was the accumulated investment of the past and he knew that the memory of it would haunt and torment him if he ever tried to leave it. He could never have made Madeline happy, because eventually he would have blamed her for his own guilt.

But that was a decision based on reflection, and now Madeline was close to him again. He was hardly conscious of the music but he knew the figures of the dance

COLLIER'S **"Is it just my imagination, or am I acting awfully intelligent this evening?"** REAMER KELLER

Madeline's ears are too big, he told himself. She has freckles and a potato nose and she's fifteen pounds overweight. She's probably horrible to live with, exploding at trivialities, dramatizing all her troubles, wearying her husband with an excess of physical energy. Only an idiot would think her beautiful; only a fool would see flowers springing up wherever she steps; only a man who has lost his senses would go hot and cold at the sight of her, lose control of his voice in front of her, and tremble at the touch of her hand. But I am the idiot, the fool, the man who has lost his senses.

He crossed the room toward her. Susan thought it was pure chance that Charles had come when he did. Chance! He'd almost told Susan then, secure in her understanding, just how little chance had had to do with it. Collins himself had brought Charles and Madeline together. He had sweated it out for weeks, searching through his acquaintances until he found one both eligible and available, then contriving a means of bringing him to town without Charles ever knowing it was contrived. You couldn't throw people at each other; they had to believe they'd done it themselves. And then, at the proper time, he'd cut himself away and watched with a dead heart as Madeline tottered, recovered herself, and turned automatically to Charles as a man who would give her respect, security, and perhaps, finally, love.

and went through them mechanically, smiling at Paula and Margaret, lifting little Judith Bascom clear off the floor and then trying desperately to maintain the same air of good fun when his arm encircled Madeline again. He had done it a year ago and fooled them all. Even Susan hadn't known. She had said, "I think Madeline was falling in love with you," but she hadn't said: I think you were in love with Madeline. He had held things steady until he worked out a solution. This time it should be easier.

THE music ended and Collins brought Madeline back to her seat, murmuring his thanks, but his escape was blocked by Paula.

"Come on, you two," Paula commanded, "we haven't seen any fancy footwork since Madeline left town. I'm putting on some gypsy music."

"Oh, no," mumbled Collins. "I haven't tried any of that stuff in years."

"It's time you did, then." And Paula brushed past them to the phonograph. While he hesitated, Collins felt Madeline's hand on his arm. She wanted to dance. The others lined the outside of the room to watch, and Collins, while he danced, felt everything returning full force and knew that he was neither a fool nor an idiot, for in motion Madeline was far more than beautiful. She was rather the bringer of beauty; she was the promise of that elusive impossible perfection which lay always just beyond reach of the senses.

Collins felt the promise; and, for a few moments, the past, with all its restraints, its responsibilities, and its insistent attention to the needs of others, was gone. This woman was his. He had only to beckon, to lead the way, and Madeline would follow.

IN THE dark bedroom, Susan bent over Linda. The child had gone back to sleep. Mrs. Townsend was apologetic. "After I phoned you, I went in and told her you were coming and she went right off. I guess that's all she needed. So you get on back to your party and don't miss the fun."

And it was fun, too, Susan thought as she returned to the car and started the engine. It was fun as long as all the important things were attended to. Some women might think her oversolicitous, driving all the way home just because a child was fretful after a vaccination, but she had to do it, if only to remind herself that those things came first. And besides, Collins would have come if she hadn't, and she didn't think it was fair to permit such public demonstrations of his domesticity.

She turned the corner, shut off the headlights, and let the car roll to a stop across the street from Paula's house. She lifted her hand to switch off the engine, then paused. From where she sat she could see the side porch, and the thing that made her pause was the sight of Collins and Madeline. Not that they were doing anything. They were doing absolutely nothing and it was the utter absence of activity that struck Susan with such force.

They might have stepped out there for a breath of air, but in the dim light they seemed hardly to be breathing. They weren't touching each other, weren't even looking at each other. They stood side by side, looking out at the dark lawn. They weren't talking or smiling: Collins wasn't even smoking. They simply stood there, about twelve inches apart, as though each understood that if the distance were ever diminished, it could never be widened again.

And then she saw Collins move, his hand lifted and his fingers extended as though he were about to put his arm around Madeline's waist. But his gesture died midway and his hand fell back to his side. Susan saw and understood in one second all the devastating hopelessness with which Collins was filled.

She put the car in reverse and backed slowly until the porch was hidden from view. This much she had to do—she couldn't let Collins know she had seen—but now that the car was moving, she didn't want to stop. She drove ahead, her heart leaden with shock and dread. It wasn't jealousy. She had seen that the man she loved could want another woman and she felt the horror of being a wife who held her husband's fidelity only by his sense of duty. She sped toward home while a hundred trivial memories fell into place to make a complete pattern.

She remembered her loneliness when Collins and Madeline danced together, remembered how seldom he ever spoke of her—a conspicuous omission, now—remembered his harsh description of Madeline earlier that evening. Was he trying to hide the truth from Susan or from himself? She remembered those somber months of a year ago and for the first time saw Madeline's absence as the explanation. And she had actually pitied Madeline! Her skin prickled with shame. How could she face him again, knowing she was only an obstacle between him and the woman he wanted? She wished she could vanish. But even the privilege of vanishing was denied her by the children—Collins' children, and hers.

She parked the car in the driveway and went into the house, afraid of what her face would convey to Mrs. Townsend. She

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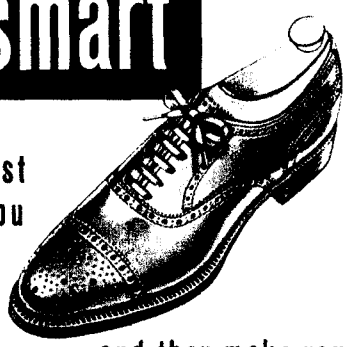

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tried to make her voice casual, but in her own ears it sounded faint and hoarse.

"I decided to come back," she said. "I keep thinking one of the children might need me and that takes away all the fun. I'm sorry you didn't get a longer evening, but if you'll let me, I'll pay you for the three hours anyway."

"I should say not," Mrs. Townsend said. "You'll pay me only for the time I was here." She went after her coat, and, from the speed with which she put it on and departed, Susan knew she'd hidden none of her distress from Mrs. Townsend. But at least she was alone. And then she remembered that she'd have to call Collins and tell him she'd sent the sitter home and couldn't come after him. And she didn't want to interfere—not even by reminding him of her existence. But maybe she could give the message to Paula.

"You sound strange," Paula said on the telephone. "Linda isn't really sick, is she?"

"No, no," Susan said. "It took a while to get her to sleep so I decided to stay here. Please tell Collins not to worry. Tell him to stay as long as he likes. Tell him I'll be asleep when he comes in."

"Sure, I'll tell him," said Paula, in puzzled tones. "But I wish you'd come back."

"I can't," she said. "The sitter is gone. Tell Collins he'll have to take a cab. But tell him there's no hurry. Tell him to take all the time he wants."

"Sure," Paula said. "Sure, I'll tell him."

After she put down the receiver, Susan still stood near the telephone; several minutes passed before she realized she was waiting for Collins to call her back. She could imagine Paula giving him the message, imagine his frown of concern and the decisive step he'd take to the telephone to find out what was wrong. But the minutes passed and, with them, any lingering doubt she might still have.

MADELINE had said, "I told Charles to go on back to the hotel. He really doesn't care for dancing and he has to be up early tomorrow. That's all right, isn't it, Collins?"

"Of course. I have to call a cab anyway, and I can drop you by the hotel."

"But he took a cab and left me the car. So I can take you home. Is it all right?"

"Of course," he said. And now they were in the car and he felt helpless and out of place, sitting with idle hands while Madeline drove.

"Are you in a hurry to get home?" she said.

"No hurry. Susan told Paula everything was all right at home."

"It won't take long. There's a wooded hill back of the house where I used to live."

"I remember," he said.

"I want to look at it again. I used to walk up there on days when I couldn't stand it in the house. It was a way to keep from crying or exploding. I love that hill and this is my last chance to see it."

"You'll be back in town from time to time."

"No. We're moving to the East. I may never see any of it again. Or you, Collins."

"I see," he said. "Why are you going East? Business?"

She nodded.

"How are you and Charles getting along?" It was a question he could have asked no one but Madeline.

"We're very fond of each other," she said. "And he loves the children. We have a great deal in common, you know."

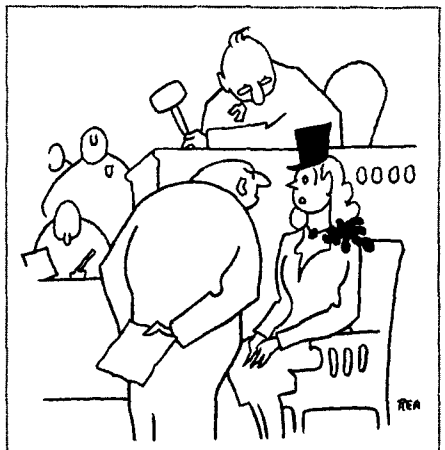
"That's fine," he said. "I'm glad to hear it." But it disturbed him to think that Madeline could be content with anyone except himself. They drove on in silence past the last houses at the foot of the hill and then up the winding road among the pines until the road ended in a clearing at the summit. Madeline stopped the car at the edge of the parking area. She turned off the lights, and they sat looking down on the town.

A battered jalopy was parked not far away and Collins could make out the single shape created by two people in the front seat who sat with arms entwined and lips together. Their car branded them as young people, possibly high school kids, enjoying—or trying to enjoy—the rudiments of love. He remembered doing the same thing when he was a kid, and recalled his disappointment at learning that physical contact in itself brought neither satisfaction for the moment nor any pleasure in retrospect. How bitter he had been, until much later when he made the greater discovery that real affection changed the whole nature of physical appeal.

"This is where I used to come," Madeline said. "I'd come in the daytime, of course, and usually I was alone up here. I thought about you a lot, Collins."

"I thought about you, Madeline." How absurd that this was the closest he'd ever come to telling her he loved her.

"I often wondered," she said, after a pause. "I was so miserable then. I was ashamed, and I felt like a complete outcast. I didn't want to go anywhere or see anyone. And then one evening when Paula persuaded me to get out, you asked me to dance and I discovered it was something I



"But you're getting me all confused! Do you mean did I shoot him—or *why* did I shoot him?"
COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

could do rather well. I began to hope again." She laughed softly and with a touch of embarrassment. "Such wild hopes. Terribly foolish. Things about you and me, Collins."

"Not foolish," he said. "Not foolish at all."

"Yes, they were," she said, looking through the windshield toward the lights of the town below. "I couldn't see things at all clearly then. I felt I had every right in the world to have you if I could—and any way I could. I expected you to take me. You must have known that. If I couldn't be your wife, I'd have been your mistress. I'd have been anything you wanted me to be. I told you so in a thousand ways—in every way except with words. And when you didn't do anything, when you finally even stopped dancing with me and seemed to be avoiding me, I really wanted to die."

"Madeline," he said. "Madeline!"

"I couldn't even learn to hate you," she went on evenly. "But Charles was there then. I suppose I'd never have noticed him otherwise." She paused a long time and Collins was silent too, realizing that anything he said could never be unsaid and would lead to events which could never be undone. She turned to look at him.

"Tell me the truth, Collins. Did you have something to do with Charles being in town at that time?"

"Why would you think that?"

"Because the man he came to see was Walter Beddoes. The trip turned out to be good business, but Charles just learned today that Mr. Beddoes is an old friend of yours."

"Sure, I've known Walter for years."

"And maybe you suggested he get in touch with Charles?"

For a brief moment, he hesitated. Then he said, "No, I'm sure I never mentioned Charles to Walter. I'd like to take the credit, but I can't. I remember being surprised when Charles turned up."

"I'm glad of that," she said. "It shouldn't make any difference but somehow I know it would. I like to think I recovered by myself. And what I wanted to tell you, Collins, since I may never see you again, is how much I appreciate the fact that you didn't take advantage of me. Maybe you weren't tempted, but sometimes I felt there was something under your ribs besides a chunk of granite." And she finished brightly, "Shall we go home now?"

"Yes," he said. "I think we might as well." She turned the car in the clearing. The swinging headlights caught the couple in the jalopy and they sprang apart, grinning guiltily. Madeline drove back down the winding road into town and through quiet streets to Collins' house, where she stopped the car.

"Good-by, Collins," she said. "Thanks for the dance."

"Good-by," he said. He pushed down the handle of the door, then held it as it started to open. "But I want you to know, Madeline, that there *is* something besides a chunk of granite under my ribs."

She faced him and tried to smile, then her eyes filled with tears. "You don't need to say it, Collins. I've always known. But what a frightful mess we'd have made for everyone, including ourselves!" She shook her head and blinked her eyes hard. "A kiss good-by, Collins?"

"No," he said slowly, "so long as we have to skip everything else, I think we'd better skip that too. 'By now." He stepped from the car, closed the door, gave Madeline a quick wave, and walked away toward his front door. He heard the car drive off but he didn't look back.

SUSAN heard him come in the house. She hadn't gone to bed. Bed seemed such a terribly lonely place that she'd remained sitting in front of the fire Collins had thoughtfully built for Mrs. Townsend. She heard his footsteps in the hall; then he went into the kitchen.

"That you, Collins?" she called, wanting to warn him of her presence and give him time, if he needed it, to compose himself.

"Still up, darling?" he answered. "How about a cup of coffee?"

"Fine," she said. She waited by the fire, afraid of what his face would show, until he came into the room with the coffee. He was much as usual except for lines of strain around his eyes.

"I'm sorry you didn't come back," he said. "It was a pretty good party."

"I've been all right here," she said. "How did you get home?"

"Madeline brought me."

"Madeline? Where was Charles?"

"He called a cab and went back to the hotel a little while after you left."

Susan's body went cold. So it had all been carefully contrived. The moment Collins knew he was rid of her for the evening, he'd made his arrangement with Madeline. For the first time, she saw in Collins' calm features only a mask. Why should he come back at all? "What are you going to do, Collins?" she asked.

"Do? Do about what?"

"About Madeline, of course. You love her." She looked directly at her husband, and if she hadn't known better, she'd have thought his bewilderment genuine.

"I love Madeline? That's absurd, Susan. I like her, sure. But I can't imagine being in love with her."

She was prepared for an admission, bad as it might be. She was even ready to sympathize with him, but she wasn't prepared for deceit. Not from Collins. Not after ten years of understanding and honesty. His attempt to deceive her filled her with sudden rage which she couldn't control, and she came trembling to her feet.

"But that's not true!" she cried. "I saw you, Collins! You think I stayed home but I didn't. I came back and saw you and Madeline together. I saw you together! And I won't be put in the position of stand-

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ing in your way. You can't do it to me!" She found herself weeping with rage and humiliation and dropped back to her chair, turning her face away from him. Collins said nothing at all. She expected him to deny it. She waited for him to say what was true enough—that at most she'd only seen two people standing side by side.

But when he spoke, he said, "Madeline and Charles are leaving in the morning. They're moving to the East." He might have been giving her a casual news item. "Madeline says she and Charles are doing very well together."

"And is that why you've come back?" she cried. "Because you couldn't persuade Madeline to leave Charles?" She saw his eyes narrow and knew she had hurt him. Then she was overcome with fright. She had taunted him, not with his desire, but with his failure, and she imagined him rising in full masculine pride to show her how easily the failure could be turned to success. But, except for the flicker of his eyes, he showed no emotion at all.

"No," he said gently, "I came back because this is where I'd rather be. I'm sorry if you saw anything that upset you. Maybe I was fond of Madeline once. She needed help. But you'll have to believe me, Susan; it was no more than the feeling I have for Paula, say, or some of our other friends."

Her anger and fright had drained her. He was lying to her. She knew he was lying but she didn't have the energy to fight. She wanted to end the situation, but the only possible end was for him to admit the truth —to say in so many words that he loved Madeline. Then it would be over.

And when she realized that, she suddenly knew exactly why he refused to say it. He wasn't really deceiving her. The gentleness of his denial was not that of a man unjustly accused. It was rather a plea that she help him believe his own words. If he said it often enough and let enough time pass, he would finally convince himself. And after that happened, they still had their life together, their memories of the past and hopes for the future.

"I'm being very foolish," she said at last. "Just a horrible, jealous, neurotic woman."

"No," he said. "Please never feel guilty about what you've said." And that was as close to an admission as he ever came. She got up and started for the bedroom. He hadn't been unfaithful. What hurt her was simply the discovery that he could love another woman, and that was something he hadn't asked for. But he had picked the only sane solution. Dear, dependable Collins. It wasn't a good solution. Nobody enjoyed it, but in the long run it was best. She glanced back at him as she left the room and saw on his face an expression of tremendous relief. He actually thinks I believe him, she thought. And a wave of sympathy for him swept over her as she realized that all his strength and belief in himself would be shattered unless she continued to pretend that she thought he was telling the truth. THE END

Unfancy Dan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

for an encore, went into his soft-shoe act. He also began hanging around Broadway.

Dan soon learned that depending on show dates was a precarious thing at best, and throughout the early thirties he shuttled between jobs in show business and just plain jobs. He taught dancing, sold shoes in the bargain basement of a department store, caddied, clerked in a grocery, and worked as a cabana boy at a swank Long Island beach club ("a high-class flunky," says Dan, "serving drinks to big shots"). Every now and then some sort of theatrical job would come through.

For several seasons he danced in the chorus at Roxy's. He signed on as a hoofer with troupes on cruise ships bound for the West Indies. One summer he served as social director at the Breeze Lawn Casino at Ellenville, New York, a stop on the celebrated Borscht Circuit. Occasionally he appeared as a "contestant" on so-called amateur nights in neighborhood theaters, where professionals were sprinkled in with the amateurs and given a small guarantee.

Through friends, Dan got an introduction to Harold Minsky, the New York burlesque impresario, who gave Dan a job as a hoofer. It was without doubt one of the most thankless jobs in show business. Dan had naïvely hoped to wow the audience and bowl 'em in the aisles. But wowing a burlesque audience, he soon found, was a privilege strictly reserved for the strippers. Dan's job was to keep the customers amused while they waited for the girls to come on. He would appear before the curtain in a clown's outfit and flappy shoes, and go into a soft-shoe routine.

The grin on Dan's face, though hard set, never came off. He was on a stage, hoofing, and he had an audience, however unresponsive. Later he moved on to a Broadway musical, Babes in Arms, and a second, Stars in Your Eyes, in which he was given a chance to say a few lines. Joshua Logan, director of the current smash South Pacific, was director of that show, and on hearing the Dailey delivery told him, "Dan, you can be an actor if you want to."

"That's the first time I thought about acting," says Dan. "I had figured I was just a hoofer."

Dan has come a long way from $40-a-week hoofing. Recently he bought a $100,000 annuity, acquired a couple of horses, and, in addition to his agent, now boasts a business manager. But aside from these tokens of prosperity, Dan refuses to cotton to the standard Hollywood living procedures he calls "the glamor routine." He and his wife, the former Elizabeth Hofert of Los Angeles, and their two-year-old son Dan, live in a modest bungalow, no swimming pool attached, in the Toluca Lake section of North Hollywood.

Dan's idea of diversion is horseback riding or playing the drums. At home his den is a combination bar and music room where he and his musician friends hold jam sessions till the wee hours. His visits to swank night clubs are restricted to catching a friend's act in a floor show.

When a Gangster Got Tough

There is only one visit Dan makes with any sort of regularity when he is back in New York and that is to a certain drugstore in the Broadway sector. One autumn evening in the early thirties, Dan was putting on a floor show gratis for some giggling chorines and a few other strangers at the soda counter. Only too happy to find any audience for his talents, he was singing, hamming, talking fresh, and generally having a wonderful time.

One nattily dressed gent in the group remained unsmiling. "Hey, you!" he called crisply. "Shut up!"

"Who, me?"

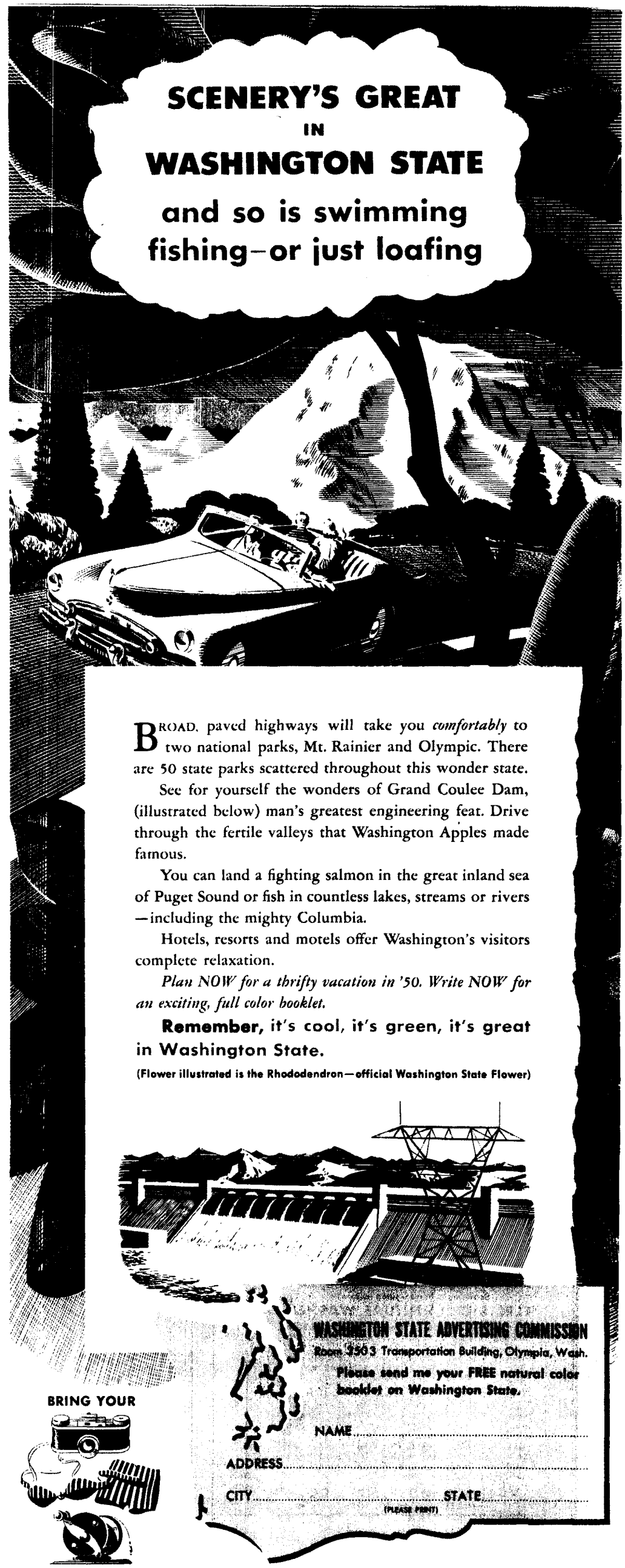
"Yeah, you."

The next minute the stranger's right arm shot up and he was lunging at Dan. The show girls screamed, there was a wild scramble, and the drugstore proprietor made a flying dive over the counter to grapple with the heckler. A few fast words were exchanged, and the stranger brushed the dust from his clothes and walked out. The proprietor showed Dan what he had wrested from the man—a sharp-bladed knife. "He was really going to let you have it," he said.

Dailey laughed nervously. "Who is the jerk?" he asked.

"Oh," was the reply, "he's one of Lucky Luciano's boys."

Dailey always drops in for a chat with the drugstore owner when he is in New York. No fancy Dan, he never forgets. THE END



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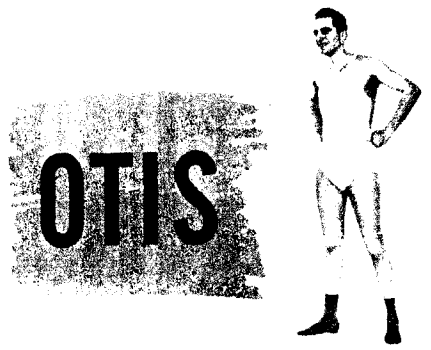

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Beauty and the Beasts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

laughs I've ever heard greet that goody. Colonel Ellis is the manager of the track and a smart man. Get the Times down on him and racing really will be outlawed in the state.

"Well, that's great," Pete wheezes. "When do we start?"

"Tomorrow," Theresa says, eying Pete like she wonders if that dazed expression on his face is permanent. "Incidentally, Mr. Farrell, don't you think Johnson is one of the cleverest young riders around?"

"I said exactly the same thing to Mr. Murphy not five minutes ago."

WRIGHT beams. "She can spot 'em, I tell you. Peter, we'll both be indebted to you for this little assist. Give her the real feel of the thing, won't you?"

"Don't think I'll have a bit of trouble," Pete says. "She loves horses already and that's what counts."

They all shake hands again. Theresa glows at Pete once more, and they leave.

"I told you I was cursed, didn't I?" Pete moans, slumping down in a chair. "Calamity upon calamity upon calamity. Horses, jockeys, stewards, trainers, everybody plotting to destroy me, and I have to be a spiritual wet nurse to a female who thinks Johnson is the cleverest little thing she's ever seen. Hold my coat, I'm jumping!"

"Just tell her what you tell us," Murphy grins. "All horses except those that win for Mr. Farrell should be chloroformed."

"You say one word about that and I'll kill you," Pete growls. "She's serious about this thing. She'd tell her old man in a minute. He'd never get over it. He might think I don't mean what I write about those miserable goats of his."

"Quit kidding yourself," I tell him. "You have just a couple of losers tomorrow and you'll throw one of your fits. She'll catch on."

"Oh, no," Pete says, "this is the new Farrell. For the next two weeks not an untoward word will pass these horse-loving lips."

"You may puncture my eardrums when ready, Gridley," Murphy moans. "I've heard everything now." . . .

Well, the next day we have very nice attendance in the press box. The boys from my paper as well as Pete's and Murphy's are out to see St. Peter try his wings. Pete tries to steer Theresa into the empty radio booth, but she says she wants to stay out with us, says she'll pick up more color that way. The boys don't have much to say though. It's like a bunch of vultures sitting around watching a sick lion.

When the horses come out on the track for the first race, Theresa clutches Pete's arm. "Aren't they beautiful?" she says. "Two-year-olds always get me."

Theresa sweeps those big brown eyes over the field and says, "Which one do you like? Or do you bet?"

Pete winces. He already has ten and ten on Mad Lady. "Oh, occasionally I make a small wager. Usually just because I like a horse's blood lines. I rather like Gallant Duke in this one."

It's evident he's trying to throw Theresa's money away for her. She gives Slick Taylor, the runner, a ten. When the horses are gated all eyes are on St. Peter. Sure enough Mad Lady stumbles coming out and he arches up like he's been stabbed. She makes up ground though and is laying fifth as they near the far turn. Pete winks that everything is under control.

She gets her first call on the stretch turn and as they straighten out she is third on the inside. Pete is shaking like a wet spaniel, trying to keep from giving Stevens some sage and profane advice. As they pass the quarter pole, Stevens tries shooting through. The horse in front drifts over. It's the Duke. Stevens takes up and tries going between horses. Hasty Lil drifts over just enough and Stevens takes up again. Then Sammy Boy comes alongside and the Lady is in the nicest little box you ever saw. The Duke, to everybody's surprise, takes it by a nose.

Pete has his face in his hands like he is trying to remove the eyes that witnessed such a horrible spectacle. But by the time Theresa has ceased hurling bravos at the Duke he has recovered.

"Not because I had the winner," Theresa gurgles very becomingly, "but that was one of the prettiest finishes I ever saw. What happened to Mad Lady though? She couldn't seem to make up her mind."

"Those two young bandits—" Pete blurts out, "I mean, those two bandy-legged young gentlemen up front were too smart for Stevens. He was boxed. It's a regular practice, but not quite sporting. The race should always be to the swift, I say."

Every man present looks like he is going to be sick at his stomach.

AFTER each race it's the same business. Theresa winds up with a couple of hundred and the impression that Mr. Farrell invented the sport of racing. Mr. Farrell, himself, is out a hundred on his bets. He is also just about out of his mind.

As we start getting our stuff together she gives Pete this marshmallows-and-whipped-cream look and says, "I've had the grandest time. I've learned things I never even dreamed of before. If you won't let me split my winnings with you, you've got to let me take you to dinner." That amounts to a command performance. Pete is too beat to try to lie his way out of it.

I meet him in the men's room before they leave and he is slapping cold water on his face. "Just one more day of this and my

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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arteries are going to unravel. Now I got to take her to dinner."

"Quit bleeding," I tell him. "What other gal that good-looking would be seen in public with you?"

"Yeah. And, if I was Citation, I might make some time with her!"

The next day Murphy is laying three to one that Pete won't make it through the third race. It's a bad bet. A twenty-to-one horse comes through for Pete in the first race and it puts him in such a fine state of mind he doesn't grind but two teeth down to the gums when his next two finish dead last. Theresa also is in fine humor, the dinner evidently having brought out more high lights of the sterling Farrell character. She is calling him Peter.

In the fifth race Pete actually gets the best of a photo with a fifteen-dollar horse and he and Theresa glow the rest of the afternoon. Pete doesn't even seem distressed when she invites him out to the house that evening to look at some old horse prints.

"Self-Control Farrell, they call me," he mumbles to me and George going down the steps. "Two days of it, and she thinks I'm the greatest thing since the Godolphin Arab."

"Wait till the rains come, Nellie," Murphy growls. "You're on one of those dumb winning streaks now."

He is eminently correct. For the next two days Pete is as hot as a pistol. Five winners one day, six the next. He has a streak like that once a year and turns into a blend of Pollyanna, Dale Carnegie, The Animal Rescue League and Tiny Tim.

And on top of that, it appears that Theresa is in love with our hero. She has those melancholy spells where she just sits there and looks real calfish at him. Murphy, who's extremely bored with Pete's saintly deportment, makes the most of it.

"Brother, you've had it now," he tells him. "There's nothing deadlier than a woman who finds she has fallen for a phony. When this honeymoon between you and these goats is over, and you have your seizure, you won't be writing any turf copy this side of Argentina."

"Lay off the girl," Pete tells him. "She's not in love with anybody but these horses. Besides, I've got this thing licked. I've got so much self-control now the yogis are scouting for me."

THE yogis begin looking around for new talent the next day. Pete doesn't have a winner. Not one that sticks anyway. A fifteen-to-one shot in the seventh comes in for him but gets disqualified. Pete nearly strangles trying not to preach his old gospel that all stewards should be boiled in oil, sprinkled with the ashes of jockeys burned at the stake, and fed to horses with ulcers.

"Brother," he mumbles to me, "I'm going on one tonight!"

The words aren't out of his mouth good when Theresa says, "Peter, why don't I pick you up around five in the morning and we'll come out and watch the horses work?"

"Why don't you?" Pete wheezes. He can't see himself with a hang-over at that hour being charitable even to his own grandmother.

"This is the end," he tells me.

His horse in the first race the next day doesn't know about the arrangement. He leads all the way to the stretch and gets bored with it all, finishing a lonesome last. Pete is almost surly, and Theresa is having one of her melancholy spells.

In the second race Pete's horse breaks through the gate and runs about a half a mile before the outrider pulls him in and brings him back. He has something left though. He finishes ninth in a twelve-horse field. In the third race a three-to-five horse he is trying to recoup on nearly goes up into the stands at the stretch turn and finishes sixth. It's brutal. Murphy is laying five to one Pete won't last the day, and finding no takers.

By the time the fourth comes along and Timber Duck tosses his rider coming out of the gate, Pete is a purplish green.

"Just one more bad break," Murphy mumbles, "and the place'll be coming down around our ears."

The fifth is the one we've been waiting for; Pete, Murphy and I have a tip on a thing called Pitter Pat. It's her first out of the year and her owner is supposed to have been working her secretly at Smith Park, an old abandoned track about thirty miles away.

Most hot undercover items like that usually close at even money, but she gets in at sixty to one. Murphy and I nudge each other. Pete just keeps looking straight ahead working his jaws. Theresa is still in her trance.

WELL, when they come out of the gate, Pitter Pat is right up with the leaders. She's running fourth as they go into the backstretch but then she begins to fade.

Going into the far turn a bunch of horses start moving up and we lose track of her. She doesn't get a call at any rate. Then they head for home. The caller on the P.A. system blares out: "It's Baker Boy by one, Nell S. and Night Time are racing head and head AND HERE COMES PITTER PAT RUNNING OVER HORSES!"

Murphy and I nearly jump out of the box. We're right in the saddle with Tipton straining, grunting, cussing, pleading, anything to bring that gold mine home. She's running on the outside. She takes Nell S., then Night Time, then she edges by Baker Boy. She's got it. Then the ghastliest spectacle I've ever seen takes place.

Tipton mistakes the sixteenth pole for the finish-line pole. He eases Pitter Pat up, stands up in the stirrups. Three horses flash by him. I've seen it happen before, but it's never happened to me. I nearly faint. Not quite, though, because a screech that still haunts me nights breaks loose in my ears. It's the Old Man of the Mountain, St. Peter Farrell.

He is pleading with the heavenly host to destroy young Tipton instantly. "The Fifth Horseman!" he screams. "That's what he is! The Fifth Horseman! Fire, Pestilence, War, Famine and Tipton! Raze this place and sow it in salt, wipe it from the memory of man!" . . .

When the seizure finally burns itself out, he slumps down on his stool. There's Theresa staring at him with this wild look in her eyes. He tries to say something but it's all over.

"You miserable, miserable fake," she hisses and stomps out.

"What am I supposed to do?" Pete snarls. "Congratulate the little craven? 'Grand race, Tipton. You cost me fifteen hundred but you looked so magnificent for that seven and a half furlongs, just forget it. Pity it was an eight-furlong race.'" He shakes his head very sadly. "Let's get a drink, Joe."

We go down to the bar and even though I am one of the most heavyhearted men in the country, I try consoling him.

"Don't take it so hard, Pete. Wright will probably say he'd have done the same thing himself."

"Who the hell cares about Wright? It's that goofy daughter of his. I'm in love with her."

"Look, Pete, this is old Joe you're talking to."

"Typical Farrell trick. I find out I love her just as she finds out she loathes me."

There's only one thing you can do for a guy who has just lost fifteen hundred and his girl. I motion to the bartender to fill 'em up again. As I do, I spot Theresa sitting at a table by the big window. She's nursing a drink and looking down at the track.

Pete sees her too. For the next twenty minutes we sit there plotting but we don't come up with anything. Finally the next race is about to get off and the drinkers drift over by the window to watch. We are about three people behind Theresa. She still hasn't seen us.

The horses get off and we hear Theresa give Kerry Lad an encouraging word so we're on his side. He's way back as they pass the clubhouse. At the half mile he gets a call. Around the far turn he's third and as they straighten out for home he's got a slight lead. It's one helluva race.

Just before the sixteenth pole there are four horses abreast. Then the one on the outside quits. It's Kerry Lad. There's so much jumping around and screaming and beating on the back I can't tell who wins the thing. Then my eyes nearly fall out.

The one doing most of the screaming is dear, sweet Theresa. She has some poor stranger by the lapels asking him if he saw what happened. "That loathsome creature!" she screams. "Quit! Dropped dead! Gave up the ghost! Did the same thing his last out! And that horrid little Johnson never went to the whip once!"

It sounds almost sacrilegious. Pete's mouth is at half-mast and he's just standing there shaking his head. I motion for him to fade back. Then I ease in and tap the turbulent Theresa on the shoulder.

"Madam," I say, "when did you learn the words to that song, or have you known them all along?"

She's still raving when she turns around. "Well, he *did* quit, darn it! That stupid little—" She recognizes me. Her face looks all right in red, too.

"All right," she snaps. "So I'm not the Madonna of the Mares I pretended to be. But don't you dare tell Peter."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm going to tell him myself. I've got a lot to tell that big ape." Then she starts laughing and out of the corner of my eye I see Pete edging in closer from behind her. "Just what was that 'love thy horse as thyself' act of his anyway?"

"Very simple. He thought you were as goofy about horses as he was supposed to be. His reputation was at stake. He figured you'd tell your dad, if you ever saw the real Farrell."

She really starts laughing then. "Tell Dad! Why he thinks Peter is the biggest idiot he ever saw the way he goes on over horses. He calls him the Headless Horseman!"

"Headless Horseman!" I whoop. "That's good. Fits him exactly."

Pete gives a queer little smile himself. He looks like an amused cobra.

"You see," she says, "this novel of mine is one of those psychological things. It's going to be about a bunch of people who pass for normal, but are really stark, raving mad. Dad said Pete would be a perfect model for one of them."

I don't know what's funnier, her story or the expression on Pete's face. "So," she says, "I thought if I acted like I was nutty about horses too that I'd get more action from my subject. I did, believe me."

"Then why the mad act?"

"Who wouldn't get mad! I have to listen to that horrible slush for a week and then find out it's all put on."

Pete is standing right behind her now.

"It was sickening, wasn't it?" I say. "We thought you were in love with him, you looked at him so funny sometimes."

"Oh, you didn't!" she whoops. "I always look like that when I'm about to be sick."

WE GET to laughing so much people are beginning to stare at us. They can't figure out why the man in the purple face isn't laughing too.

"Let me tell him," I gasp. "I'll make him suffer. You shouldn't be seen associating with such a man."

"Oh, no," she says, real hasty like. "I'll tell him myself. After all it's—"

"You don't mean you're going to have anything else to do with him! He's such a degenerate. Just walk out of his life."

She starts blushing again.

"Well, it's as much my fault as—"

I shake my head very sadly. "How anybody could fall in love with a man under such nauseating conditions!"

"Well, he looks so cute when he's mad."

Pete takes her by the shoulders and turns her slowly around.

"Take a good look, madam," he says.

I leave them debating who's the biggest phony and go out to the paddock and watch the horses. You can trust them. THE END

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Whose Voice in Our Congress?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Dutch Schultz mob. Both Coppola and Rao grew up with Marcantonio.

On Election Day, November 5th, at 5:45 A.M., when Scottoriggio left his house, his wife waved good-by from a bedroom window. As Scottoriggio turned down the street, four men jumped him. It was too dark for Mrs. Scottoriggio to identify them and her screams failed to frighten them away. Scottoriggio died six days later.

Coppola and Rao were held as material witnesses in the astronomically high bail of $250,000 each. Mrs. Coppola disappeared with her two-year-old son and her father.

Before the Grand Jury

Eight months later, after a sojourn in Florida and in Providence, Rhode Island, where they were guests of one Frank (Butsy) Morelli, a close associate of Trigger Mike's, they reappeared in New York to face the grand jury.

But Mrs. Coppola and her father refused to answer any questions. They were reminded that they could be cited for contempt. They then denied that they had stayed with Butsy Morelli in Providence. District Attorney Frank Hogan dug up evidence that they had, and they were indicted for perjury.

The importance of Mrs. Coppola in the case lay in the fact that she was Hogan's one hope of obtaining corroborative testimony on the identification of the others present at the meeting in her home that Election eve.

But fate intervened. Mrs. Coppola died in childbirth before she could be tried. Her father, suffering from a serious heart ailment, will probably never be well enough to stand trial. Trigger Mike and Tough Joey naturally had nothing to offer as material witnesses.

Eventually Congressman Marcantonio entered the scene. With his two 1946 campaign opponents, Republican Frederick V. P. Bryan and Democrat Patrick J. Hannigan, he was called up before the House Campaign Expenditures Committee, which had had its own investigators look into the Scottoriggio case.

Marcantonio denied that there was a reign of terror in his district and that a single person had been intimidated or otherwise prevented from exercising his right to vote in any way he saw fit. Marcantonio had no explanation for the murder of Scottoriggio. The case is still unsolved.

But on certain charges publicly leveled against him, Marcantonio has been unfairly maligned. It is not true, for example, that Puerto Rico is teeming with Marcantonio agents enticing the poverty-stricken to New York with promises of a full life on relief in the Eighteenth District in return for votes.

Like all smart political bosses, Marc takes care of those who come to him. Many of the new arrivals are undoubtedly steered to his office by members of his efficient organization. But there is no need for Marcantonio to sell Puerto Ricans on the United States. Those already in New York can't write fast enough to their relatives and friends, urging them to Utopia.

The current Puerto Rican population of New York is estimated at around 250,000. Only about 6 per cent are on relief. For a time, Marcantonio shrewdly furnished the interpreters who led applicants for relief to the relief bureau, and most of the immigrants logically assumed that Marcantonio's help alone got them enrolled. When New York City Welfare Commissioner Raymond M. Hilliard got wind of the situation, he quickly installed his own Spanish-speaking investigators.

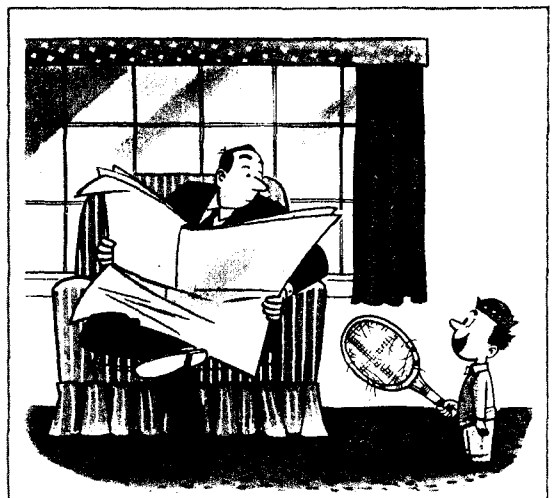
Another charge against Marcantonio is that he was leader of a "sinister" band of Italian Black Shirts called the "Gibbones." As long ago as 1924, when still in his political swaddling clothes, he was suspected of guiding the Gibbones through long secret rituals deep in intrigue.

The Gibbones formed the nucleus of a political machine which Marcantonio inherited from the late Fiorello La Guardia. There were several thousand members, organized block by block at $1 a head into a typical political organization. Marc's enemies allege that they were a Fascistic strong arm used to further his political ambitions.

The charge still provokes Marcantonio's poker face into one of its rare smiles. "There never was any secret society," he says. "The younger, second-generation Italians all belonged to the Democratic club in the same block as our new La Guardia club. We started organizing the older people, most of whom were immigrants. The young ones started taunting them and their broken English with the cry of 'Gibbones.' It means 'hick' or 'wop'."

The Gibbones were simply a tight, well-knit group pledged to the support of La Guardia and led by Marcantonio. Eventually Marcantonio succeeded La Guardia as Representative from the Twentieth (now Eighteenth) District.

La Guardia had spotted Marcantonio early. When the Little Flower began his fight to break Tammany's control of the district, Marc was still a youth. But he eagerly took up the La Guardia cause by speaking on East Harlem street corners, and he was surprisingly effective.



"Have you ever tried playing tennis with a golf ball?"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

One reason was that when the fiery youngster mounted the soapbox, he was talking to friends and neighbors. He was born on East 112th Street, in the heart of the district, on December 10, 1902, a second-generation American. His father, a carpenter, had also been born in the neighborhood. His grandfather had emigrated from Italy in 1884.

Marc graduated from DeWitt Clinton High School with a brilliant scholastic record and an unusually mature sense of social consciousness. It was as a high-school student that he first met La Guardia. Then president of the New York City Board of Aldermen, La Guardia had been invited to a school assembly. Young Vito had been chosen to speak. He took as his text, "Old Age Pensions," a subject that then smacked of rank socialism. La Guardia was fascinated and delighted.

Upon taking his law degree in 1925 from New York University, Marcantonio was welcomed into La Guardia's law offices. Five years later, La Guardia, by now a congressman, wangled his protégé's appointment as Assistant United States attorney.

Marcantonio, however, was uncomfortable in the role of a prosecutor. A year later he formed a law partnership with Michael F. Pinto. The firm, Pinto and Marcantonio, specialized in trade-union practice. Marcantonio retains a half interest in the firm.

In the Roosevelt tidal wave of 1932, La Guardia, then a Republican, lost his Congressional seat to a Democrat, James J. Lanzetta. But the Seabury investigation into Mayor Jimmy Walker's regime opened the door to City Hall and La Guardia swept into the mayoralty in 1933. Faithful Marc was directed to regain the seat in Congress which La Guardia had lost. In a stunning upset, he defeated Lanzetta by 257 votes. In Congress, at first he was regarded as a promising young liberal Republican. Soon, however, he was leaning so far to the left that he was dubbed "The Pink Elephant."

It was in 1936 that Marcantonio first evidenced his alliance with Communist causes. The Communists that year were denouncing the WPA, and to this end a parade had been scheduled for February 16th. New York streets were slushy from a recent snowstorm. The police used the weather as an excuse to refuse a parade permit. They were backed up by La Guardia, who likewise feared trouble.

Marcantonio was principal speaker at a rally preceding the parade. Shrilly, he cried that the WPA was destroying the American standard of living. He denounced his old friend La Guardia as "a traitor to the working people." He attacked Congress for passing a War Department appropriation bill. Then he called on the band to strike up The Star-Spangled Banner.

As anticipated, the police stood at attention, and while they did so, Marcantonio, shouting, "I came here to parade and I'm going to do it, with or without a permit!" jumped from the platform and seized a banner. One of his lieutenants gave the order to march. A first-class riot ensued. Congressman Marcantonio, his nose bloodied, was hustled into a patrol wagon and taken to the police station, where an embarrassed police captain called Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine for instructions on what to do with his distinguished catch. Valentine had no choice but to order Marcantonio released under the immunity which prohibits the arrest of any congressman for violating local laws while Congress is in session.

In the 1936 elections, Marcantonio lost his seat when Democrat Lanzetta came back to beat him by more than 2,000 votes. But he rallied in 1938 as the American Labor party candidate, and has been undefeated ever since. By 1942 his machine was functioning so well that he won the nomination of all three parties. Tammany put up only token opposition in the primaries.

Smart Political Strategy

Marc had penetrated the supposedly impregnable fortress of New York politics. In 1944 he again won the nomination of all three parties and from then on began to play Republicans against Democrats, using the American Labor party as the balance of power. Last November he used this weapon to try to capture the New York mayoralty. Although he failed, his grip on his own district remained firm.

In the early days Marcantonio lacked the political finesse he has since acquired. Often it was difficult to tell what side of the fence he was on. Despite close association with Communist fronts he appeared frequently at Catholic meetings, and his loyalties seemed so mixed that he was tagged "The Honorable *Fritto Misto* (Mixed Fry)."

In his personal life there is nothing very spectacular about Marcantonio. Married and childless, he lives in a modest four-room apartment in a remodeled brownstone house, plays poker with five or six friends on a Saturday night, and generally conducts himself like any ordinary citizen of the republic.

On the other hand, the hue and cry he raises as a political figure is extraordinarily shrill. At a pre-election rally in Madison Square Garden in October, 1946, Marcantonio compressed his political philosophy into one dramatic sentence. The crowd, restless and apathetic after two hours of haranguing, was suddenly electrified as Marc was introduced as a "real champion of the people." Amid deafening roars, the spotlights rested on his spidery figure. When he had succeeded in restoring order, Marcantonio shrieked into the microphone:

"There is only one issue in this campaign—collaboration of this nation with the Soviet Union for peace and the defeat of domestic Fascism!"

Then, with a wave of his thin, expressive hand, he vanished from the platform to the accompaniment of pandemonium, as windier orators looked at one another in chagrin.

Moscow Patterns of Thinking

As an undeviating follower of the Kremlin's pronouncements Marcantonio has no peer. He favors immediate recognition of Communist China ("What else is there to do?") and he opposed military aid to Communist-threatened Formosa ("No vote of mine will ever cost a single G.I. one drop of blood in any foolhardy stand to defend Formosa").

In his devotion to Red causes Marcantonio has on occasion risked his political fortunes. He openly flouted the thousands of Jewish votes in his district by blocking the request of Representative Samuel Dickstein, now a New York Supreme Court justice, to insert in the Congressional Record an editorial from a Baltimore newspaper praising the United Hebrew Trades for its fight against Communism. Unanimous House consent is required for a congressman to insert "extension of remarks" in the Record, and Marcantonio singlehandedly kept the anti-Communist editorial out of the Record for a time.

Marcantonio's identification with Communist causes is equally well told by the company he keeps. Among the 40-odd organizations with which he has been associated, he has been president of the International Labor Defense, adjudged "subversive and Communist" by former Attorney General Tom Clark and called "the legal arm of the Communist party" by former Attorney General Francis Biddle. In 1947 he became vice-president of the International Workers Order, cited as "subversive and Communist" by Clark and described by Biddle as "one of the strongest Communist organizations."

The gentleman from New York was vice-chairman of the American Peace Mobilization, which in 1941 tried to muster public opinion against participation in the war with Germany, and whose picketing of the White House in protest against Lend-Lease and the national defense program promptly and mysteriously stopped with the collapse of the Nazi-Red pact.

Marcantonio denies that he is a Communist. In the sense that he is not a cardholder and not officially enrolled, the denial is accurate. He explains that he is linked with Communist organizations "simply as an anti-Fascist who believes in a coalition of all anti-Fascist movements, whatever their names, to get together on an agreement for a minimum program of civil liberties."

Whatever the convolutions of this reasoning, one undisputable fact remains: No other person's presence in Congress makes Moscow happier. THE END

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It's a Radio Program for Democracy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

give-and-take. Next come questions by the audience, and finally one-minute summaries by the participants.

On the whole, Granik has successfully maintained decorum during the frequently torrid discussions. Sometimes, however, the partisan or personal emotions of the participants prevail.

During the Roosevelt era, for instance, Senator Sherman Minton of Indiana, now on the Supreme Court, debated the rights of labor with Congressman Clare Hoffman of Michigan. In the heat of debate, Hoffman resorted to name calling. Minton became so enraged that he lifted his opponent from the floor and was about to hurl him into the audience. With frantic cries of "Shay! Shay!" (the justice's nickname) Granik managed to stop him.

The late General Hugh Johnson, N.R.A. boss and a man of easily aroused temper, lost patience with his forum opponent, Senator Claude Pepper of Florida. The fiery soldier, no longer willing to rely merely on his corrosive vocabulary, seized the mike and attempted to hit Pepper on the head. Granik again played referee and the discussion proceeded to an orderly end.

Such sensational outbursts are, of course, the exception. Usually the forum debate runs a lively but dignified course.

Government leaders, aware of this, often use the forum to tee off headline news on major changes in policy. January, 1949, provided such an instance. The night before President Truman delivered his State of the Union message to Congress, one of its most important points was revealed to forum listeners by J. Howard McGrath, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee, during a debate with Senator Robert A. Taft. McGrath made it plain that the President would ask authority for stand-by price controls and allocation of scarce materials.

Occasionally, top officials go out of their way to seek debate with more caustic opponents of the Administration. Not so long ago Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer had Granik book him against Henry A. Wallace to argue on "How Can We Keep America Prosperous?"

Wallace refused to speak in any place which barred Negroes, and so the broadcast took place in the Department of Commerce auditorium. The debate was a tense one. The climax came, when, according to the transcript, Wallace said ". . . the reason I am on this program is to try to needle this depression—needle this Administration—into taking action which will prevent that depression."

Sawyer snapped, "You were right the first time."

Wallace angrily demanded the withdrawal of that remark. Sawyer deliberately removed his glasses and pugnaciously announced he wasn't taking anything back. "The guilty flee where no man pursueth," he added.

Once during the Presidential campaign year of 1948 an unexpected news development forced Granik to change a topic already booked for airing. As on other occasions he was thereby tipped off to a big "secret." But, this time, like most Washingtonians, he did not take much stock in the accuracy of the tipster's information.

An Unwise Choice of Topic

At the suggestion of Congressman Hugh Scott, then chairman of the Republican National Committee, Granik had lined up for the week after election a discussion on "What Will Be Dewey's Policies?" He telephoned Democratic Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney in his home state of Wyoming, asking him to participate in the program. O'Mahoney refused. "I'll be glad to go on your show, Ted," he said, "but not with that topic. There are some strange winds blowing out here, and I tell you right now that the election is going to surprise a lot of people."

O'Mahoney did appear on the scheduled date—to discuss the meaning of the surprising political upset.

The G.O.P. chairman, on the other hand, had a melancholy look as he reported for the broadcast. Calling O'Mahoney aside, he said, "Just before coming here, I stopped at my headquarters for a few minutes. The boys and girls up there are so gloomy that even the china elephant on my desk is dropping his tail between his legs."

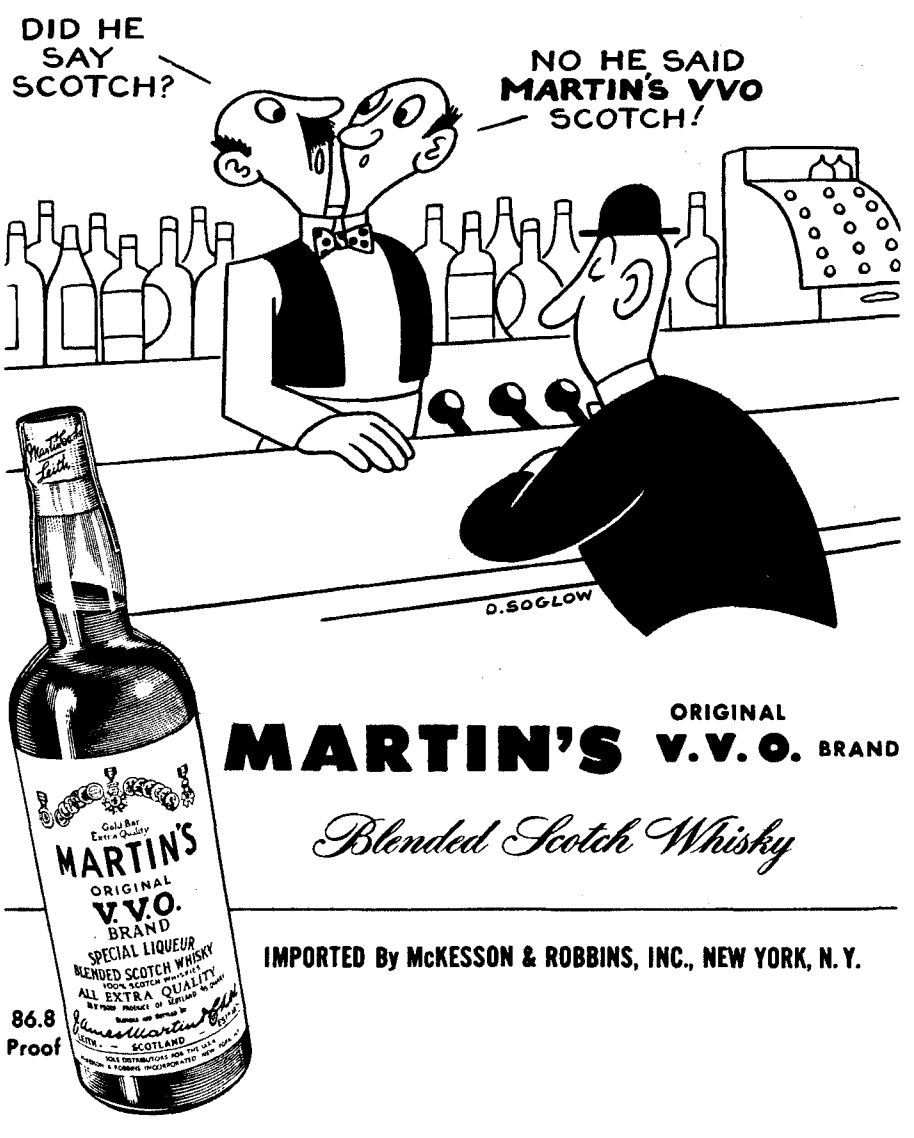
O'Mahoney offered the proper condolences and Scott continued: "Do me a favor, will you? Don't become offended if tonight I become overaggressive. I want to use this broadcast as a pep talk to my fellow Republicans."

As Granik recalls it, "We had a humdinger of a show."

One of the virtues on which Granik prides himself is his absolute impartiality as a moderator. "Naturally, I have my own opinions," he says, "but I challenge anyone to know what these are from my conduct on the air. I bend backward to assure both of my speakers an equal hearing.

"The importance of this was impressed on me during my early years in Washington. One evening, Marion Martin, then assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee, came to our studio with a stop watch, a pencil and a pad. She used these all during the early portion of our broadcast. Later, she told me that she had suspected me of partiality for the Democrats. But she soon quit her checking up when she found that during the first portion of

COLLIER'S "You'll regret this, Officer . . . I happen to be a very close friend of your wife" CHON DAY



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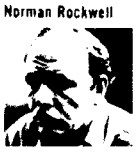
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the program she, as Republican spokesman, had actually consumed more time than her Democratic opponent. Of course, this was evened up during the latter part of the show."

One of the most important ways to preserve impartiality, according to Granik, is to match speakers of equal debating ability. Often a certain congressman or senator will suggest that he would like to debate another. But Granik never pits them against each other, unless he's certain they're in the same class as speakers.

Sometimes a public orator has a poorer opinion of his abilities than Granik has. Some years ago, Martin Dies of Texas, then chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, was scheduled for a debate with Morris Ernst, the New York lawyer representing the American Civil Liberties Union. Although Ernst has a reputation as a formidable antagonist, Granik felt that Dies could make a good showing.

On the evening of the broadcast, Congressman Dies sent a substitute speaker. His excuse was that he had a communicable illness. The sub proved no match for Ernst.

The next evening, as Granik tells it, he ran into Dies at a party. "Thought you were in quarantine," said Ted.

"I fooled you!" Dies winked, and confessed that he had decided it was the better part of valor to forgo a session with Ernst.

"It's the only time a Congressional speaker has ever run out on me," Ted says.

Mrs. Luce Waxes Emotional

One of the most troublesome problems of a moderator is the speaker who insists on *interrupting the opposition.* Former Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce, during an argument with the Communist leader, William Z. Foster, on "Communism versus Democracy," was so eager to rebut his statements that she broke into almost every sentence he uttered. She waxed so emotional that Granik had to grasp her gesticulating arm in order to bring her under control.

"But Clare is a wonderful speaker to have on a forum," Ted adds. "She has such zest —and what an ad-libber!" He recalls a debate in which she was paired with William B. Ziff, the publisher, against Admiral Jerry Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, and J. Carter Forte, general counsel of the American Association of Railroads. The Connecticut congresswoman brought down the house with her crack to Ziff: "You take the Land, Bill, and I'll hold the Forte!"

Granik frowns on his debaters' smoking during a broadcast. Not that he has any prejudice against tobacco. It's just that he remembers what happened to Congressman Sam Hobbs.

"A crackajack speaker," says Ted, "but he lost out in one debate because of his deliberate manner while smoking. His opponent would fire a question at him and before Sam could remove his pipe from his mouth, his antagonist had already started answering the questions he himself had asked."

Some of the most dramatic developments in the program's long history have been the several occasions when forum speakers have actually converted their opponents while the program is on the air. Clarence Streit, head of the Union Now movement, had the satisfaction of converting an isolationist congressman during a broadcast. On another occasion, Mrs. Irving Berlin argued a woman opponent into resigning from the America First Committee.

His 22 years of experience with nationally famous political figures have given Granik some emphatic ideas about public

"You see, all of my husband's folks were ancestors"

COLLIER'S — MICHAEL BERRY

speakers and their complex art. Basing his judgments on the showings they have made on the forum, he names among the best debaters of these times Norman Thomas, the Socialist leader; Senators Robert A. Taft, Claude Pepper and Owen Brewster; Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan and former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes. "Senator Taft is not only an outstanding debater," Ted says, "but, contrary to general impression, also a talented ad-libber."

The famous names which have appeared on the Granik show have provided him with a unique file of historical footnotes on oratorical mannerisms.

Truman the Persistent One

Of President Truman, Granik reveals, "The one quality I recall about him as a forum speaker is a certain bulldog-like plodding ahead despite opposition. As a senator 11 years ago he debated on 'America's Railroad Problem' speaking on behalf of a bill he had sponsored with Senator Burton K. Wheeler to reorganize railroads in financial difficulties. And he simply refused to budge in his arguments.

"Incidentally, when Mr. Truman was Vice-President, I phoned him one Sunday afternoon. He was his usual homey self. He said, 'Ted, what are you doing? The Mrs. and Margaret have gone out. I'm sitting here in my dressing robe; so why don't you come over and we'll "schmoose" awhile?'

"President Roosevelt, who spoke on our program while he was governor of New York, impressed us with his ease of manner and the way he marshaled his facts into line. His written script for his formal opening statement on the forum taught me many things. For example, I noticed that he placed just one thought on each page and that his words were underlined for emphasis and for pauses.

"Mayor La Guardia of New York City was one of the most vivid speakers our show has ever presented. He had quick, lightning-like movements and grimaced without inhibition."

Granik has formulated his own Commandments for Public Speakers. He advises making speeches short, using down-to-earth language, translating abstract arguments into terms of common experience, avoiding statistics as much as possible, and, above all, keeping your temper regardless of how much your opponent needles you.

Granik confesses that although he has been on the air for 22 years, he himself has yet to master all these precepts.

But for a boy from Brooklyn, he has done all right nonetheless. In the swank Westchester Apartments, near the Washington Cathedral, where he lives with his wife and two children, William, twelve, and Marion, eight, virtually every householder is a senator, congressman, Cabinet member or other high government official. Granik hobnobs with them and has become a Washington celebrity in his own right.

Recently he invested $50,000 in an FM radio station, WHMB, representing the initials of his wife and youngsters. But it is safe to say that the forum will remain the great love of his life. Granik devoutly feels that the show furthers the democratic way of life because it "brings to the public the livest topics of the day discussed by leading legislators, and enables the people in the studio audiences to question them face to face.

"It gives me," he happily confides, "the consciousness of participating in the making of history." THE END

Next Week

Is Truman Taking Us Down the British Road?

By U.S. SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT

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Quick, Another Baby's Here!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

eyes on the little form fighting its battle to survive. The amount of energy a premature baby has to spare is small, and it was evident that this baby had spent nearly all of it during those first neglected hours.

To give artificial respiration in a speeding ambulance to an infant hardly bigger than one of your own hands is quite a trick. But Nurse Partheymuller reached into the incubator and with light finger tips massaged the fragile rib cage. Then she gingerly raised the head and feet, bending the slight body like a miniature bellows, to help the baby breathe.

Color returned to the almost transparent skin, and the arms, hardly bigger than one of the nurse's deft fingers, stirred slightly.

Nurse Administers Baptism

Before she closed the incubator again, Nurse Partheymuller took a bottle from her bag. As the ambulance threaded through the columns of the Third Avenue el, she sprinkled a few drops of water on the infant's head.

"I baptize thee In the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," she said in a low but clear voice. In an emergency, nurses are instructed to baptize a Catholic baby who seems to be in danger.

Happily, the Bowery baby became a statistic on the bright side of the tally sheet. She lived. Her surname had been given as "Cornell," and since this baby with all the cards stacked against her became the "star" of the premature center, it was inevitable that the nurses at New York Hospital should give her the rest of an illustrious name. They called her "Katharine."

In all likelihood little "Katharine" would not have survived at all had she been born in any but the handful of U.S. cities which have programs to care for prematures—Chicago, which pioneered in the field before the war, Detroit, Denver, Baltimore and New York. Although, under the Hill-Burton Act, the federal government offers states and cities technical advice and financial aid —footing one third of the cost of building and equipping special premature centers—takers have been few.

Even in those cities which have programs, progress has been agonizingly slow. In New York City alone, for example, approximately 14,000 premature babies are born each year. In its first year the Premature Transport Service picked up a total of 545 babies. And moving them to the proper hospital is just half the problem; the other half is providing the space for them in such hospitals. There are now six New York hospitals with special facilities for prematures, and as yet all of them combined can care for only 58 babies at a time.

Still, what cheers medical authorities is that a start has been made. One of the six New York hospitals, Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, has one of the most modern premature centers in the country. It features new "isolettes," Plexiglas incubators with piped-in oxygen, filtered fresh air, built-in suction equipment and precisely controlled heat and humidity. Through the isolettes the baby can be seen at all times, yet need never be moved or exposed at all until ready to graduate to a heated crib. The nurse attends to the infant's needs by slipping her arms through plastic portholes in the sides. Even the weighing of the baby is done on a sterile sling hanging inside.

There is no truth to the ancient superstition that prematures who survive will always be mentally or physically weak (the Dionne quintuplets and Winston Churchill were prematures). But the need for the best scientific facilities possible is based on the fact that prematures aren't well developed enough to function without help.

Unflagging attention is the key to the care of prematures, and the sooner they begin to get it, the better. More than half of all prematures who die do so during the first 24 hours after they are born, hence the vital importance of speedy transport to hospitals. Baltimore's premature babies travel under the auspices of the fire department. New York's transport service consists of two ambulances. It takes them an average of two hours, from the time the call comes, to pick up and deliver the baby to the hospital.

Gledhill Cameron, who did the story of the "preemies," is the author of a New York column appearing in the Providence, R. I., Evening Bulletin

The ambulances are special affairs whose design was developed in co-operation with one of the big automobile manufacturers by forthright young Dr. Helen Wallace, chief of the Maternity and Newborn Division of New York City's Health Department and head of the Transport Service, and by Margaret Losty, public health nursing consultant. The ambulances boast portable incubators and special heating compartments beneath which are stored large oxygen tanks, and they are constructed to guard against excess vibration.

Four ambulance drivers and five nurses share the 24-hour birth watch of the service, on instant call from their station in the long corridor at Bellevue Hospital, where various city emergency services are located. The drivers, chosen from among the regular city ambulance drivers, alternately refer to the babies as "the brutes" or "the preemies."

Driver Iannicelli grins. "All of my three kids were ten-month babies," he says proudly. "And me driving preemies!"

Because of a Health Department policy of shifting nurses around so that they may get experience in various types of public health nursing, Transport Service nurses serve only a one-year tour of duty. Nurse Partheymuller recently accepted a post as head nurse in the new premature center at Queens General Hospital. But the excitement of her race to and from the Bowery hotel is duplicated regularly by the nurses now on the transport run.

Most of the time the girls take in their stride the odd situations which come their way. Mary Jane Conlon, not long ago, rushed on an emergency call to an apartment where she found a dozen men drinking and playing cards in a smoke-filled room. Nurse Conlon was about to turn on her heel when one of the men motioned to the bedroom. There she found the new mother in bed and alone. In the kitchen a female relative crouched before the open oven door of a coal stove, holding a three-pound infant in her arms and trying to keep it warm and alive; all the while the card game continued in the next room.

Another call was to save a prematurely born gypsy baby. Everyone in this household was also in high spirits, particularly the 35-year-old mother and 17-year-old father. Mary Jane recalls, "We didn't know if we were supposed to help a premature baby or a premature father!"

Nurse Evelyn Nurse was party to one of the most confused, not to say crowded cases in the annals of the service. Six o'clock in the morning is as quiet an hour in Brooklyn as anywhere else, and it was shortly before that when a young woman woke her husband to say that their baby was due soon, almost immediately, in fact.

A Hectic Morn in Brooklyn

He pulled trousers on over pajamas and rushed out to find a telephone. At 6:05 a radio car with two policemen arrived. By 6:15 they had delivered a four-pound baby boy. At 6:17 an ambulance and intern came along. After looking at the mother and boy and congratulating all concerned, the intern muttered, "Just a minute," and delivered a three-and-a-half-pound girl. Shortly after that a sergeant and five patrolmen of the New York Police Emergency Squad appeared with a supply of oxygen. Meanwhile, the father sprinted five blocks to fetch the family priest.

That was the situation when Nurse Nurse and her driver entered to find the mother, father, twins, a doctor, priest and a total of eight policemen in the small flat.

Next to the parents, she says, the widest grin was on the face of one of the two cops who delivered the first baby. He was asked to be godfather to the twins.

Having a premature baby is pretty expensive. The baby must stay in an incubator until it is at least five and a half pounds. The average stay in the hospital is 30 days and costs about $18 a day.

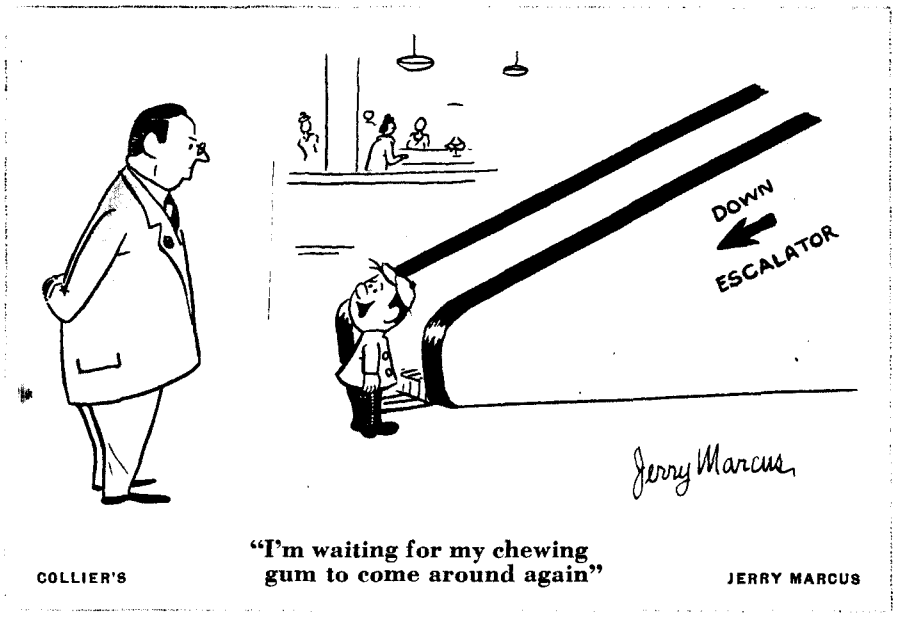
The city and state of New York have proposed a plan whereby they might pay $12 a day toward the care of each premature baby in those premature centers approved by the Department of Health as meeting its proper standards. If the family can pay all or part of the bill, it would be expected to do so.

But the Premature Transport Service itself, as a public health emergency service, is free to all and available simply by telephoning.

At least one citizen wasn't slow to take advantage of the service. One quiet evening, at about ten thirty, a call came from a highly excited woman. The nurse on duty tried to get details: name, address, how many pounds was the baby?

After some confusion, the woman giggled and confessed:

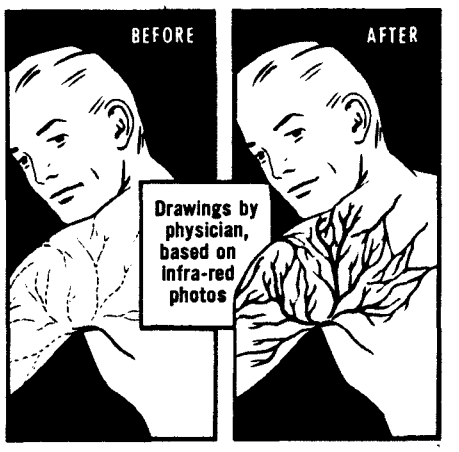
"Oh, my baby isn't due for months and months yet! I just wondered what to do if it *should* be premature." THE END



COLLIER'S

"I'm waiting for my chewing gum to come around again"

JERRY MARCUS



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Gamblers' Siege

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

of Baltimore, which in turn relayed it to Intra-State News Service, which operates only in Florida. Florida headquarters for Intra-State was 213 West Adams Street, in Jacksonville. From there a leased wire carried the flashes all the way to Key West, which is as far as you can go within the continental limits of the United States.

Walter M. Hagerty, of Hollywood, Florida, is listed as president of both Baltimore Program Press Service and Intra-State, and he is an intimate of Mickey McBride, who was for many years entrepreneur of the Continental wire net.

Race News Via Squawk Boxes

When the race news reaches Miami it is dropped at one of three main distribution points. In this center it is picked up from the telegraph ticker by voice. A caller speaks into a microphone as the tape unreels before him. His voice goes into all the bookmaking offices in the Miami area, via telephone lines, and comes out on "squawk boxes."

The girl from New York hears something like this: "Hialeah third . . . off two thirty-eight . . . at the quarter, number 103 a length, 107 three lengths, 108 a length . . . at the half, 103 a nose, 107 a length, 109 a length . . . in the stretch . . ."

The numbers are "code" furnished by the "Harvey A., Jr., scratch sheet," which according to the suppressed FCC report is a subsidiary of the wire net.

In a few seconds she learns that her horse has run out of the money, and she wonders what she'll do that evening. If her horse should win, she learns the news before the "red board"—which makes the race official—goes up at the track.

That's how fast the wire net is. It has to be that fast. It is absolutely necessary that bookmakers receive a continuous and accurate account of shifting odds—or they couldn't balance the book. Bookies do not take chances on races. They play only the percentages.

Too, the race wire is essential to the bookie if he is to outwit his mortal enemy—the past-poster. Past-posters have spies in race tracks too. Using their fingers, or program cards, these spies flash the running of a race to accomplices outside the track.

If a horse hits the head of the stretch five lengths on top and running easy, the past-poster calls in a bet to a bookmaker. If the bookie doesn't know the horses are "off and running," he'll accept the wager—probably just as the winner crosses the wire.

So the bookmaker has to be careful. He must know the exact time a race starts. And the only way he can learn this crucial second is through the national wire net.

Of course, he can take a time bet and get the "off time" of the race from the next day's newspapers. Then he pays off only if the minute of his acceptance of the wager was clearly before the horses were caught leaving the starting gate. But that lag cuts down the bookmaker's action. Winners cannot send their bank rolls back for more unless they are paid off immediately after the race is over.

Until this season, 2,000 bookmakers and their agents operated in the Greater Miami area. The unexpected cleansing of Miami Beach put at least 200 of these out of business.

Just before Christmas, the Miami City Commission, under the prodding of the Crime Commission, adopted a resolution calling on law-enforcement officers to clamp down on illegal gambling. Most Miami books were on a sneak basis. Many were much bolder with wall betting sheets and wire service. But even a partial shutdown by police means that a large number cannot be operated as they are when things are wide open.

Other bookmakers were unable to withstand the financial pressure that resulted from the enforcement of the anti-wire-service bill—in reality an anti-bookie-service bill—passed by the 1949 legislature. Since the leased wire contracts were canceled, bookmakers have still been able to obtain fast results by telephone, but service by long-distance telephone is more expensive.

In the unincorporated areas of Dade and Broward Counties, where the sheriff is the sole law enforcement officer, there was no abatement of illegal gambling. The big "horse parlors," with their blackboards, loud-speakers and cashier cages, got service. In fact, they have been benefited financially by the shutdown in Miami Beach. Those clubs which could not exist without crap and roulette tables opened on schedule. The sheriffs showed no disposition to raid them.

Widest open doors in Broward County were Boheme and Greenacres. In Dade, plenty of action could be found in the rolling dice and spinning roulette wheels at the Sunny Isles Casino, the Island Club and the new and plushy Golden Shores Club. These clubs are on the eastern or Miami Beach side of Biscayne Bay.

On the mainland side, dice and ice clinked merrily at the Turf, Bahamas and Tepee.

All except Tepee are outside the corporate limits of municipalities in territory under sole jurisdiction of the sheriff. "Whistling Jimmie" Sullivan apparently was more interested in watching the progress of the elaborate new home he was building than in raids.

Tepee is in the little suburb of West Miami on the edge of Coral Gables, which tolerates no such foolishness.

It is a mistake to oversimplify the spheres of influence of the big racketeers, who have developed interlocking directorates, and who significantly speak of themselves as the Combination. But generally, Costello and his associates controlled table gambling in the bigger clubs of Dade and Broward Counties. His lieutenants included the suave Joe Adonis, known simply as "Joe A.," the Lansky brothers, Jake and Meyer, and "Longie" Zwillman, of New Jersey. These gentlemen are rich celebrities. When one makes an appearance at Boheme, or the exclusive Island Club, he is pointed out with whispered awe to the tourists. Costello's friend Bill Helis is a friend of General Harry Vaughan, President Truman's military attaché.

Until recently a candidate for governor was allowed to spend, or to have friends spend "with his knowledge," only $15,000. Florida's governors are paid $12,000 a year.

Attorney General Ervin says "nobody ever paid any attention to the limitation." Ervin is an absolutely straight and forthright man, who insisted on enforcing the anti-wire bill despite enormous pressures on him to look the other way, and forget it.

By computing the amount of newspaper advertising and radio time purchased, the costs of speaking engagements, paid workers, and other open expenditures, it is estimated that in the last race for governor, before the limitation was repealed, the campaign of each of the four or five principal candidates cost about $500,000. The loophole in the law is the phrase "with his knowledge," according to Ervin.

Thus Governor Warren may not have known who contributed to his campaign—until after he was elected.

One of his wealthiest backers was William H. Johnston, lately of Chicago but now of Jacksonville, the state's dog-track czar.

A close associate of Johnston is Johnny Patton, also formerly of Chicago.

Johnston got his start as a mutuel clerk at Sportsman's Park in Cicero, when that race course was known as "the Capone track."

Both Johnston and Patton were partners of the late, murdered lawyer, Edward J. O'Hare, in the operation of Sportsman's Park. O'Hare was killed by a sawed-off shotgun blast while driving from the track in November, 1939.

Johnston is now president of the American Greyhound Track Operators Association. He and Patton are very respectable Jacksonville citizens, and their dog tracks are ably and efficiently run.

Sales Tax Causes Grumbling

When Warren took office the state's financial condition was critical, and it was necessary to find new avenues of taxation to continue essential services. A complicated sales tax was passed, and Floridians now grumblingly pay what they call "Fuller's penny."

A poll taken by the University of Miami School of Government shows that Miamians, and citizens of Dade County, believe it would be preferable to tax and license gambling. They are for legalizing bookmaking and gambling, three to one.

The University of Miami poll, under Ross C. Beiler, assistant professor of government, has been singularly successful in the past. For instance it predicted the exact percentages in the election of President Truman.

The results of the poll on gambling, printed here for the first time, confirm our observations in Jacksonville, Miami and Miami Beach.

To the question, "Do you think gambling and bookmaking should be legalized and licensed by the states?" 67.3 per cent answered yes; 23.6 per cent said no; and 9.1 per cent had no opinion.

Question: "Do you think that gambling and bookmaking syndicates are protected by law-enforcement authorities in Miami Beach, Miami and Dade County?" Answer by those holding opinions: Yes—10 to one.

But even when a state—like Nevada—licenses gambling, there is the danger that the power of license may fall into the hands of the Combination through their control of the racing wire. In November, 1948 three Las Vegas bookmakers sued Continental Press Service and "Mickey" McBride. They charged that they were refused wire service. These bookmakers had been licensed by the state to operate the Santa Anita Turf Club, but the state license did them no good without the blessing of Continental. It was in answering this suit that McBride said the ownership of Continental had been vested in his son.

The problems of Florida are by no means confined to the sun-blessed gold coast. In dry, rural Hardee County, state and federal liquor agents, with the aid of private citizens, by-passed the sheriff's office to stage a series of raids on gambling houses and bootleggers. They scooped up $13,600 in one gaming center. At the same time the grand jury rebuked the sheriff, E. O. Roberts, and charged he had shown "complete incompetence" to hold office.

A Dissertation on Bolita

In Tampa, as in Miami, *bolita* is a multi-million-dollar racket. *Bolita* is a game of Spanish origin that is not "played" or "drawn." You "throw" *bolita*—literally.

You buy tickets in a *bolita* lottery and at a certain designated hour (so you are told) the "throwing" takes place. One hundred numbered balls are emptied into a sack. A drawstring is tied tight and the sack is thrown. A man catches it and grasps one ball in the catching. He holds the ball, which is still inside the sack, between thumb and forefinger.

There are two procedures for getting the number. In some instances the ball is then cut from the sack with a razor. The number it bears is the winner. In other games the catcher merely holds the ball tightly while the other 99 are emptied. The one remaining is the winner.

Some days the throwing is public. Other times, especially when play on certain numbers is especially heavy, players have a hard time finding out exactly where the throwing takes place.

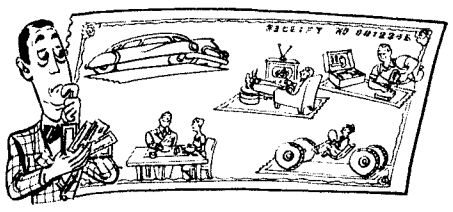
Angry Florida judges, determined to circumvent sheriffs and enforce the law, have plucked a device from ancient English common code. They appoint elisors to make raids. An elisor—an old Anglo-Saxon word—is someone picked at random from the citizenry by a judge, and empowered to make arrests.

This is what Circuit Judge Don Register did in Hardee County, and it was what Judge Stanley Milledge did on one occasion in Dade County. In the Dade County case, Sheriff "Whistling Jimmie" Sullivan—not to be confused with Daniel Patrick Sullivan of the Crime Commission—challenged Milledge's right to appoint elisors. While Milledge's fellow justices dismissed the sheriff's suit, they rebuked Milledge for an act which they feared might "invite chaos, revolution and bloodshed."

Jacksonville—like Miami Beach—is being cleaned up through the efforts of one man. Mayor Haydon Burns, like Mel Richard, is thirty-seven, and like Richard he was a lieutenant in the Navy. He is a lean, tall man with a fiery light in his eyes that his enemies call fanaticism. He was elected on a platform calling for reform, and he meant every word of it.

Jacksonville is not a resort, Jacksonville is an industrial city, a communications center with problems not unlike those of

Take a Chance



PAT ROONEY

I wonder who's driving my brand-new car,
Or enjoying my TV set,
Or sitting to dine on what's rightfully mine:
That maple-veneer dinette.
I wonder who's using my chest of tools,
Employing my power saw,
Or relaxing, all smiles, as he ticks off the miles
On the tires I was going to draw.
I wonder who wins all the prizes I lose;
It's a question which constantly baffles.
But I have to confess I could buy them for less
Than the money I've wasted on raffles.

—LEONARD A. PARIS

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any similar city with a population of 250,000. Except for the bookmaking, which falls under the control of the Combination, its rackets are home-owned and operated. In Jacksonville the numbers games are more lucrative than the horses. There are number "stores" where the poor can pay nickels to buy tickets in a dozen different lotteries. The gross play of one numbers racketeer is $90,000 a week.

Until Burns took office last June the bookies were incredibly brazen. They even advertised in weekly newspapers. In Jacksonville "smoke shop" is a synonym for horse parlor, and "smoke shops" advertised "completed wire service."

As soon as Burns took office "the boys" approached him. In their twisted reasoning any man who spoke against gambling was simply playing hard to get, so they offered him a big bribe—$50,000. He told them to go to hell.

His police force defied him and tried to make him ridiculous.

When he ordered enforcement of the Sunday closing laws—aimed at gambling houses—they raided small grocery stores that remained open Sundays and sold beer. They raided veterans' clubhouses. They said, blandly, "This is the work of Burns."

Then the police made a colossal and incredibly stupid error. They raided the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Mayor Burns was a former member of the Jaycees' board of governors, and the Jaycees had helped him to election.

Each year the Jaycees held a "Monte Carlo Night" to raise funds for charity. Members buy stage money and gamble with it, and the "house percentage" goes to charity. This was what the police raided.

In the furor that followed, citizens who had previously been lukewarm toward Burns's campaign now aggressively backed him. He won over his city commissioners.

"Most of my police," he said, "just want a chance to be honest. They can have it now."

Like most Floridians, Burns contends, "I'm no bluenose." But like most Floridians, he is disturbed by the channeling of the enormous proceeds of commercialized gambling into the pockets of racketeers, and by the stream of "ice" that is numbing the morals and consciences of many people and their elected officials.

The problem of Jacksonville is local, but the problem of the gold coast is national. Indefatigable Danny Sullivan, the ex-F.B.I. agent who is director and chief investigator for the Crime Commission of Greater Miami, knows more about the Combination than any living man. He has to, because every season, nearly every hoodlum in the United States sets out for Miami.

Once a week, regularly, Sullivan is approached. Sometimes he is threatened, sometimes cajoled, often an attempt is made to bribe him. On occasion "good citizens" come to him and say, "Look, Danny, you've got 12 mouths to feed. Why don't you be reasonable?"

But Danny Sullivan can't be bought, and he can't be scared, and this is a combination that the hoodlums don't understand.

Working on a Small Budget

The Crime Commission is handicapped by lack of funds. No self-respecting mobster would be caught dead in its dingy offices in the Biscayne Building. Danny is sometimes handicapped by lack of exact information on the records of the visiting gangsters. He supplements his information by corresponding with the crime commissions of the state of California and the city of Chicago.

He gets limited help from the federal government.

As a matter of fact, the Department of Justice and the Bureau of Internal Revenue have no jurisdiction over gambling and the ordinary rackets.

In Washington there is a standard phrase, "There isn't any federal law against gambling, you know."

Federal agents are forced to assume a neutral attitude in the war between the racketeers and the people, so as not to impinge on the rights of the states.

So Florida's fate rests largely in her own hands. Good leadership is there and an awakened citizenry is becoming more and more aware of what the choices really are. The final verdict will be given by the people.

THE END

BUTCH

"Can't ya see through his trickery, Butch? He's try'na stall ya 'til th' cops come. He don't really have pistachio"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

"Move over here, Mr. Fletcher, where I can drink in the wonderful bracing aroma of your **TAWN** After-Shave Lotion."

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A product of McKESSON & ROBBINS
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HARRY DEVLIN

IT AIN'T NO SIN

IT'S BEEN SOME TIME since we heard a doting grandma say, as she looked at a new baby boy in his crib, "Maybe he'll grow up to be President." It could be that doting grandmas are still saying it, and we just haven't been around to hear them. But we know for sure that in the earlier years of this century, parents and grandparents made youngsters feel that this potential chance at the Presidency was a pretty wonderful thing.

Quite possibly Dwight David Eisenhower was one of the kids who grew up with that idea in mind. If he did, he may have had a change of heart in the last couple of years. For the reaction that has followed almost any of his recent public utterances might lead a man to conclude that even a suggestion of Presidential ambitions is a shameful thing.

It all goes back to 1948, of course, when a couple of tentative Eisenhower-for-President booms snowballed into a great, spontaneous demand that he become a candidate. Nobody knew which party the general might cast his lot with, but that didn't make any difference. Politicians from both sides fell all over one another trying to get a commitment from him.

There is no reason to doubt that General Eisenhower didn't want to run. He is a man of honest doubts as well as honest convictions. And, as he explained later, he wasn't sure that a man who had spent his adult life as a soldier was qualified for such high office. At any rate he said he wasn't a candidate. He said it again. He added a few encores. But a lot of people, especially newspapermen, didn't seem to believe him.

They may have been wishful thinkers who hated to give up on their favorite. But they weighed and probed and dissected everything he said to see if maybe he wasn't kidding. In doing so they branded him a liar by implication. They wouldn't take anything milder than William Tecumseh Sherman's statement that he would not run if nominated or serve if elected. And they weren't satisfied until the general's final, unequivocal "No" to Senator Pepper.

Now, more than two years before the next Presidential campaign, they're at it again. General Eisenhower, in a few public speeches, has disagreed with some parts of Mr. Truman's so-called Fair Deal. Many other speakers have done the same thing. But the general's disagreement suggests to certain journalists that he is acting like a coy candidate. So they have resumed the weighing, probing and dissecting routine.

Even the President has got into the act. He told a press conference that General Eisenhower had said that he was not a candidate, and that the general's word was good enough for him. We don't know whether Mr. Truman was talking about the 1948 or the 1952 campaign. But since he doesn't have a long-term lease on the White House, we don't think it's quite right to try to hold General Eisenhower to any long-term promise.

Why shouldn't the general change his mind with the passing years? It would seem that the President changed his. For it has been repeatedly and reliably stated that, at the Potsdam Conference, he offered his help to the general if the latter wanted to be President. Yet Mr. Truman was obviously absent from the Eisenhower band wagon two years ago.

We still agree with the doting grandmas. It ain't no sin to want to be President. And it's no disgrace to be sought out as a candidate by the people instead of by the politicians.

We don't know how many of our fellow citizens would like to see General Eisenhower run for President. We don't know whether he even wants to run. But we do think that it might be well if the journalistic eager beavers would just lay off the general and let him make up his mind in his own good time.

NO CASH IN HAND

TO ALL THE WAITERS, cabdrivers, bellhops, porters, bartenders, chambermaids, doormen, barbers, shoeshine and delivery boys that we've ever met, we offer our apologies. And our particular apologies go to those among them who have gazed with a pained or angry expression at a dime in their upturned palm, for we've misjudged them. We had always thought that they were disappointed in the size of the tip. But we were wrong. We realize now that their look registered their shame or indignation at being given anything at all.

We saw our mistake when we read that witnesses at a Senate Finance Committee hearing had criticized the public for tipping. The critics included representatives of a hotel association and of a union of hotel and restaurant workers and bartenders. We felt so ashamed about our share in this sorry situation that we sat right down and worked out a remedy for it.

Here's all you need to do, boys: First have the bosses of all these service workers raise their employees' wages to make up for the tips, and add a reasonable sum to the customers' bill. Then put up a lot of signs saying "No Tipping" and utter a lot of phrases saying "No, thank you."

This member of the tipping public would be more than glad to pay the tip he would have paid anyway as a part of a regular charged price. It would eliminate a lot of inconvenience and banish that uncertainty about the proper amount which often afflicts both tipper and tippee. We believe that the rest of the tipping public would be equally happy to co-operate.

On the Why of Nudism

A loathing
For clothing.

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Millions of bottles are bought by men who like that

clear clean taste

Ever try to tell somebody how a drink of good whiskey tastes? It just can't be done . . . not in words! But doesn't this little colt's eager delight as he munches his mid-morning tidbit make it perfectly clear what we mean by PM's "*clear, clean taste*"? Join the millions of men who will call for PM this p. m. because its *clear, clean taste* makes a drink so much better!

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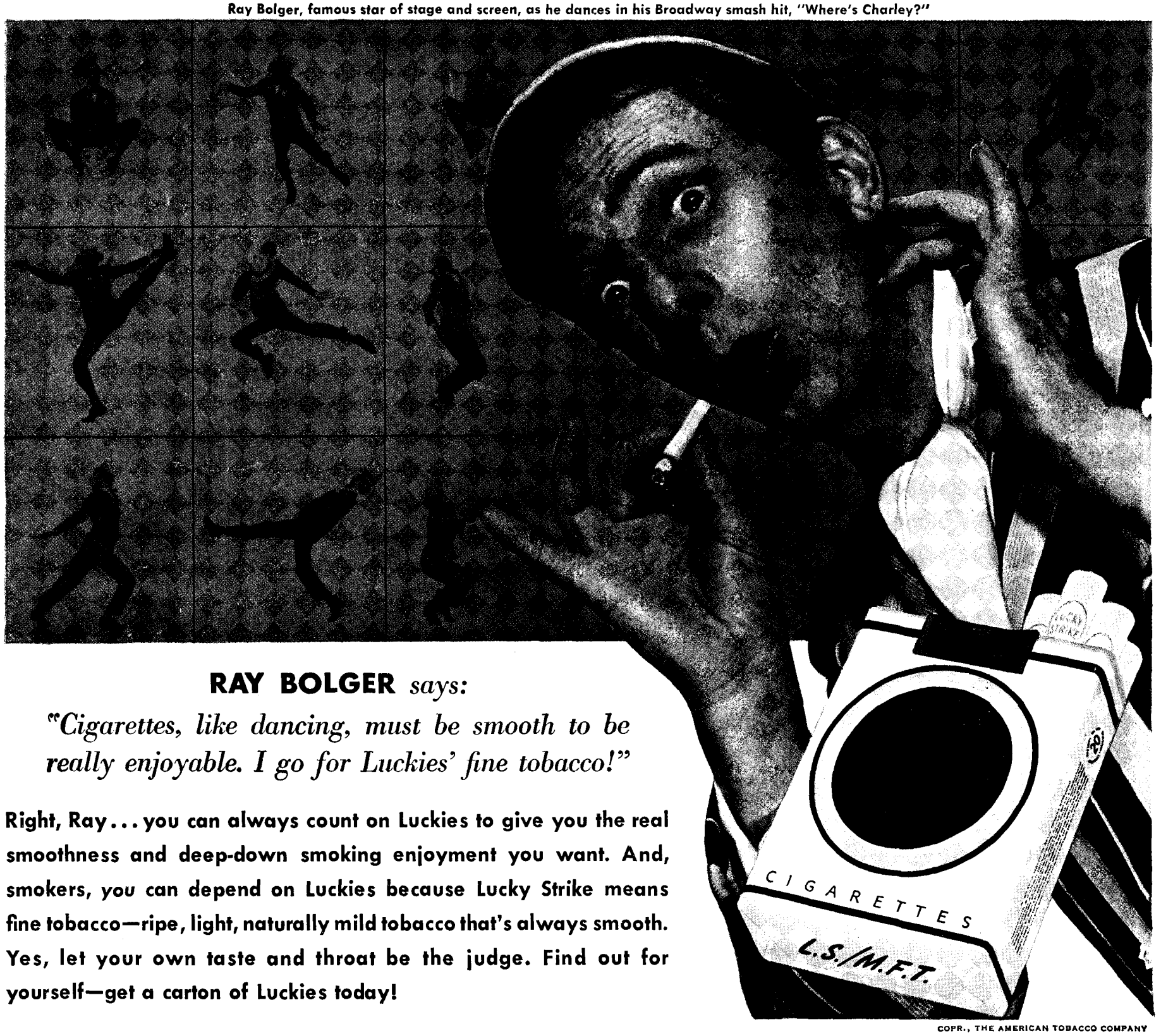
Let your own TASTE and THROAT be the judge!

There's never a rough puff in a Lucky

Because Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco!

Ray Bolger, famous star of stage and screen, as he dances in his Broadway smash hit, "Where's Charley?"



RAY BOLGER *says:*

"Cigarettes, like dancing, must be smooth to be really enjoyable. I go for Luckies' fine tobacco!"

Right, Ray... you can always count on Luckies to give you the real smoothness and deep-down smoking enjoyment you want. And, smokers, *you* can depend on Luckies because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—ripe, light, naturally mild tobacco that's always smooth. Yes, let your own taste and throat be the judge. Find out for yourself—get a carton of Luckies today!

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Lucky Strike...so round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw

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